COLOGNE.

KOLN.

SWITZERLAND

AND THE

SWISS.

BY

MRS. ASHTON YATES.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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PREFACE.

At the moment of setting out last summer, with a portion of my family, on a journey to Switzerland, I succeeded to some degree in soothing the sorrow of my younger children on my leaving them, by making them a promise, that from every place we should visit I would write a particular account of it. In discharging the pleasing obligation which I had imposed on myself, I have been tempted to mention circumstances of by-gone days connected with the scenes I visited, for the purpose of at once amusing my juvenile correspondents, and of promoting in them a taste for history, for "philosophy, teaching by example;" but I did not bind myself to any rules or plan, I wrote just as my gossiping inclination dictated.

The narratives of the noble deeds of Swiss heroism, studied and detailed in the very theatre of their achievement, could not fail to create a vivid interest in the coldest bosom; mine, I confess, they filled with ardent sympathy: and the young patriot, yet only a shepherd boy, overcoming the gigantic Philistine in all his panoply, appeared to me not an unapt comparison for a small number of rude peasants successfully resisting, and finally expelling from their mountains, the formidable confederation of their powerful invaders, combined to subdue and enslave them.

In attempting to give expression to my excited feelings, I found the performance of my engagement expand itself to a magnitude, which, far exceeding all that I contemplated when I made it, would have warned me to proceed on a very diminished scale, when about half the number of the following Letters—assuredly intended to be seen only by the dear ones to whom they are addressed—were shewn by them to a friend, who urged me to continue and publish them. To that request I yielded the more easily, being

convinced, that from a compliance with it, I had to expect but little more than the gratification of testifying my sense of the kindness by which I knew that it was dictated. The production of a pen so entirely unknown as mine, can incur but small hazard of finding readers beyond a narrow circle of indulgent friends; and should it fall into other hands, its unpretending character will, I trust, avert acrimonious strictures. Insignificance is often a sure protection—the lightning that blasts the towering and gnarled oak spares the lowly bramble. But no disappointment of my hopes in this particular can affect the pleasure I have had in endeavouring to give permanence to impressions made on me by the beautiful scenery it was my good fortune to behold in the finest possible weather; and if my attempt to describe them shall awaken in any young reader a love of nature, and a desire to explore some of the sublimest of her sanctuaries, the satisfaction of thinking I have contributed to direct an ingenuous mind to one of the purest sources of earthly enjoyment will be more than com-

pensation for my failure to escape the severity of literary criticism.

I have curtailed the expressions of tenderness which more or less, I suppose, fall from every mother's pen in writing to her children. The inferiority of manner, were I to do otherwise, would too probably recal, in the way of contrast, the inimitable grace and charm with which Madame de Sevigné depicts her maternal love. I, doubtless, shall be excused for not professing, like Montaigne, to be "moi-même la matière de mon livre."

F. M. L. Y.

December, 1842.

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LETTER I.

Calais.

My dear Children,

I do not forget the promise which helped to dry your tears at our late sad parting, that I would employ my evenings in writing to you a full account of our journey to Switzerland; and "pour commencer au commencement," I now take up my pen at Calais, of which place you perhaps retain some recollection.

I find M. Dessin looking as good-humoured and host-like as formerly — and his garden as trim and bedecked with gay scentless flowers and numerous flower-pots, as when it excited your almost infantine admiration. It is certainly very French; bright in colours, but not by any means yielding the perfumes of "Araby the Blest," nor a tithe of the sweet odours that are to be found

in a little unpretending English garden, where no statues and no vases are placed to produce *coups d'œil* in a space of some fifty or a hundred yards in extent. Here (at Dessin's), the Duke of Devonshire was yesterday; he and his suite only left Calais a few hours before our arrival.

I dare say you remember having seen the Duke at Buxton, two or three years ago, and his having then spoken to you; for his manners are so kind and affable, that they confer pleasure on whomsoever he notices, old and young alike. He is gone, and we are detained here waiting for our carriage. At Dover, by some unaccountable omission, it was not sent on board the packet at night, as we directed, and it could not come along with us this morning, when we put to sea in a small boat, to enable us to reach the packet, the low state of the tide not admitting of its lying alongside the quay.

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How well I remember the first time I was at Calais (not many years ago), and the ecstasy of delight I was in at finding myself in a foreign

land, listening to men, women, and children, speaking the language of Racine, and of the court of Louis XIV.; so different from that which I had been hearing and speaking only three hours before, and all my previous life.

The high-roofed houses, of such gay colours, enclosing in their courts groves of trees growing in green tubs instead of the green turf; the costume of the peasants, male and female, with their conspicuous earrings, all excited in me then the liveliest interest. Now I look on the same objects with indifference, including even the figure of Balafré (the Duke of Guise) as he stands before the Hotel de Ville, whose history on that occasion I anxiously endeavoured to recollect, as of the utmost importance, from its connexion with this city and our possession of it for two centuries. He wrested it from us in 1558; and Queen Mary was so grieved by the loss of this last relic of our Gallic conquests, that she said pathetically, the word "*Calais* would be found, after her death, inscribed on her heart," that heart which was the abode of sorrow almost from her earliest existence.

There are some places and scenes we can look upon again and again with renewed and increasing pleasure; while for others, when once seen, we lose all zest; and Calais, I must say, is of this latter description.

The Basse-ville, which skirts it on the land side, I conclude, from some notices of it that I have casually met, was originally built by our King Edward III., the conqueror of Calais. He thus cut off all provisions in that direction coming from the country, as did his ships by sea. By means of the famine that ensued, he caused the town to surrender, when he cruelly resolved to sacrifice six of the principal inhabitants, to punish them for having so long resisted his arms. You no doubt remember reading with me how nobly the victims, led on by Eustace de St. Pierre, volunteered to offer themselves to save the lives and properties of their fellow citizens. They little expected that the falling tears and earnest entreaties of a gentle Queen would be employed on their behalf, and turn the stern monarch from his revengeful purpose. Woman's mission on earth,

to promote deeds of mercy, to soften and to soothe man's rougher nature, is commonly attended, as it was in this instance, with unlooked-for blessings. Their lives were granted by the warrior; he who could calmly contemplate the shedding of innocent blood, and purpose the perpetration of an execrable crime, could not see unmoved the tears of his kneeling wife. She arose (like a pleading angel who had obtained mercy for the condemned) with the joyful conviction that she had not prostrated herself in vain—her prayers were not unheeded—the lives of the captives were spared, their chains were rent asunder, and her husband was saved from the guilt of the foul sin he was on the point of committing.

It does not fall to the lot of many women to fill so high a station as did Philippa of Hainault, Edward's Queen; and it is not always in our power to exercise extended or very important benevolence; but in our different circles, wide and narrow, we can all do something, however little, in the way of shewing mercy and compassion towards our fellow creatures. The most

important of all lessons given on this subject, and held out to us for our example, is the Widow's casting her mite into the treasury for the poor. Let us endeavour to act in the same spirit, and "do likewise," according to our means and opportunities, and bear in mind that woman's especial mission on earth is to promote happiness; being for the most part farther removed than men from the strife and turmoil of the world, she has more leisure for the performance of deeds of mercy and charity, as well as for the cultivation of the dispositions that suggest them.

LETTER II.

Cambrai.

We had an uninteresting journey from Calais to Cambrai: the whole of the way the country is flat and monotonous; the *pavé* on which carriages are commonly driven is rough in the extreme; the road on either side is too heavy not to be avoided by all postillions; however, we occasionally bribed ours to grant us a short respite from the intolerable jolting inflicted on us, and the alternations we experienced from one extreme to another reminded me of Tony Lumpkin's description of Crackskull Common and Feather-bed Lane—the combined *agrémens* of which are to be found on the roads of France. We, who are accustomed to smooth-going on Macadamized roads, feel doubly the hard usage we get in our passage through

what have been called (Oh, what a misnomer!) "the gay regions of France." At least, those we have lately traversed are anything but gay; there are no hedges and no trees forming the neat and pleasant boundaries of the peasant's home. It is inexplicable to me how they can distinguish their several properties in the soil, unless it is by the different kinds of grain produced; and perhaps self-interest may sharpen the vision, and habit too, which latter enables a sailor to descry *terra firma* where a landsman could only perceive clouds. I have heard that Mathematics had their origin in difficulties of this description, occasioned by the overflowing of the Nile removing the accustomed landmarks. And truly to my eye, the divisions of land in this country seem as undefined as if the fertilizing mud of the Nile annually paid them a visit. But, doubtless, the owners of property see lines which are not apparent to others; and which, I suppose, are not quite so imaginary as those by the help of which you are taught Geography.

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At Cambrai, we find but little to afford us interest. Military men, who understand fortifications, would give a very different account of this city; for they are on such a scale as, I believe, renders it one of the strongest places in France. A very remarkable treaty took place here during the reign of the Emperor Charles V., transacted by two ladies—his aunt Margaret, governess of the Netherlands, and Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I. They met at Cambrai; and, by putting their heads together, effected a coalition (it proved but temporary) between their warring kinsmen. It had been well for Francis if the Duchess d'Angoulême's dispositions had at all times been of so peaceful a character. She it was who caused the noble Duke of Bourbon, after the severest struggles and his receiving the most galling provocations, together with the grossest injustice, to turn his arms against his sovereign, and thus produced a long train of direful evils to her gallant son, who loved his mother "not wisely but too well."

Independently of the fortifications, Cambrai

exhibits no marks of antiquity whatever: it is neither more nor less than an ordinary good-sized town. Solomon complained that there was nothing new under the sun; and I, being in all things very unlike Solomon, am tempted to complain that there is nothing old (some men and women excepted), being so often disappointed when full fraught with the expectation of seeing the habitations and other traces of the great men of former days.

The Cathedral, as a building, is not at all indebted to the fine arts for any decoration, with the exception of a monument erected to the great and good Fenelon, so lately as the year 1824. A former one, I was told, had been destroyed during the Revolution at the close of the last century; when, with more than Vandal barbarism, infuriated mobs devastated all over France, with savage-like ferocity, time-honoured memorials.

The present monument consists of a fine white marble figure (by David) of Fenelon, having his hand appropriately laid on the Bible, whence alone, doubtless, he derived strength and power

of soul to tell the "Grand Monarque" unpalatable truths, which none of his contemporaries, though Bossuet and other great men were amongst them, had the courage to utter. I must, however, admit that Massillon and the admirable Bourdaloue did, like Paul before Festus, discourse to him with surpassing eloquence on Death, Judgment, and Eternity. Such topics were, however (though the most astounding and momentous of all of which the tongues of men or angels could speak) more safe to treat of than the affairs of *this* world. I can never think of Fenelon's "Télémaque" without feeling for him the highest admiration. When Poetry, Painting, and History were exhausting their powers of eulogy in celebrating the martial exploits of Louis XIV., he wrote that work, contrasting a good king with one whose selfishness and love of vain-glory rendered him insensible to the sufferings of his people. The written story was as bold a declaration of the real truth as the Prophet's narration to David, when he unveiled to him his guilt, saying, "*Thou art the man!*"

Fenelon wrote the "Télémaque," not to satirize his sovereign (whom haply it might serve to enlighten), but for the benefit of the Duke of Burgundy, the next heir to the throne, whose education had been confided to him. In fact, the grandfather stood in need of the salutary lessons that precious work contains on self and kingly government, even more than the haughty wilful boy, whose unamiable qualities, however, quickly disappeared, and were replaced by virtues, under the mild influence of his excellent tutor, whom he promptly found himself compelled to love and reverence, whilst he successfully cultivated the Christian graces instilled into his mind. In an evil hour for France, this admirable youth was removed by death from the cares of this world to the happiness of another; Fenelon, in qualifying him for an earthly throne, had fitted him for heaven.

Whilst still disconsolate for the loss of his beloved pupil, and yet mourning over the destruction of his noble anticipations of ensuring for his country the future blessing of a wise and good

sovereign, he was ordered to withdraw from Paris—the Paradise of every intellectual Frenchman of that period. He was exiled to Cambrai, because his counsels did not please the unacknowledged wife of Louis—the crafty, clever, and cold-hearted Madame de Maintenon. Like Sully towards Henry IV., in this instance he remontrated with the king emphatically against his union with the favourite, but not with equal success. The frail Gabrielle d'Estrées died wretched, her wishes unfulfilled; whilst her more politic, and, it is admitted, virtuous successor survived, in luxurious retirement, the monarch whom she ruled, though she did not, to himself at least, "seem to rule," so consummate was her skill.

I said that Fenelon was exiled; for — alas for human weakness in one of the best of men!— it was with great reluctance that he went to his Archbishopric of Cambrai, whither his high sense of duty should have led him to go voluntarily; but when he did take up his abode there, he could not do otherwise than widely diffuse blessings around him; and many a touching tale is still

on record of pious and benevolent actions which endeared him beyond measure to its inhabitants. The anecdote of his going on a dreary winter's evening in search of the poor widow's cow—who, not being aware of his rank until he brought it to her, had inquired if he had seen it straying—forms, together with others of his deeds of mercy, a subject of one of the bas-reliefs on the pedestal of his monument.

On leaving the church, we went in search of Fenelon's former residence; and we had the mortification of finding that there are no traces remaining, it having been destroyed at the period of the aforesaid revolution. On the site has been erected a plain modern house, which is occupied by the present archbishop.

LETTER III.

St. Quentin.

On leaving Cambrai our road lay through the same kind of flat uninteresting country as that I have already described, not calculated to call forth one idea, excepting perhaps as regards the origin of the word *ennui*, and I fancied I could see around me good cause for that expressive term having been suggested to the minds of the gaily-disposed French people.

The first large town we stopped at for the night is St. Quentin, remarkable for nothing that I know of but the circumstances connected with a battle fought in its neighbourhood on St. Lawrence's day, between the French and Spaniards, when the army of the latter was commanded by the Duke of Savoy, whom the French had assisted in expelling from his dominions. The victory gained

on that occasion so rejoiced the heart of Philip II. of Spain, that, in celebration of this event, he built the Escurial Palace, a monastery, and a church, all connected together, and in the shape of a gridiron (which the word Escurial signifies), in honour of the above-named saint, who had suffered martyrdom, as saintly legends tell, upon that culinary utensil.

The country around St. Quentin is disfigured by the cultivation of extensive tracks of poppies, the dark heads of which, from being fully ripe and uncut, give a lugubrious sombre aspect to the whole landscape, that reminded me strongly of the descriptions I have heard from Eastern travellers of the appearance of the country during a descent of locusts, which, wherever they alight, "make the green one" black.

So different here in appearance are the poppies from the scarlet weed we find enlivening our fields, only in sufficient numbers to deck the gleaning girl's hair, or to remind us that

> "Our pleasures are like poppies spread,
> We seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

Had Mrs. O'Neill seen, as I have, many square miles together, disfigured by the growth of the poppy, she would never have addressed to that flower, notwithstanding all its imputed virtues, her beautiful ode beginning

"Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull, to humid eyes, appear
The golden glories of the year—
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine.

I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower!
Thou brilliant weed,
That dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow:
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour—
Thou comforter of woe!—
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power."
Etc. etc.

I have quoted only from memory, and as I find that is beginning to fail, I will stop, lest I should mix up Mrs. Greville's exquisite ode to "Indifference" with that of her sister muse to the poppy, my writing of which latter perhaps causes the weighing down of my eyelids; certain it is I cannot

much longer keep them open; so I must needs, while I am yet able to guide my pen, say adieu and *Bon soir*.

P.S.—Some bust or statue of the beautiful Mrs. O'Neill ought to have been crowned with poppies—like Thorwalsden's Night—she sung so sweetly of their "dear lethean power."

LETTER IV.

Laon.

To a person who has been long at sea, and has seen no object to give variety to the wearisome monotony of the wide expanse of waters, the appearance of a gallant vessel, with all its sails set and filled, cannot fail to be a most enlivening sight. Thus, having traversed for some time dull plains of standing poppies and of gathered grain, we saw with surprise and admiration, as we drew near the end of our day's journey, a very steep hill, surmounted by a most magnificent cathedral; through the windows and arches of that romanesque building of dark red stone, the setting sun was casting its rays in bright effulgence.

I do not remember ever to have seen anything more picturesque than the situation of this church and the surrounding town—anciently, I believe, it was a city—of Laon. It was a noble site to choose for the temple of Christians, whose holy religion had triumphed over the false and debasing systems that had previously obtained the homage of mankind. As I looked upon its commanding position, which to my apprehension would render it impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar, I could not help wishing that it had been the fate of the early sufferers in the cause of truth, to defend themselves in some such strongholds, and to have there bid defiance to their persecutors, instead of taking refuge in dens and caves from the ruthless tyrants, who, amongst other species of cruelties, used to deliver them to be torn by wild beasts, to contribute to the savage mirth of assembled multitudes. But, on consideration, I retracted this vain wish; for had the early converts conquered, or maintained themselves unsubjugated by the force of arms, the convincing proofs they gave of the stedfastness of their faith would have

been in a great degree lost to the world. Their miseries were transient, and their recompense is everlasting.

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I remember having once been very much amused with a note of Doctor Johnson on Shakspeare. It consists of this simple declaration—"Of the Manningtree ox, I can give no account." This honest avowal of that great man, forms a pleasant contrast to the uselessly elaborate notes of some other inferior commentators on the most ludicrously indifferent matters; such, for instance, as what kind and description of cat is meant by a gib-cat, and *sic genus*. I must say of Laon, as he did of the ox, that I can give you no account of it, farther than that it was formerly a Bishop's see, which has been removed to Soissons. The town was larger and more flourishing than it is at present — it has all the appearance of having been a place of considerable importance; but as I am without any books of reference, I must maintain a discreet silence as to its past history.

The inside of the church is not unworthy of its grand and striking exterior.

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In resuming our journey, as we walked down the hill which approaches too nearly to being perpendicular to admit of trusting one's safety to a carriage, we were every moment looking round again and again upon the lofty and noble edifice, erected on high, like the Temples of the Sun of old—to the God not only of this world, but of all the innumerable worlds the universe contains.

After leaving Laon the country became much less *triste,* from our seeing more of verdure and trees than we had previously done during the whole way from Calais; still it was flat, and better only by comparison.

We never saw farm-houses near the road, nor "decent village church." At a considerable distance we could sometimes discern hamlets; but they were few, and so far removed, that they did not impart cheerfulness, and even scarcely served to diversify the landscape.

After leaving Laon, the first place where we changed horses was Sillery. I alighted, when the carriage stopped, on seeing that name inscribed over a large and grand-looking gateway. Comtesse de Sillery was the title given, together with that estate, to which the gate is an entrance, to the justly celebrated Madame de Genlis. She educated the late Duke of Orleans's family, and such branches of knowledge as she did not herself undertake to impart, were taught wholly under her superintendence and by her directions, at a country seat of the Duke's, called "La belle Chasse." When the awful revolution already mentioned, burst forth in all its horrors, in 1793, the Duke of Chartres, the eldest of her pupils, now the King of the French, was then a youth of nineteen years of age. He saved his life in the first instance by flight: he took the name of Chabot, and crossed the Alps on foot, with his knapsack on his back. Soon after his arrival in Switzerland, he was engaged as an usher to a school, in the little village of Reichenau, near to Coire, and there he taught French, history,

and mathematics. That one of "the children of France" should be so educated by a woman as to be thus qualified to meet such reverses of fortune, is a circumstance of which our sex may well be proud. A poet says, "to bear is to conquer our fate;" but he did more and better than passively submit to his altered condition—he triumphed over it.

Again the wheel of fortune went round, and when Madame de Genlis was past eighty years of age, she saw the same vigorous-minded pupil, then a middle-aged man, called to the throne of France.

Vicissitudes so wonderful could hardly fail to have suggested to his mind some such reflection as has been well expressed by Doctor Channing in the following words: "The outward distinctions of life must seem to us not 'a great gulf,' but superficial lines, which the chances of a day may blot out, and which are broad only to the narrow-minded."

His Majesty did not forget his early instructress, whose lessons had assisted in teaching him how

to bear such extremes of fortune with equal ability and incomparable power of self-adaptation. One of his first acts was to offer her apartments (that they might be again under the same roof) in the Palace of the Tuileries. Overwhelmed with gratitude, she sat up to a late hour, writing a long letter to him on the subject of his offer, as well as on that of his accession to the throne.

At length she was prevailed on to retire to rest. She laid her head upon her pillow, from which she never raised it. — She died happy.

I was disappointed at finding no house of hers remaining. An avenue of trees leading from the gateway, denotes where it had been erected. In answer to some of my inquiries, a farmer on the spot said, the estate had been given by Madame de Genlis to her grandaughter Madame V——, whose husband was an officer in Napoleon's invading army of Russia; and that in revenge for some excesses committed by him there, the château was completely destroyed, when the Russians, in 1814, returned the unceremonious visit that had been paid to them by the French.

The neglect ensuing for so many years has obliterated all traces of the taste which was most probably employed in embellishing the residence of the celebrated Comtesse de Sillery, better known as Madame de Genlis.

LETTER V.

Chalons-sur-Marne.

On leaving Sillery, whilst yet thinking of the chequered life of Madame de Genlis, I fell into a reverie on subjects connected with it, which was interrupted by our approach to the city of Rheims.

As we advanced and drove through the streets, I was surprised to find them as wide as those of most towns, and not at all antique in appearance.

The large handsome modern hotel where we stopped, is exactly opposite the celebrated cathedral, in which so many of the kings of France have been crowned. It is a very ancient building, of vast dimensions and great magnificence. The exterior is extremely rich, being thickly studded

with sculptured saints and angels: as many as space could be found for are grouped together around the large gothic door which forms the principal entrance, and is most superb. It might be ascertained how many angels can congregate about a doorway, although I believe the more puzzling query of the schools was never resolved, as to the number that can dance on the point of a needle.

The painted glass windows are much the largest, and the colours the finest, I have ever seen. It strikes me that no such churches as that of Rheims, and others of a similar description, will be erected in future. They were raised to the glory of God; now we build for the use of man, in this utilitarian era.

The poetic age, or at least what is particularly called such, is always in an early stage of society; and although building and poetry seem to have nothing in common, I think that it is the same fervour of mind and exalted imagination which produce the idea of a great building as well as the conception of a great poem. But I forget

that St. Peter's at Rome was built only about three hundred years ago, and subsequent to the Middle Ages.

The energies of the human mind were, however, particularly aroused and active at that period, when the revival of letters, begun in a former century, rapidly advanced with the facility acquired in the art of printing, which, although known in a degree previously, until then was scarcely made available for any useful purpose.

On this subject, I believe it was Lord Bacon that said, "If the intention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits; how much more ought letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other."

A general impulse, after long stagnation, was given by the communication of mind with mind. Michael Angelo, Columbus, Galileo, and other

great men (Bacon, shortly after) came forth, whose genius has not been surpassed. The first of those worthies designed St. Peter's, though he is not chargeable with the defects of that structure, he having died while it was in progress; and his plan is yet extant to vindicate his memory. Inferior artists could not altogether mar his design, so great a part having been already carried into effect; but they did much to impair it. Still I admit that it is a sublime achievement of art, and reminds me of Milton's expression, "Only less than archangel ruined." The actual present front of that great building, as altered by his successors, independently of the dome and colonnades, might be mistaken for an old palace of the age of Louis XIV. Not so the grand exterior of the cathedral of Rheims, which is several centuries more ancient.

After we had slowly paced the solemn "long-drawn aisles" of this latter edifice, so well calculated to compose the mind and withdraw it from the things of sense, turn it from the running sands of Time's hour-glass to the future, when "time

shall be no rome," we were summoned thence to resume our journey. I begged however to make some further delay, to enable me to see more of the remarkable objects in this ancient city.

Adjoining the cathedral is the bishop's residence: it forms one side of a square. The centre and most imposing division is a building appropriated for the use of the kings of France, when they visit Rheims on the occasion of their coronation. One of the apartments is of great size. We conjectured that it is from 150 to 200 feet in length. The walls are covered with the pictures of the kings who have undergone that ceremony *selon le règle* at Rheims, beginning with Clovis, the first christian King of France, for whose special use at his coronation it is said angels brought from heaven a chalice containing sacred oil, still carefully preserved for the benefit of his successors. He was converted from paganism by his wife Clotilda. How full history is of examples of the good that ensues to men who allow themselves to be duly influenced—I ought to be modest for my sex, and therefore will not say by their better

halves, but by their wives! I leave our great progenitors quite out of the question, as not suiting my purpose. The complicated interests of social life, which we are somewhat skilful in unravelling, had not arisen in the first stage of the world, and what happened in the garden of Eden should not be brought against us, although some weak judgments will think "the confirmation strong of Holy Writ" on this subject.

Many of the portraits in "la grande Salle" are injured by the effects of time and damp; still they are all interesting in their way, for the different costumes, if for nothing else, as they mark the changes made in the toilets of kings on such occasions, from the stern simplicity of Clovis to the gorgeous apparel of Louis XIV. and his successors, all of whom are bedecked with a profusion of white feathers. The *préstige* attached to the "panache blanc" of their great progenitor, Henry IV., probably made them overlook the generally received opinion that white feathers are not a very becoming ornament, nor of the happiest omen for the male sex.

I am surprised that Bonaparte, in his robes of Charlemagne, was not crowned at Rheims, instead of Paris, although it was at neither place that the Emperor of the West went through that ceremony — his coronation took place at Rome, on Christmas-day, A.D. 800; but as many of the sovereigns of France were crowned at Rheims, one might have expected that Bonaparte would follow their example—he who became so kingly in all his proceedings from the time he picked up the crown that was "dans la boue," as he expressed it when contrasting himself with Cromwell, who, he said, had wrested the crown from his sovereign. He would have done wisely had he followed Cromwell's forbearance in one important point—that of not placing it on his own head, but, like him, have been satisfied with substantial power, and consolidated the strength of the kingdom that chose him for its chief, by subduing its foes rather than by extending its conquests. His wife Josephine acted nobly; she was not dazzled by the prospect of wearing a crown. Being absent from him when she received the first account

of his proposed elevation, she wrote earnestly to dissuade him from acceding to it, and recommended him to remain first consul. She predicted many of the evils to him that ensued, but her warning was disregarded; he followed the dictates of

> "Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
> And falls on the other side."

Cromwell died in the palace at Whitehall, a monarch in all but the name. Bonaparte, like Prometheus chained to a rock, ended his life a prisoner at St. Helena, having exchanged his "large kingdom for a little grave."

If men will, as I said before, disregard the counsel of their wives, there can be no help for them. Julius Cæsar was another memorable instance of such folly. Had he been sufficiently attentive to conjugal strictures, he might have lived greatly instead of dying gracefully. I advise all men, of high and low degree equally, to shun those pernicious examples, and to listen with hearts inclined to us, at all events when we "charm wisely," and who will venture to assert this being a matter of rare occurrence?

It is remarkable that the portrait of Charles X. fills *the last space* which, on his accession to the throne, remained on the walls of the vast chamber. It may have portended, like the handwriting on the wall, that his dynasty is to reign no more.

After having seen the cathedral, and those shades of royalty that in their day had worn upon their "brow the round and top of sovereignty," we found nothing more to interest us, and we set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, from whence I now write.

The evenings are getting short, and I take up my pen "when daylight dies." The moon, on such occasions, one of our poets says, "tells a wondrous tale;" but I cannot follow the example, for I can only say that this is a shabby-looking old town. The river Marne winds around it in varied turns, through meadows and richly vine-covered sloping grounds. I must now go to bed; where I hope the kings I have been contemplating during the day will not, like Banquo's line, haunt my couch; nor such broken dreams visit me as

Fitzjames's, so beautifully described by our "Ariosto of the North" in the following lines:

"But from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!
Again return'd the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged;
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
Oh! were his senses false or true?
Dream'd he of death or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?"

LETTER VI.

Nancy.

THE country continued cheerful and pleasing from Chalons to Ligny, where we slept. We were not aware until it was too late, that, if we had gone a little round by Bar le Duc, instead of going by Dizier, we should have seen some fine scenery that we missed.

As we approached Nancy, the country became more beautiful and highly cultivated than any we have seen since we began our present journey. This Nancy is a large city, and the capital of Lorraine, of whose Dukes it was formerly the residence: their antique palace is now used for civic purposes. The last of the Dukes of Lorraine married Maria Theresa, and was made emperor—his great-grandson is now on the throne of Austria.

They were the parents of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, with whose history you shall become better acquainted by means of the interesting Memoirs written by her faithful friend and servant, Madame de Campan.* Flattery too often makes itself amends for its servility to living princes, by the little respect paid to them when no sounds, however sweet, can strike upon the dull cold ear of death; but those Memoirs were written long after the decease of the Queen of France, and I firmly believe all the good related of her, both from what appear to be internal evidences and from the testimony borne to her virtues by Madame de Campan, who, when herself near dying, in a familiar conversation with a friend and relative, declared that during her whole life she had never known so amiable a person as Marie Antoinette.

It is an established fact, that none ever act

* Bonaparte so highly esteemed Madame de Campan's character and talents, that he made her superintendent of an establishment, in which he took great interest, of his own formation—for the education of the daughters of officers attached to his service, or who had been killed in it.

the parts of heroes and heroines to their domestics. Thus, whilst in the capacity of one—her being such was caused by the reverses of fortune—Madame de Campan was enabled to become thoroughly acquainted with the character and dispositions of her royal mistress, whose besetting sin, she describes, was a hatred of the tediousness and thraldom of the etiquette belonging to her station, which gave scope to calumny to exaggerate imprudences, and call them guilt. Her imprisonment, the devoted attendant was not allowed to share—earnest entreaties on whose part were set at naught; the gates of the temple were closed against *her*, after opening to receive the victim she waited upon to the last moment, and who only passed them again to be led to the guillotine.

Such portion of the night previous to that awful tragedy which the Queen did not spend in prayer, she employed in writing a most touching and beautiful letter to her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth. Every line of it seems inspired by a spirit as holy as ever animated the breast of

a martyr; the love of her children was then her only remaining tie to earth. That letter is inscribed on the monument erected to her memory in the Chapel Expiatoire in Paris, and on which her angelic figure is finely sculptured. The only other monument the chapel contains is one to her husband, Louis XVI.; whose last will—evincing all the goodness of his heart, and enjoining as a command, that if his son "should ever have the misfortune to reign," he will shew no resentment on account of the injuries done to his family—is also inscribed on his monument. As I looked upon the form of the angel that supports his effigy, and is pointing to Heaven with such a speaking countenance, I thought of the Abbé Edgeworth's admirable courage when he accompanied his "discrowned" sovereign to the scaffold, and just before the guillotine fell addressed to him the consoling words—"Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" A raging populace surrounded them, who had sacrificed many innocent lives for less offences than the expression of sympathy offered by the Irish confessor to his dying master,

and yet he escaped—a circumstance to all appearance little less surprising than Daniel's surviving his visit to the lions' den.

The chapel of the Expiatoire is plain, and suited to its one sole purpose. Neither gilding nor paintings distract the attention, nor disturb the profound and solemn feelings the monuments call forth. There is no laboured eulogium, in the form of an epitaph, to solicit one's tears, which are made to flow by the undoubted virtues the royal sufferers displayed in their last moments.

Chateaubriand or De la Martine would have attempted in vain, aided by all the powers of eloquence and poetry, to produce an effect equal to their own simple record of their dying wishes.

Save and except those two monuments, the chapel contains nothing but an altar, and the lamp which is kept burning before it. The whole scene is most impressive; and I hope that you will hereafter be enabled to judge of it better than from my imperfect description.

Here also, at Nancy, is a solemn and striking chapel, of an octagon shape, appropriated to the

dead. In seven of the hollowed sides are very large black marble sarcophagi; each containing the coffins of two Dukes of Lorraine and their respective wives, all of whose names and merits are set forth in suitable Latin inscriptions. The eighth side is occupied by the door; and all who pass its threshold must, I think, feel, if not exclaim—"How solemn is this place." Altogether, it is constructed in the very best manner for doing honour to the illustrious dead.

Adjoining the chapel is an ancient church, that contains the monument of one of the most remarkable characters of the fifteenth century—Charles Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Rash. He was killed in January 1477, whilst besieging this city, and his army defeated by René Duke of Lorraine, who obtained the assistance of several thousand Swiss on that occasion.

We next visited a much finer and apparently more ancient church; the sides of which are entirely composed of coloured marbles, and the roof is very finely carved.

When Stanislaus, the ex-king of Poland, was

driven from his dominions, by the unjust appropriation of them by some of the Northern sovereigns about the middle of the last century, he took up his abode at Nancy. He was the father of Maria Lazinsky, the wife of Louis XV. We saw, in the last-mentioned church, two large and very handsome white marble monuments, erected to him and his queen. We entered the church just as the evening service was concluding. A solemn hymn was being performed on the organ, and the lights were still burning, which displayed most strikingly, on either side of the altar, the finely sculptured and magnificent tombs of the exiled sovereigns, who had partaken so largely of this world's grandeur and of its sorrows. An aged venerable priest gave the parting blessing, who seemed himself about to enter on "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." The world and its cares were shut out, and all around spoke forcibly to our feelings of another state, where the passing shadows of this life will, by the virtuous, be exchanged for glorious realities. The impressive and solemn scene will not, I think, be soon for-

gotten by any of us who witnessed it. And now, having taken you a pilgrimage of chapels—not by any means an uncommon occurrence in some places—I will say good night.

LETTER VII.

Nancy.

THE *Place*, or principal square here, is surrounded by very handsome buildings; and near to a beautiful fountain is a café, as brilliantly lighted and decorated as any in Paris. At a short distance from that quarter of gaiety and *nouveautés*, stands a handsome palace, which reminded us of the centre of the Palais Royal, at Paris, to which it is superior in one respect, from its having a large and well wooded park in the rear. There resided for several years the ex-king Stanislaus, whose *last home* I have already described. I suppose that ex-sovereigns are apt to find time hang heavy on their hands, as well as other retired *hommes d'affaires*. It was perhaps for this reason that Stanislaus invited Voltaire, who, in 1749,

passed the whole year with him at the said palace. He was accompanied by Madame du Châtelet, a lady whose love of knowledge and literature induced her, whilst yet young and handsome, and still liking the pleasures of the world, to withdraw from them and settle in an old château belonging to her husband, called Cirey, situated on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine.

This dilapidated forsaken dwelling was repaired and embellished, and they made it their residence for several years, during which time Voltaire lived with them. He had done the Marquis an essential service (according to his own account), for he relates in his memoirs, that for sixty years a law-suit had been carrying on between the families of Honsbrouk and Du Châtelet, the expenses of which were ruining them both. The *procès* obliged the Du Châtelets to go to Brussels; Voltaire accompanied them, and had there the satisfaction of arranging matters between the contending parties. The Marquis received in consequence 220,000 livres ready money from his opponent, and so ended the long protracted suit.

Madame du Châtelet was a very remarkable person. She was the daughter of the Baron de Bréteuil, who gave her a superior education. She is said to have understood Latin as perfectly as the celebrated Madame Dacier, a distinguished lady and scholar, whose translations from Greek and Latin authors into the French language, together with her notes and criticisms, I believe continue standard works to the present time. I am not aware that the Iliad and Odyssey have been rendered into French by any one else, except indeed that her husband's joint labours, as well as I recollect, assisted in enabling their unlearned countrymen to become acquainted with Homer.

Madame du Châtelet's love of knowledge also led her to the study of mathematics and other branches of science. She wrote a work called "Institutions de Physique," in which she attempted to develope the system of Leibnitz, of whose opinions she was for some time a professed admirer.

Voltaire however relates that she abandoned that system, and devoted her time to the study

and understanding of the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. She translated into French his then recently published work on the Principles of Mathematics, and he says she afterwards wrote an algebraic commentary, which was considered too profound for general readers; and also that she learned English in three months, and read all that Locke, Newton, and Pope had written. It was at her request that Voltaire wrote his "Essay on General History," from the time of Charlemagne, which period he fixed upon because Bossuet had there left off his History.

Voltaire said, with a degree of modesty most unusual on his part, that he dare not touch on a subject which had been treated of by that great man, although he did not altogether approve of the "Histoire universelle."

The studies of the literary friends at Cirey were abandoned for a visit to Stanislaus, and at the end of a year passed with him, the lady was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which some dubious accounts are given. It sufficed, however, in a very few days to cause her death. Nothing

that I know of has ever been mentioned regarding her religious sentiments, but with such a tutor one shudders to think what they may have been. Alas! too, probably it were far better for her than all her learning, if she had—like Cowper's peasant girl who "was never heard of half a mile from home"—

> "Just known, and known no more, her Bible true—
> A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew—
> And in that charter read with sparkling eyes
> Her title to a treasure in the skies."

You are well acquainted with the charming poem that contains those lines, which you have often repeated for me.

Voltaire expressed himself deeply grieved for the death of Madame du Châtelet, and for the purpose of dissipating his sorrow, having bid adieu to Stanislaus, he accepted an often repeated invitation from Frederick of Prussia, to whom he relates he had previously excused himself, saying he would not leave a woman for a king. Whilst at a distance these philosophers had lavished on each other the highest encomiums; but on

becoming personally acquainted, their mutual esteem was converted into mutual dislike, and even hatred.

It is possible, although a character is not virtuous, that it may, by the force of talents and felicitous circumstances, be valued and admired, if viewed merely from a distance; as we admire the soft blue tints of a beautiful mountain, which, on a near approach, we find rugged, black, and dreary.

The royal philosopher and the savant professed to entertain for each other sentiments of the profoundest regard, whilst inhabiting different kingdoms; but as soon as they could ascertain their respective merits, admiration merged into hearty contempt; at least such was the feeling of Voltaire, who, weary of the situation and offices he held, which brought him constantly into the society of the King, resolved to make his escape from the favours conferred on him, and at great peril and risk, betook himself to flight, and did not consider himself safe until he reached the free town of Frankfort. Even there some of the Prussian emissaries had him confined for

several days, if not weeks, whilst his papers underwent examination. He afterwards avenged himself by frequently exposing traits of the very odious character of his ci-devant master, which perhaps would never have been so generally known, but for his visit to the court of Prussia, which enabled the dear friends so thoroughly to understand and appreciate each other.

Voltaire relates in his Memoirs that Frederick sought for a reconciliation, when he heard of his living in affluence, and found that no favours or benefits were required at his hands.

It has been said by one of our poets, that "a favourite has no friend;" but Dame Fortune's pets, it must be allowed, generally form an exception. Friends, such as they are, the prosperous will always have, whilst their sunshine lasts.

LETTER VIII.

Mulhausen.

Our next day's journey brought us to a small town called Dizier, where we slept. The following morning we breakfasted at St. Marie, which place, as well as Dizier, appears to be a great thoroughfare, judging from the innumerable heavily-laden waggons we met on the road. The scenery we found mountainous and beautiful as we advanced towards Colmar, where we only stopped to change horses, which were brought to us from a distance: we had gone several miles by a newly-made railroad, and the station where we were set down not being near the posthouse, we had to wait some time for our cavalry. At length they arrived, and we proceeded along the

valley of the Rhine in Alsace, where we again occasionally saw fine castles, although the noble river, to which they are so frequent an appendage, was not in view: it lay to the left, some miles distant. We reached Mulhausen late in the evening; and being now on the confines of Switzerland, I have turned to one of the very few books we brought with us, for some account of this place. Vieusseux's History of Switzerland, lately published, is the only history I could ever read of that country; which presents to a writer a most difficult subject, from the absence of uniformity in its interests and local jurisdictions. Like the bundle of sticks, it has always consisted of several parts, possessing strength in proportion in some measure to its unanimity of purpose—a state of things often impeded by the differences of religion and mode of government that prevailed. Internal divisions and quarrels were of frequent recurrence; but they were, however, more or less merged in patriotism, when the hatred of foreign rule and tyranny formed a bond that united the Cantons; whose several histories must be presented

to the reader, both in separate distinctness and combined as a whole. In the short work of Vieusseux, this has, in my opinion, been admirably effected. He has unravelled a tangled web of complex interests; and any information relating to Switzerland, which I shall attempt to convey in the course of our present correspondence, will be derived from the said History, which I foresee I shall most frequently be obliged to arrange after my own fashion. The mention of particular places and circumstances, I must select from other matter foreign to my purpose. You will therefore understand that I am indebted *for all* I relate to Vieusseux's History; and as I only expect to stimulate, not to satisfy, your curiosity and desire for information, I refer you to the work for further knowledge of the subject. I shall, however, quote largely from it, but without marking in the usual way such passages as quotations; otherwise I could not take the liberties I plainly perceive I must do, nor intermingle my own observations, to adapt and mould them to my present gossiping narrative.

Mulhausen, in Alsace, was for centuries a free town and an ally of Switzerland; and, together with two other places, was denominated an Associate. The towns sent deputies to the general diet; and, without being cantons, were considered part of the Helvetic body. In 1586, Mulhausen lost the right of suffrage, in consequence of disturbances amongst the citizens; still it was considered a confederate, and so continued until 1798. The French, previous to that period and to their open rupture with Switzerland, wishing to avoid an act of undisguised hostility, repeatedly urged the citizens of Mulhausen to demand their incorporation with France. This they refused, and the French blockaded their little territory; not only causing the ruin of trade and manufactures, but actually reducing the people to famine. For two years Mulhausen held out; until, sorely pressed by hunger, it surrendered in 1798, at the same time "requesting to have the honour of joining the French republic."

This act was proclaimed at Paris as being a voluntary expression of the sentiments of the

inhabitants at large. Mulhausen was faithful to its early attachment, and submitted to direful sufferings, rather than relinquish the connexion of its choice; but when stern necessity left no other alternative, it yielded to its fate, and wisely made the best of existing and inevitable circumstances. — There are more Mulhausens in the world than go by that name. It is pleasing to observe, that having acted so true and steadfast a part to its first ally, Mulhausen seems now to have no cause to regret the compulsion that united it to France — the whole town having a most thriving, flourishing appearance. There are many large handsome modern houses, like those of the best description at Brussels.

All this apparent prosperity speaks well for the French government, as it certainly depends on the more powerful party whether such a connexion becomes advantageous to the weaker.

The principal church belongs to Protestants, and is a very ancient, well preserved building. The Hotel de Ville is also of great antiquity.

And now, bestowing my best wishes for the

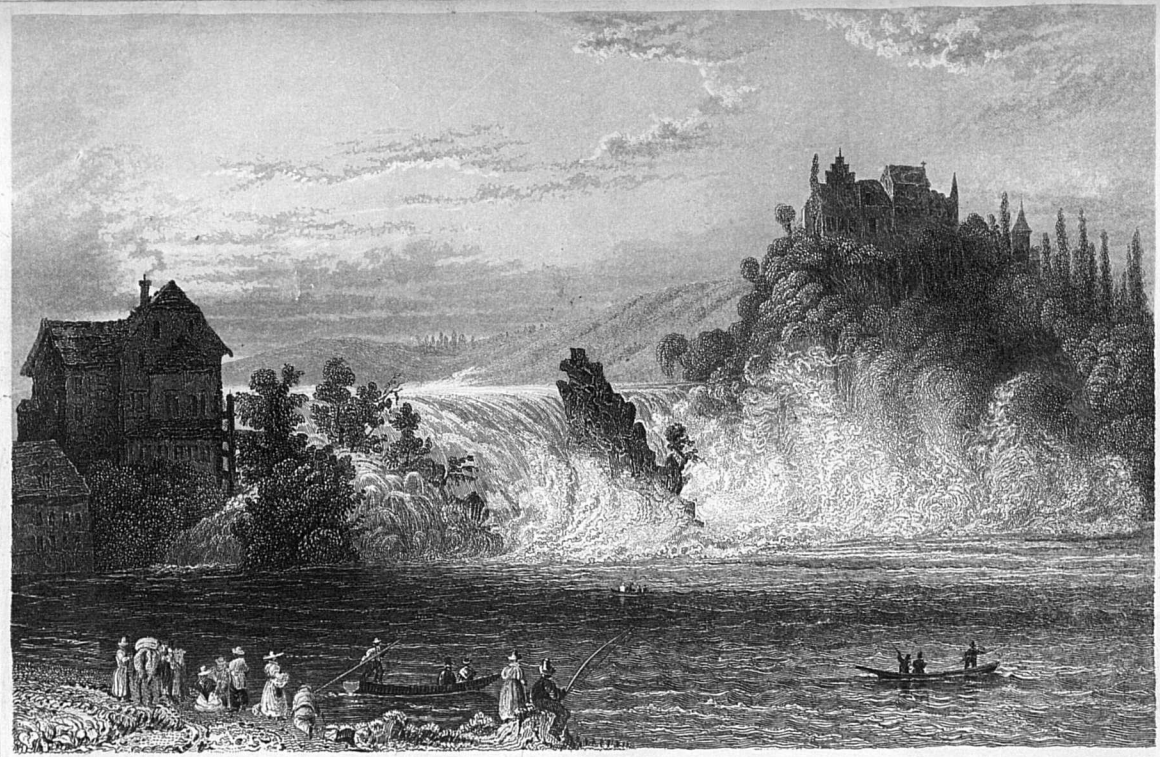
continued prosperity of Mulhausen, I am most anxious to bid it adieu; for am I not on the confines of Switzerland, glorious Switzerland, "land of the mountain and the flood!"

LETTER IX.

Basle.

HERE we are! actually arrived at Basle in romantic Switzerland. At this moment, whilst I am writing, I hear the delicious sound of the noble Rhine. Our rooms at the "Hotel des trois Rois" look down upon its rushing waters; and the foundations of the house, which are laid in it, must be deep and strong indeed to resist the effects of its ceaseless movement.

What generations of men have passed away, while this great body of water flows on the same, since every degree of civilization, from the first rude state of society, has been exhibited on its banks by hordes of human beings, only somewhat less evanescent than the winged tribes I now see hovering on its surface! Whilst gazing upon it,



Tomblason, delt. H. Winkles, sculpt.

DER RHEINFALL BEI SCHAFFHAUSEN

FALL OF THE RHINE, NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

CHÛTE DU RHIN, près de Schaffhausen.

as I am at this moment, I could imagine Byron, similarly situated, exclaiming—

> "Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow,
> Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

But, instead of indulging poetical reveries, which in my case prove very fruitless, I will try and give you some account of Basle. This city was at an early period under the jurisdiction of bishops, and afterwards under that of the emperors. The burghers were divided into classes, according to their respective trades, as was the case in most free cities formerly. Every trade had its privileges, its laws, and chief magistrate or provost, and its banner and guard. "There was this difference," says Müller, "between these republics and that of infant Rome; that in the latter, the agricultural population, whose habits were warlike, had the ascendency, whilst most of the republics of Helvetia, in the Middle Ages, were essentially commercial, inclined to peace, and free from ambition, at least beyond the precincts of their respective districts."

At Basle, a certain number of knights and notables, chosen amongst the old burgher families, formed the sovereign council, which was renewed every year. Basle became early, next to Zurich, the most wealthy and flourishing city in Helvetia. During the carnival of 1273, a number of knights and other young noblemen, friends and dependants of Rudolph of Habsburg, repaired to Basle, to enjoy the festivities of that merry season. Some of them behaved rudely to the burghers' ladies; the husbands and fathers of whom rose against the insolent intruders, and killed several of them.

The Count of Habsburg, on receiving this intelligence, collected troops, and marched against the city; but while besieging it, the news arrived of his elevation to the Imperial throne; on hearing of which, the citizens of Basle assembled outside their walls, and invited him to enter the city with his troops. Such generous confidence was not lost upon him. Penetrated with gratitude, for kindness and sympathy offered so unexpectedly, Rudolph assured the citizens of his warmest

friendship; who, on their part, swore allegiance to him, and exultingly congratulated their countryman on being called to the first throne of Europe. Rudolph's first act was to acknowledge Basle as a free Imperial town.

One of his descendants, Albert Duke of Austria, in less than a century after (in 1356), having claimed some jurisdiction which the citizens of Basle would not acknowledge, was marching on his way against it, when he learned that an earthquake and a fire had destroyed the greater portion of the town. Some one suggested to him that it was a fit opportunity to render himself master of the place; but the Duke, feeling as a man and a soldier, exclaimed—"God forbid that I should proceed another step against that unfortunate people! Let them rebuild their houses and walls in peace; it will be time enough afterwards to settle our disputes:" and he sent four hundred of his peasants from the Black Forest, to assist in clearing the ruins at his own expense. Unfortunately for himself, the Duke did not, at a later period, persevere in the liberal and

enlightened line of conduct which on this occasion promised so well for the future. The citizens of Basle acknowledged most gratefully their sense both of his forbearance and exertions in their behalf, and maintained a strict alliance with him during the remainder of his life.

The next formidable opponent that the city of Basle had to encounter, was the King of France, Charles VII., who, in 1444, sent his son, the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XI.), to attack the Swiss, at the head of a mixed army, composed of soldiers of fortune, of all nations, but more particularly of the remains of those who had taken part in the civil wars in France, by the name of Armagnacs. The king was glad of an opportunity of employing abroad those mercenary partisans, whom he found very troublesome guests in time of peace, accustomed as they were to a life of violence and plunder, and most impatient of any restraint. An old chronicler calls them Filii Belial, Sons of the Devils; but they were more commonly, though perhaps not better, known by the appellation of Armagnacs.

Charles collected those formidable troops, and sent them first into Alsace, and then against Basle, under the command of his son. They desolated the countries on the left of the Rhine, sparing neither friends nor foes; and at last, on the 23rd of August, they appeared under the walls of Basle, to the number of thirty thousand men, chiefly cavalry. The citizens sent one of their councillors in great haste to request the assistance of the Swiss against the formidable irruption. Berne, though not then forming, as it now does, a part of the Swiss confederation, decided instantly on granting the required assistance, and despatched twelve hundred men for the purpose. This little band met the advanced guard of the Armagnacs, and drove them back beyond the river Birs. The main body of the enemy was posted on the left bank of the river. The Swiss threw themselves into it, and forded it, notwithstanding the fire of the French artillery. Having reached the opposite bank, they cut their way through the numerous ranks of the Armagnacs, with the intention of reaching Basle.

The inhabitants of that city, seeing from the summit of their towers the efforts of this band of heroes, made a sortie to join them, but a body of eight hundred horse, whom the Dauphin had placed on that side, drove them back into the city. The Swiss were divided. A portion of them, surrounded in the plain by forces ten times their number, were all slain, after making dreadful havoc among their enemies: they fell in their ranks close to each other, not one having attempted to escape. Another party of five hundred threw themselves into the hospital and chapel of St. Jacob. The gardens of the hospital were surrounded by high walls; there this handful of Swiss, hemmed in by a whole army, stood determined to sell their lives dearly. Three times they repelled the attack, and twice they sallied out like lions against the firm phalanx of their enemies. At last the walls were battered down by cannon, and the French cavaliers, having dismounted, entered the breach; yet the Swiss still opposed a desperate resistance. The hospital and the chapel took fire, and the surviving confederates

were smothered among the ruins. Out of twelve hundred Swiss who fought on that day, ten alone escaped by flight, and these were shunned and driven away with scorn in every part of Switzerland, for not having shared the fate of their comrades. The fight lasted ten hours. Thousands of men and horses of the Armagnacs strewed the field of battle. The Dauphin was dismayed at the sight of his own loss, and hearing that the whole confederated army of the Swiss was moving against him from the camp before Zurich, he thought it prudent not to attempt to proceed any farther, after the specimen he had witnessed of Swiss intrepidity.

Eneas Silvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., who happened to be at Basle at the time, mentions in his Epistles several circumstances of that memorable combat. He says, the Swiss, having emptied their quivers, snatched out of their wounds the arrows of their enemies, and shot them back.

Burkardt Monch, a nobleman who served in the ranks of the Dauphin, was bitterly hostile

to the Swiss. After the battle, he walked in the evening among their dead bodies, and observing the streams of blood which drenched the ground, he exclaimed, "Now am I bathing among roses." Arnold Schilk of Uri, who was lying near, wounded, overheard him, and picking up a large stone, flung it with such force at the inhuman boaster, that he fell dead to the ground.

Two days after the battle, the Dauphin granted a safe-conduct to the citizens of Basle, that they might bury their dead, and carry away their wounded. The Dauphin withdrew his army, and signed a peace with the Cantons and with Basle, in the following October. Struck with admiration at the bravery of the Swiss, he even sought their alliance; and this was the origin of the long friendship and connexion between the French kings and the Helvetic body.

This is a remarkable instance of what often happens in life—circumstances producing the very opposite results from what were intended by their shortsighted contrivers; for "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

It was the Emperor Frederick, and his cousin Sigismund of Austria, who incited the French king to attack the Swiss, hoping thereby to see them weakened, and rendered an easy prey for themselves; instead of which, the Swiss became stronger to resist them, by a steadfast alliance with the power destined for their destruction.

The Reformed religion—a great event in the history of the civilized world, which was also brought about by means apparently so opposed to the consequences that ensued—produced much commotion in Switzerland, as well as in other places. It was finally established here in 1530, amidst great tumults. Whilst these continued, the famous Erasmus left Basle; but when they subsided, he returned and passed the remainder of his life in this reformed city; although he would never openly disclaim the doctrines of Rome.

The Roman Catholic clergy and their bishop were banished; but the latter, a prince of the German empire, was allowed to retain his temporal rights and possessions, and to continue an ally

of Switzerland; and thus matters remained peaceably until 1791, when disturbances arose between him and the States, or Assembly of the People. He applied to the Cantons; but as they declined interfering, he appealed to the Emperor, whose troops came and occupied his territory. In the following year, war broke out between Austria and the French, who in their turn occupied the bishopric of Basle, after driving out the Austrian garrison.

The conquerors, whose heads were then filled with republican ideas, converted the poor bishop's territories into a republic, calling it Rauracia. Not more than three months elapsed, until it became merged in the great French republic; from which time until 1814 (when the Allied powers made a new distribution of things), it constituted a department of France, under the very inauspicious name of Mont Terrible. Thus having introduced themselves into Switzerland, with the assistance of adroit emissaries and agents, who spread their pernicious principles, the French were enabled to make great progress in revolu-

tionizing the country, and scenes of horrid devastation and shedding of blood ensued.

At Basle, however, by the breaking up of the old feudal system, notwithstanding severe temporary sufferings, much good finally resulted to the great body of the people, who were previously excluded from all political rights, and who were not allowed by the burghers to reap the full benefits of their own industry. They demanded to be put on a footing of equality in those points; which was at length, though unwillingly, conceded, after having been too long denied. Still, difficulties arising out of the subject remained, and produced much collision between the parties; and matters were not finally and satisfactorily arranged until so late as the year 1833, since which period Basle has enjoyed increasing prosperity. The inhabitants, who are divided into two bodies, one belonging to the city and the other to the country, have each their repective privileges well defined, and pursue their callings in amicable intercourse, now that the causes of ancient jealousy are removed.

LETTER X.

Basle.

I have passed all this day in visiting what is best worth seeing, to which travellers *en route* can have access in this ancient city of *Basle,* as it is called by the French, and Basel by the Germans. The languages of both people are spoken, but German is the most general. We ascended a steep hill, having good houses on either side of the way, to the principal church, which is very finely situated, commanding a view of the town and all its dependencies; of well cultivated lands, woods, and luxuriant gardens, with villas not a few; and the Rhine (which I believe is never beheld any where without admiration) imparting animation and splendour to the scene. The long narrow boats, filled with

busy market people, fishermen, and others, who, themselves destined to useful purposes, answered ours also of being so picturesque, that your sisters took out their sketch books, and under the shade of some wide-spreading trees, employed their pencils in a way that will serve to remind us of Basle.

The church is very ancient, and of ample dimensions: it is built of a rich coloured dark red stone, and is very much decorated both outside and within, with pillars and carvings in rich devices, all executed in the same material. A sovereign council was held here by the burghers in 1529; by a majority of whom the Reformed religion was established. Œcolampadius took a prominent part on that occasion; and his name, with farther honourable mention of him, is inscribed over the door of the chamber in which that sitting was held.

Near to the centre of the principal aisle is placed the monument of Erasmus, which is very plain, but contains a very long Latin inscription. He was one of the most remarkable men of the

age in which he lived — that age in which the human mind, like "a giant refreshed by sleep," put forth its powers with renewed vigour, casting away the bonds that had heretofore enthralled it. Men then began to reason; they sought for light from ancient wisdom, but they did not enslave themselves to its dictates; they borrowed its radiance to help them forward in undiscovered paths of knowledge, and no longer pinned their faith on Aristotle and the schools.

Erasmus was a native of Rotterdam. His father, whose name was Gerard, or Gerhard, was, it appears, attached to a young woman called Margaret, whom circumstances rendered him unable to marry. He went to Rome, and while there was informed of her death; the intelligence deeply affected him; he became very devout, and entered the church. Some time afterwards he returned to Rotterdam, and there found that the report of his Margaret's death was false: it had been set abroad by her relatives, that he might give her up. She presented him with their son; but precluded by his vows from ever marrying her,

he devoted himself to the education of the child, who was also called Gerhard. Afterwards, that name having some particular signification, was translated into a Greek word, which is rendered Erasmus. The boy so called made such progress in his learning, that, when only thirteen years of age, his master, Sinthemicus de Denenter, exclaimed, in a rapture of joy, that he would one day attain the heights of science. He was still very young when his mother died; and his father, overcome with grief, quickly followed her to the grave.

Many of his friends urged Erasmus to adopt a monastic life, which he declined; but entered into a society of canons that did not require his taking orders. He went to the University of Paris and elsewhere, devoting himself to the acquisition of learning. He became so eminent that he was offered a cardinal's hat, if he would enter the church; and his society was sought by the three great European monarchs, his contemporaries: but he declined all honours; and though he taught for some time at Oxford, he preferred

permanently gaining his livelihood by writing and correcting learned works for the printer Frobenius.

He was not calculated, like Luther, to be a bold and decided reformer; but, although he never left the church of Rome, he aided materially the progress of the Reformation, by exposing the vices and follies of many of its opponents. He was better able to do this, being assured of the protection of several of the most powerful sovereigns of that period. In fact, I think his object was to procure a reformation in the Church of Rome itself, without causing a separation from that venerable, though we Protestants and Lutherans think degenerated, body. If this could have been effected, possibly much good might have arisen from it to the Christian world; but it was otherwise ordained; and there is no doubt that the spirit of research and of learning promoted by Erasmus greatly tended to the furtherance of Luther's mighty undertaking. Erasmus went to Basle in 1516, and finally settled there in 1521.

Erasmus was the child of love; but we do not

hear of his being in the least addicted to that foible. It is frequently remarked, how widely children differ from their parents, as is observed by the miser giving birth to the spendthrift, the saint to the roué, and *vice versa*. No mistress, I fancy, could have had half the charms for Erasmus, that were possessed by the respective printing presses of Oxford and of Basle.

The next monument we looked at was one of great interest. Rudolph Count of Habsburg, elected Emperor of Germany, was married to a lady of Basle: at her death, she desired that her body might be removed from Vienna to her native city, and laid beside a beloved child, who had been buried there previous to her husband's elevation. Her full-length figure is represented lying horizontally over the tomb, with her hand placed on her little one, as if to guard her treasure; indicating that even in death they should not be divided. This somewhat rudely chiseled and mutilated monument has nothing to recommend it as a work of art; but it tells a tale of maternal love that can never be regarded

with indifference, though centuries have had their date since the events happened which it records.

Having stayed a sufficient time in the church, we proceeded to the Bibliothèque, where the collection of books is more choice than extensive. We saw several that are very interesting,—one especially so, entitled "The Praise of Folly," by Erasmus; a satirical work from beginning to end, printed here, and possessing some valuable additions, that is to say, notes in the author's handwriting. It has also exquisitely fine marginal illustrations by Holbein: one of them represents a grotesque-looking sensualist in the act of draining his glass, with various emblems of drinking lying around. Assuredly this tipsy fellow was not intended by the artist to represent himself, though he is said to have liked the juice of the grape. Erasmus, however, fixes the character upon him, by having written "*Holbein*" underneath, thus making the painter satirise himself. We were shewn several of his valuable pictures: he was a native of Basle; and as too often happens to men of genius, his works are regarded with the

highest veneration, though their author was suffered to experience the depressing influences of poverty, which perhaps drove him, as it did Burns, to the care-drowning bowl. Swift says, alluding to the honours paid to men after their decease, who were neglected or (as happened in the cases of Dante, Galileo, and others) persecuted while living, "We raise the heads that cannot eat." Holbein, however, must have prospered after his visit to England, where his pictures were and are still so highly prized. Holbein's *chefs-d'œuvre* are, I imagine, found here. Several of them are as soft and rich in colouring as any pictures of the great masters, and are quite free from the cold hard manner by which he is usually characterised. A head, a likeness of himself, is considered one of the finest works of art: it is done in crayon, and the colour is well preserved.

A gentleman, who was of our party, said he would gladly give five hundred pounds for it—how I wished my Sophie could have it for a few days to copy. He has also executed

his wife's likeness,—and oh! what an execution! "what a falling off is there!" for he has made her as plain as he has made himself strikingly handsome. It was a pity she could not have borrowed his talent, pallet, and colours, for a short period; then, perhaps, another edition of their respective visages might have been handed down, and puzzled posterity when "looking on that picture and on this." Titian and Raffaelle acted very differently by their ladies, whose glowing beauties yet "enchant the world."

It may be that the sober certainty of matrimonial happiness dims the radiant tints of fancy, in which the lover dips his pencil when portraying less estimable women, and that he supposes the better and wiser portion of our sex are too good to like flattering. All I can say is, that painters are not Rochefoucaulds.

In the same collection are several pieces of the original fresco painting of the Dance of Death, done by Holbein on the walls of a neighbouring cemetery. Some of these admirable pieces have been preserved, laid on canvass, and framed. There

are other specimens of his diversity of talent: a great many highly finished beautiful drawings, on sacred and other subjects, executed apparently in Indian ink. There are also some others merely in outline, like Retzch's, full of life and spirit. Amongst these latter is one containing twelve or fourteen figures of Sir Thomas More and his family, replete with beauty and expression. It seems wonderful that this easy style of drawing should have been so long neglected; it is only of late years that it has been revived. I thought of the charming illustrations of the life of Raffaelle, by Reipenhausen, that you are copying for me.

A great dinner in the open air—a Jungendfest—something very different from the Dance of Death, was going on in the lower part of the town, whilst we were occupied with Holbein's works; young students, in this their holiday time, have assembled here in great force, and inspired the youth of all classes with the spirit of frolic and glee.

In the quarter assigned to the festivity, all kinds of games were taking place at the same time, in honour of the Jungendfest — an innocent and short-lived saturnalia. Older people seemed to have caught the spirit of mirthfulness from their juniors; for, on returning to our hotel, we heard of nothing but the performances and feats of skill that had been witnessed.

This evening the whole population are enjoying themselves out of doors, listening to a very fine band of music, serenading a general officer just arrived from Berne, to review the troops; and of which we have the full benefit, from his being in this house. A dense crowd are as quiet and seemingly attentive to the performance as any assembly at a concert. I am going to bed, listening to the fine music of Beethoven on one side of my apartment, mingling with the sound of the flowing Rhine on the other. Montaigne, I think it is, who mentions that, when a child, his father had him awoke every

morning by music, to render his disposition amiable and his ideas cheerful; I wish that the sweet sounds attending my going to sleep may have their influence in improving my character. *Nous verrons.*

LETTER XI.

Les Bains de Baden.

On leaving Basle, the noble Rhine was on our left for several miles; we then turned away from it on our route to Baden. I never travelled so long together (ten hours) through such a continuation of charming scenery. At times it was picturesque and sublime; but for the most part *riant,* cheerful, and cultivated, yet but little grain of any kind is to be seen. Green meadows, kept mowed, and in as excellent order as gentlemen's parks in England, skirt the road, undivided from it by any fence or boundary line; and there is an abundance both of fruit trees, and of other kinds, interspersed. No words can tell the charms of the extreme verdure; of the glistening rills, with their sweet wild melody; and of the mur-

muring of the clear streams which every where abound in this favoured land. The pencil and the pen may describe the grand features of the scenery; but those minor beauties, which are observed and felt with thrilling pleasure, cannot be portrayed. At one elevated point we observed three rivers nearly unite their heads, and lose themselves in different directions, winding their way through hill and dale, forests and hamlets, until we could no longer follow their course. By looking on the map I learned their further history. They form a junction, and are united under the name of the Aar, falling into the Rhine at Coblentz (which latter word means *confluence*), about ten miles from Brougg, or Brüch. This very ancient town, at which we changed horses, was the birth-place of Zimmerman, the author of a work on Solitude once much admired; but is more famous from having belonged to the Counts of Habsburg, the ruins of whose castle are yet visible on a wooded height, about two miles from Brougg. Still nearer to it (within half a mile) stood the celebrated abbey of Kœnigsfelden,

which was suppressed in 1528. It was built by the wife and daughter of the Emperor Albert, on the spot where he was killed: but as I shall speak of this event hereafter, I will not now discuss it. The solitary Tower of Habsburg is at present inhabited by some Argovian peasants, and the outer walls of the castle, which remain standing, enclose a sort of farm-yard.

Goutram, Count of Altenburg, in Alsace, was a nobleman of high descent and connexions, who was deprived of his tenures for having opposed the power of the Emperor Otho, and found himself reduced to his patrimonial estate in Helvetia, near the ruins of Vindonisson, an ancient city, and the most important settlement of the Romans in this country. We saw near the road-side some very striking remnants of pillars and other debris, which yet mark the site of that once flourishing little colony. To return to my narrative:—a grandson of Goutram, called Radbod, about the year 1020, erected a castle on the steep hill of Wulpelsberg. This castle was called Habsburg, from *Habs terra aviatica;* being built on an estate

or patrimony hereditary in the family, and from that time the Counts of Altenburg took the title of Counts of Habsburg. The castle was small, being proportioned to the size of the estate; it was however strong from its position, and well fortified. Werner, Bishop of Strasbourg, a relation of Radbod, who had advanced some money for its construction, having come to see the new residence, was mortified at its diminutive proportions. Radbod had employed the money in securing the friendship of the neighbouring freeholders, who swore an inviolable attachment to his family. He collected a number of them in the night. On the bishop's rising next morning and seeing this multitude in arms, he appeared uneasy; but Radbod said to him, "With your money I have raised these *living walls;* valiant and faithful men like these, are the safest of all castles."

Little more than two hundred and fifty years after, that is to say in 1273, Rudolph, a descendant of Radbod of Habsburg, was, by universal consent, elected Emperor of Germany, and his descendants, excepting during one short period (commencing

in 1338), have ever since occupied that throne. Rudolph, after leading a wild and irregular life in his youth, had, previously to this event, fully retrieved his character; and when chosen to fill that important and distinguished station, the Archbishop of Cologne pronounced him to be "wise, just, and beloved of God and man." He was active and brave, very skilful in state affairs, and though ambitious, was equitable and just. He was in general a favourite with the towns, and the period of his elevation was one of wonder and rejoicing in Helvetia. The demonstrations of satisfaction were universal on the accession of their countryman, the valiant Rudolph, to the first throne in Europe; and the magistrates of the towns, with the nobles of all grades, repaired to Brougg, to congratulate the new emperor. Rudolph, on his part, notwithstanding the multifarious cares brought on by his altered situation, and the distance to which it removed him, gave frequent proofs that he retained to the end of his life an affectionate regard for his countrymen. During the turbulent period of the interregnum

which followed the extinction of the imperial line of the Hohenstaufens, the Waldstätten (or Forest Cantons, as they are called indifferently), had placed themselves voluntarily under the powerful protection of Count Rudolph of Habsburg, acknowledging him as their Landvogt, or bailiff. Rudolph proved faithful to his engagements; and when elected Emperor, confirmed the perpetual right of the Waldstätten to hold solely and directly of the empire. Rudolph had sons whom he wished to leave independent and powerful: one of them he made Duke of Suabia; for another he had in view the restoration of the kingdom of Burgundy; and a third, Albert, already Duke of Austria,* was importunate in urging his father to extend and consolidate his hereditary dominions in Helvetia. Albert is described by contemporary writers as a man of abilities, but rapacious, ambitious, and

* The province of Austria had been made a dukedom by Frederic Barbarossa. Ottokar, king of Bohemia, took it after the death of Duke Frederic II., the last of the Bamberg line, who died without issue; and Rudolph of Habsburg having retaken it in 1276, from Ottokar, bestowed it on his son Albert.

unprincipled; who scrupled not to usurp the castles and domains, even of his relations, for his own aggrandizement. He had, moreover, by his wife Elizabeth, of Carinthia, a numerous offspring, for whom he was anxious to provide. He aimed at forming an hereditary Dukedom of all Helvetia; and for this purpose he suggested to his father the expediency of purchasing the domains of the abbeys, and of inducing the lords to sell him their fiefs, or at least to do him homage as Duke of Austria; by which means the free towns and independent commonwealths, finding themselves enclosed within his dominions, would at last be obliged to surrender all their rights. How far Rudolph entered into these views of his unprincipled son is not known; he however, in 1291, purchased of the Abbot of Murbach the town of Lucerne, and the rights of the abbey over several villages within the country of Schwytz, giving the abbot in exchange some districts in Alsace, besides two thousand marks of silver. The news of this acquisition on their immediate frontiers alarmed the Waldstätten. In the same

year (1291), Rudolph died, while on a journey to Spires, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign. The Imperial crown was contested by his sons, Albert of Austria, and Adolphus of Nassau. The latter had a majority of votes, but Albert maintained the struggle by arms, and Helvetia as well as Germany was divided on the question of the right of succession. The Waldstätten, seeing the storm gathering around them, renewed in 1291 their alliance, solemnly engaging themselves by oath mutually to defend each other, their families and properties, against all agressions from without. From this alliance they took the name of *Eidgenossen*, "bound by compact," or confederates.—(This word was afterwards corrupted by the French pronunciation into Huguenots).

On the other side, the Bishop of Constance, the Abbot of St. Gall, and the town of Zurich, and the Count of Savoy, formed also an alliance among themselves, in order to oppose the ambitious views of Albert. This latter, in revenge, overran and ravaged the lands of the bishop. At length,

in a great battle fought in 1298, Adolphus of Nassau was killed, and his brother Albert took undisputed possession of the Imperial throne. He soon turned his whole attention towards (as he pretended to consider them) his refractory subjects of Helvetia. In another place you shall hear more about him. I suspect I shall dream of the Castle of Habsburg, and of Kœnigsfelden (the field of kings), where many of its owners were buried, the Emperor Albert amongst others. At all times "the path of glory leads but to the grave."

I will now only say that we have arrived safely at Les Bains de Baden. The town of Baden is situated on the Limmat, a fine deep fast-flowing river, though not to be compared as to size with the Rhine; but its waters are much clearer, and are, I think, of quite as bright a hue as the stone called aqua marine.

We did not stop at Baden, but proceeded a short distance to les Bains, where excellent hotels for all classes abound,—bathing in Switzerland not being a luxury confined to the higher orders.

"Nature, a mother kind alike to all," finds her benefits fully appreciated as regards the refreshing springs she pours forth in this country, warming and soothing the rigidity of age, or bracing the nerves and muscles, and confirming the strength of the young.

The baths of Baden were as celebrated and as much frequented in past times as at present. A very amusing account of them, about three centuries ago, is given in a letter from the pen of Poggio Bracciolini, which you will find in the very clever and interesting life of him, written by our friend, Dr. Shepherd. He describes many particulars respecting the gaieties which took place here formerly, some of which reminded him of the Floral Games at Rome. Although, from not understanding the German language, he was unable to converse with the company, he found much amusement in looking at them bathing, with their floating tables before them. Such tables are still, I am told, in use at the baths of Pfeffers; by the bye, one of the most extraordinary places of resort in Switzerland.

The scholar, it appears, had his thoughts much dissipated during his stay at the baths of Baden. He informed his friend "there was no opportunity for reading or studying; the whole place resounded with songs and musical instruments, so that the mere wish to be wise were the height of folly in me, especially who am not like Menedemus in the play, a morose rejecter of pleasures, but one of those who take a lively interest in every thing which concerns their fellow mortals. My pleasure, however, was much less than it would have been, had I been able to converse with my new acquaintance." He concludes his letter thus: "I think this must be the place where the first man was created, which the Hebrews call the Garden of Pleasure. If pleasure can make a man happy, this place is certainly possessed of every requisite for the promotion of felicity." I do not think that the baths of Baden by any means retain their character as a resort of pleasure; I rather believe that it does not at present stand very high in the list of fashionable watering-places, as I observe that

the accommodations for the poorer classes are as extensive as those for the rich.

In this immediate neighbourhood there is a very ancient monastery, the suppression of which is contemplated by the Canton of Berne; but the inhabitants of the Aargaw are determined if possible to resist the measure, and to seek redress from the Diet of the confederated Cantons. Great anxiety is felt as to what will be the decision of that body.

LETTER XII.

Zurich.

A drive of about four hours from Baden brought us to the ancient, distinguished, and now very opulent, town of Zurich, the capital of the Canton. We established ourselves at the new Hotel de Lac, looking, as its name denotes, upon the lake; and we have also a side view of the mountains from our windows. At a very short distance is an elevated mound—it once formed part of the fortifications—called the Katzen Bastie, or Cats' Bastion. These animals are said to have the power of seeing in the dark; and I suppose some watch-tower was placed there formerly, of which the guards there stationed were required in that particular to resemble their sagacity as much as possible. However that may

be, the Katzen Bastie is now converted into a shrubbery garden, open at all times to the public, for whose accommodation there are numerous seats. From one of these I first looked upon the snow-capped mountains, and indescribably beautiful was the view before me. The lake at my feet; its banks, in all directions in which I could see, covered with cheerful dwellings; their outstretched gardens, farms, and orchards, indicating comfort and enjoyment; the horizon bounded by a lofty chain of mountains, the deep violet hue of some, contrasting with the snowy summits of others, radiant in the setting sun, formed a scene of beauty such as I, who am no great traveller, never before contemplated but in a picture. I lingered at the Katzen Bastie until it became dark, and it seemed as if a shower of stars had fallen on earth and water: such was the effect, produced by the distant lights from the houses and those above and around, which the calm surface of the lake reflected.

We are spending a second day at Zurich; and as I do not feel at all well, and the heat

is excessive, instead of accompanying your papa and your sisters to see the sights, I will look over the pages of Vieusseux, and select from them some very summary account of this place. In attempting this, I fear I shall somewhat resemble the man who produced a single brick as a specimen of a house.

As early as the tenth century, Zurich had become the depôt of an extensive commerce between Italy and Germany, which conduced much to its prosperity, and was styled "Civitas et Colonia Imperatorium." It was the capital of all Thurgau, or Northern Helvetia. About the middle of the fourteenth century, Zurich was distracted by internal dissensions, which brought this republic to the verge of ruin. Its government consisted of a council of four nobles and eight of the most influential burghers, who, at the expiration of four months, chose their successors. The citizens at length murmured at all power being vested in a few families, who were neither responsible for their public conduct, nor for their use of the public monies; and they found a leader in

Rudolph Braun, a man of great talents and ambition, and one of the members of the council. He formed a new government, and divided the council into two classes, one of which consisted of traders and artizans, and the other of nobles and gentry; Braun himself being named burgomaster for life. The people sanctioned the new constitution in 1336; but the town still continued its allegiance to the empire. Soon after, the banished councillors formed a conspiracy to get rid of Braun and his followers; but a baker's boy overheard the plot, and informed Braun of it, who called the citizens to arms. In an engagement which followed, most of the conspirators were either killed or taken prisoners; amongst the latter was Count John of Habsburg, a nephew of the Duke of Austria (the son of his elder and deceased brother, the Duke of Suabia). The Duke threatened the Zurichers, to revenge their conduct towards the Count; the citizens, dreading the consequences, applied to the Swiss; and, in 1351, Zurich was received into their confederation as a fifth canton.

In consideration of the wealth and importance of the city of Zurich, the others yielded to it the first place in order of rank; and it has ever since been styled the first canton of the Helvetic body.

The Zurichers refused to release Count John, and a war ensued between them and the Duke, who besieged the town. The Waldstätten took up arms for their new confederate, and advanced to Baden, where the Austrians were stationed, bravely attacked them, and obliged them to retire after great loss. At length a truce was concluded; the Count of Habsburg was set at liberty; and Zurich enjoyed peace for several years: but in 1436, the death of the last Count of Jaggenburg became a source of fatal dissensions among the Swiss. Zurich claimed the inheritance, because the Count had been a freeman of that city, but he was also a burgher of the canton of Schwytz; and in 1440 war broke out between Schwytz and Glavis on one side, and Zurich on the other.

One of the conditions of the Swiss confederation

was, that any canton having disputes with another, and refusing to submit to the judgment of arbiters chosen according to the prescribed forms, should be constrained to do so by force. Zurich was in this predicament, having refused to abide by the decisions of the umpires, and drew upon itself the forces of all the other cantons, who threatened an attack; but Zurich wisely submitted to the *Jus Helvetium,* or public laws of the Confederation.

In less than a century after this, the Reformation had made great progress in Switzerland; and in 1523, Zurich was declared the first Reformed canton. This event was mainly caused by the zeal and energy of the great Reformer, Ulrich Zuingle, a native of Wildhaus in the Jaggenburg, who met his death in a battle which took place between the Catholic Cantons and Zurich.

He was ordered by the magistrates to accompany the soldiers, as it was known that his presence would tend greatly to encourage them; and it being customary for a minister to attend whenever the great banner of the city was unfurled, Zuingle

obeyed, though with gloomy forebodings as to the result of the strife; which, he told his friends, "would cause his death, as well as many other honest citizens." He was observed to pray fervently during the whole of the march; the engagement took place at Cappel; they fought bravely, but were defeated; and Zuingle fell in the thickest of the fight. His body was recognised next day among the slain; and a plain monument, bearing a suitable inscription, has been erected to his memory on the spot, which is close to the road, and can be seen by every traveller.

Zurich took no part in the resistance made by Berne to the French in 1798; but changed its constitution, and sent a deputation to profess its respect for the French Republic; praying at the same time that the canton might be spared the visit of the French soldiers, every thing having been made as democratic as they could possibly desire. Soon after, however, the French head-quarters were transferred to Zurich, and their troops spread over the country as far as the Lake of Constance; and Zurich, notwith-

standing its having made no resistance, was taxed equally with Berne. In 1799, Zurich was occupied by the Austrians and Russians, and became the head-quarters of the Allies; but they were driven thence by Massena, who defeated them in a succession of battles, and took possession of the town; shortly after which the Russians left Switzerland altogether.

The details of this mountain warfare among the high Alps, in which Generals Lecourbe, Soult, and Molitor, on the side of the French, and Suwarrow and Kotze, on that of the Russians and Austrians, distinguished themselves, are full of stratagetic interest.

During the winter of 1799-1800, the two hostile armies remained inactive; the Austrians occupying the Grisons and the banks of the Lake of Constance, and the French having their head-quarters at Zurich, and being in possession of almost the whole of Switzerland. The internal administration was conducted with a sort of mockery of justice, by a body called the Helvetic Council, or Directory; which was in a manner

foreign to the greater part of the nation it was appointed to govern, being chiefly composed of men from Western or French Switzerland, whom the German Swiss hardly considered as their countrymen. "Whilst this government," says Zschokke, "was destitute of the most necessary means, whilst its officers received no salaries, nor the clergy their stipends, the commissaries, the generals, and the soldiers of France revelled in shameful profusion, at the expense of the Swiss, or sent home the produce of their plunder."

On some remonstrance being made by the council, Rapinat told them that "they were nothing more than a Board of Administration under the French government; that Switzerland was a conquered country; that they had no national property but what belonged to the French Republic." And he acted upon this principle, for he tore off the seals of the Helvetic government from the depositories of public property; he emptied the cantonal treasures of Zurich, Lucerne, and other cantons which made no resistance, just as completely as he did those of Berne, Freyburg,

and Soleure; he seized the funds of the public charities, and the private legacies for the poor, the aged, and the infirm. Friends and foes, democrats and aristocrats, were all treated alike. Zeltner, the Helvetic chargé d'affaires at Paris, who had himself been favourable to a change of institutions in his country, but not by such means, addressed a note of remonstrance to the French minister for foreign affairs, in which he drew the following picture of the benefits of revolutionary liberty.—"When, in order to confer freedom on a people, you reduce that people to very rags; when the husbandman must abandon his plough, and the artizan his workshop, and the rights of every citizen are violated,—then, oh great nation! you have missed your aim, and your enemies have reason to triumph. You have given us a constitution founded upon the principles of liberty and equality, but you have deprived us at the same time of all the means of enjoying those blessings. Is our political freedom to be purchased by the endurance of every kind of oppression that can weigh down an unfortunate

people? The consequences of such conduct may still prove more lamentable. Our Swiss mountaineers are tenacious of purpose: they are attached to their religion, their democratic forms, and their ancient manners. Bad faith and wanton outrage are revolting to them; if you reduce them to despair, you will form a new Vendée among the Alps." This was written in 1798, and the events of the following year fulfilled the prediction contained in the last sentence. The Helvetic executive, roused at length from its submissive apathy by the innumerable complaints that poured upon it from every quarter, wrote to Schanenberg, that "the excesses of every kind committed by his troops, and their heavy requisitions and exactions, had occasioned an universal discontent bordering on despair." "Remember, Citizen General" (thus the note concluded), "that in former times Switzerland and Genoa have been indebted for their liberty to the immoderate use of power by foreigners." Schanenberg, in answer, professed he had ordered strict discipline to be enforced amongst his troops. The Helvetic executive replied,

"Your soldiers are not satisfied with living in their barracks; they force themselves into private houses, vexing and insulting the owners, and extorting from them their last pittance, while we have no means to alleviate the distress of the sufferers, stripped as we have been by your commissioners, of the funds destined for the relief of the destitute."

Zurich was the native place of the celebrated physiognomist Lavater, a man of great virtue and talents. He was at first favourable to popular changes in the institutions of his country, which he rightly conceived were too favourable to some classes at the expense of the people at large; a state of things arising necessarily out of the condition in by-gone times of these communities. He, good man, little dreamed that the hoped-for improvement was to be preceded by the dreadful excesses committed by the French, who, while professing to confer liberty, gave slavery and death. Lavater, whose feeling heart was wrung at witnessing the wretchedness of his country, wrote a letter (and much courage it required

to do so) to the French Directory, which was printed and published in several languages, and which he dated "10th May, the first year of Helvetic Slavery," (1798). "You came (says this letter) under the pretence of freeing us from the aristocracy, and you have imposed upon us a yoke far more intolerable than any we had before endured. When you entered the Helvetian territory, you proclaimed that your sole object was to chastise the oligarchs of Berne, Freyburg, and Soleure. The other Cantons, to their shame be it said, looked on, and took no part against you. Zurich voluntarily changed its government into a democracy; but your General ordered us to accept a new constitution, framed by yourselves, and we submitted: a few days after, you imposed upon us another constitution for all Switzerland, and we submitted likewise to your singular fashion of imparting liberty to other countries. We then thought that we had done enough: but you came and quartered yourselves in our houses; you drained us by your exactions, and you levied a contribution of three millions upon our senatorial

families, who had ruled our Canton for ages, according to our old constitution, and certainly without incurring any charge of extortion; who had quietly resigned their offices when required to do so by their countrymen, and who therefore could not be accused of any political misdemeanour."

This epistle made no impression on those to whom it was addressed. The amiable writer of it lost his life in the following year (September 1799), when the French re-entered Zurich by force. Hearing of some outrage committed by the military upon his neighbours, he stepped out of his house, and was killed in the affray by one of the soldiers. It might have been supposed that his venerable apostolic appearance would have served for his protection; but the mildness of his aspect, like that of his Lord and Master, whose gospel he preached (Lavater was a clergyman), had no effect upon the infuriated wretches by whom he was surrounded: he died their innocent victim.

At length a beneficial change took place in

1801, when Bonaparte became first consul. His will gave a fresh impulse to the current of political affairs; a new project of a constitution for Switzerland was published, the framers of which acknowledged in their preamble that "the constitution of 1798 had been imposed by foreign powers, and supported by force of arms, and could never in more orderly times have secured the real approbation of the Helvetic people." So much for the constitution given by the French Directory to its allies the Swiss, to enforce which Switzerland had for years endured the presence of invaders, with their train of rapine, extortion, famine, and bloodshed. A General Diet was convoked in September 1801, to give its sanction to the new constitution, which has since then undergone many changes. The improvements desired by good men like Lavater, have more recently taken place, and the people at large enjoy advantages which were formerly confined to comparatively few in number. Zurich and its neighbourhood exhibit every appearance of being at present in a most prosperous and flourishing

state. I must not omit mentioning the names of two remarkable men born here—Gessner, the poet, to whose memory is erected a simple and elegant monument; and Pestalozzi, the benevolent and enlightened instructor of youth, whose seminary near Yverdun, was a home and a refuge for great numbers of the orphans rendered houseless and friendless by the troops acting under the command of the French Directory.

In Zurich was printed the first *entire English version* of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, in 1535.

LETTER XIII.

From the Banks of the Lake of Zug.

We left Zurich at an early hour of this bright and charming morning. Our road (an excellent one) lay over the mountain called Albis (2740 feet high), on the wooded slopes of which it is said that Gessner used to spend much of his time, writing his elegant verses; and a scene better fitted for a poet to luxuriate in, cannot well be imagined.* We were enabled to enjoy it by

* Mrs. Lawrence, of Mossley Hill, near Liverpool, has given a charming translation of Gessner's Poems. Mrs. Lawrence is herself a highly gifted poet, and to her the public are indebted for a most interesting memoir of her sister muse, the late Mrs. Hemans. No hand was more fitted than hers to strew with flowers the grave of that mournful child of genius, on the latter years of whose life she had shed such benign and soothing influence.

the very circuitous bends the road necessarily takes.

We could see the whole extent of the lake called Zurichsee, the outstretched country looking as though it were like the Promised Land, redundant in all good things, and bounded by the magnificent chain of Alps, which seem to be nature's mighty guardians, placed there to defend and protect it. My mind was still full of the grand panoramic view we had quitted on the highest point of our ascent, when the current of my feelings was quickly changed, before we had proceeded many miles, by seeing close to the road the large plain piece of black marble which serves to mark the spot where Zuingle was killed. Thoughts dark and sombre as the colour of the monument took possession of me, and were not dissipated until we came in sight of the Lake of Zug, which looks calm, soft, and beautiful, as though the baleful influence of men's angry passions never approached its sequestered banks; but here too strife and war have rioted, amidst scenes having peace legibly imprinted on them by the beneficent hand of

Nature. Whilst our dinner is preparing, and the horses are having theirs, I have taken up my pen to give you an account of our proceedings thus far.

This lake reminds me very much of our English lake of Ulswater, which I think is not inferior in any respect. The chief town of the canton of Zug is situate close by, and has an antique quiet appearance, without any of the demonstrations of thriving commercial prosperity so apparent at Zurich. All around here bespeaks the occupations of the inhabitants to be agricultural; the land is fertile and well cropped, and the houses are comfortable. The Roman Catholic religion is here established; and whenever such is the case in Switzerland, the people are commonly employed in cultivating the soil. They leave commercial pursuits to their Protestant neighbours; and this diversity of employment, cannot, I think, fail to promote a friendly intercourse. The people of Zug find a good market for the product of their fields at Zurich, where they can supply themselves on reasonable terms with the manufactures of that place.

We reached Lucerne after dark; it was not therefore till this morning that I first beheld from my windows the glorious prospect of the lake before. The snowy Alps in front, on one side the giant Righi, on the other the no less gigantic and more jagged Pilatus, around which latter still adhere as many legends as clouds usually hang about its awful head. The most remarkable is that which perhaps you may remember having read of in Scott's beautiful novel of "Anne of Geierstein." It tells how the cruel Emperor Tiberius banished Pilate, the governor of Judea, to Gaul, from whence he wandered here, and, conscience-stricken for having condemned to death our blessed Saviour, in whom he acknowledged "he could find no fault at all," he ended his miserable existence by throwing himself into a lake on the top of this mountain, which has ever since borne his name, together with a bad reputation.

It is certain that almost all the storms that burst on the lake, and which are of frequent occurrence, gather and brew on its summit.

"This almost perpetual assembly of clouds was long attributed by the superstitious to the unquiet spirit still hovering round the sunken body, which, when disturbed by any intruder, especially by the casting of stones into the lake, revenged itself by sending storms, darkness, and hail, on the surrounding district. So prevalent was the belief in this superstition, even down to times comparatively recent, that the government of Lucerne forbad the ascent of the mountain; and the moralist Conrad Gessner, in 1555, was obliged to provide himself with a special order, removing the interdict in his case, to enable him to carry on his researches upon the mountain."* "According to some authorities, the name Pilatus is only a corruption of Pileatus (capped), arising from the cap of clouds which rarely quits this mountain's barren brow, and which is sometimes seen arising like steam from a cauldron."†

Whether or not the unhappy Roman — who ended his days here, according to the above

* Murray's Handbook in Switzerland, page 54.

† Ibid.

tradition — is at this moment mixing up the elements, I cannot tell; but certain it is, they are in such a commotion, that I cannot at present venture to leave the house; so I will employ myself in gathering materials for some slender historical notices connected with this place and its vicinity, which shall form the subject of my next letter.

LETTER XIV.

Lucerne.

At a very early period, a monk raised the Abbey of St. Leodegar, where the town of Lucerne now stands. This name is supposed to have been derived from a lighthouse, called Lucerna, having been placed at the head of the lake, for the guidance of boatmen on its stormy waters. This lake bears the different appellations of Lucerne, the Lake of the Waldstätten, and the Lake of the Four Cantons, from its washing the shores of Lucerne, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, and also the Forest Cantons; which have been the scenes of some of the most remarkable events in Swiss history. Whether the inhabitants of this secluded region were originally of Helvetian or Scandinavian descent remains unknown.

For ages after the fall of the Roman Empire, the shepherds and their flocks roamed in safety at the foot of the highest ridges of the Alps, among marshes, rocks, and glaciers, concealed from the straggling bands of barbarians, who ventured into these solitudes, and who, concluding the country to be uninhabited and unproductive, soon left it for lands of better promise. The zeal, however, of hermits and monks proved more persevering than that of conquerors; and the rude shepherds were converted to Christianity by the pious Meinrad and several of his brethren.

For a long time after, the inhabitants of these three districts or cantons formed but one society, choosing their magistrates among the elders, and having only one common church, in the valley of Muotta, which belonged to the people of Schwytz. As the population increased, each canton found it requisite to have its own church, its own landamman or chief magistrate, and its council or tribunal. Thus, Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, became three distinct communities, yet remaining in the closest alliance, as men of the same stock

and having the same interests. The form of government was that of pure and simple democracy, suited to the habits of a pastoral race. All the native inhabitants who had reached the age of manhood assembled once a year in the church or in a field, for the purpose of discussing and settling among themselves the few debatable questions that might arise in so primitive a commonwealth, and of electing their magistrates.

It is not clearly known when they began to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperors of Germany, by whose subjects and vassals they were surrounded, and whose name and sanction they probably considered a security from the annoyances and pretensions of their neighbours. There were, in these mountainous regions, many vast tracks of desert land, and many a vale unexplored and uninhabited. The Emperor gave some of these unappropriated grounds to nobles or convents, and the few peasants who came to cultivate these lands paid a quit-rent to the proprietors. The Counts of Leuzburg and those of Rapperschwyl, and the Abbeys of Zurich, Beromunster, and Engelberg,

held several of these lordships. But the most wealthy and powerful monastery in the country was that of Einsiedeln, in the canton of Schwytz. The abbot claimed the right of pasture for his cattle all over the surrounding mountains, in consequence of an old grant made by an emperor to the monastery of all uncultivated lands in the country. The emperor did not at that time know the value of what he was giving away. The shepherds of Schwytz, strangers to all the affairs of the political world, and ignorant of the nature of grants and feudal investiture, were surprised, and doubtless, too, displeased, when they saw the cattle of the abbot come to graze on the meadows which had belonged to their families for several generations. They disputed the abbot's claim, which was referred to the emperor Henry V., who decided in favour of the abbot.

The shepherds of Schwytz were indignant; and concluded that the protection of the emperor was useless to them, and that they might as well be without it. Being joined by their brethren of Uri and Unterwalden, they drove away from their

meadows both the monks and the cattle. For this the emperor put them under the ban of the empire; they were also excommunicated by the Bishop of Constance, who interdicted all priests from administering the sacrament, and forbade the ringing of the church bells, until the shepherds submitted to the emperor's decision. But the people of Schwytz were not so easily intimidated. They insisted on their priests performing the church service as before, and drove away from their valleys such as refused. Their cattle continued to multiply, notwithstanding the interdict; the grass grew on their fields as luxuriantly as before, and the shepherds sent, as usual, the produce of their dairies to the markets of Lucerne and Zurich. Thus things went on for years, during which the emperor probably forgot the people of Schwytz and their quarrel with the abbot; but the three Cantons, foreseeing that troubled times might again return, entered into a solemn alliance with each other, which at different times they afterwards renewed. The three Waldstätten, or Forest Cantons, as they are designated, from

the numerous and thick woods, which from their very origin covered the greater part of the country, were differently situated from the other people of Helvetia. They had never been conquered or made subjects, nor had they acknowledged the delegated authority of any of the Imperial governors of Helvetia, until 1209, when Otho IV., on his way to Italy, induced them to accept the Count of Habsburg (an ancestor of Rudolph's) for their Landvogt, or bailiff; who, on his part, swore to maintain their privileges and franchises. But the people of the Forest Cantons being on some account dissatisfied with him, appealed to Henry VII., king of the Romans, and son of Frederick II., to be freed from their governor. That prince acquiesced in their demand, and confirmed their liberties, as did also Frederick II., by a written charter, in return for the services of a gallant band of their youths who had accompanied that Emperor in his foreign wars. The expressions of the diploma are remarkably explicit: the people of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, are acknowledged as *freemen*, "who owe no allegiance but to the

Emperor, by whom they are received with open arms, having submitted of their own free will to the empire, from which they shall not at any future time be detached or alienated."

During the turbulent period of the interregnum which followed the extinction of the Imperial line of the Hohenstaufers (as I have already mentioned), the Forest Cantons placed themselves under the protection of Rudolph of Habsburg, acknowledging him as their Landvogt, and who, on being elected Emperor, confirmed the perpetual right of the Waldstätten, to hold solely and directly of the empire. But after his death, when his son Albert succeeded to the Imperial throne, his attempts against the liberties of Berne and Zurich having been successfully resisted, he turned the whole weight of his wrath against the confederates of the Waldstätten; they had during the late contest for the empire, taken part with Albert's brother and rival, Adolphus of Nassau, the lawfully elected Emperor, and who on his part had confirmed their privileges. After the death of Adolphus, and Albert's final recognition

as Emperor, the confederates sent a deputation to Strasbourg, begging the confirmation of their ancient franchises, which his father, Rudolph, of glorious memory, had acknowledged. Albert gave them an evasive answer, saying he had to propose to them a change in their situation. Two years afterwards (in 1300), he sent two of his councillors to the Waldstätten, to represent to them that it would be for their interest to become subjects of the Dukes of Austria (the inheritance of his own private family), by whose possessions they were surrounded; and that he himself had, in their country, certain jurisdictions which he and his father had purchased from the clergy and lay proprietors. He promised to adopt them as faithful children of his Imperial family, and to give them possessions and wealth, and to create knights among them. The answer of the Three Cantons was brief. They stated respectfully, but firmly, that "they were satisfied with their present condition, under the immediate protection of the German empire; that they flattered themselves that the Emperor would acknowledge their

hereditary privileges, as they, on their side, were ready to fulfil all engagements to which they were bound." This answer served only to increase Albert's wrath. He employed his vassals and other dependents in the neighbourhood of the Waldstätten, to gain some of the higher and more influential families of those valleys, especially the free nobles, whose ancestors had come to reside among them, and had been amongst the first to clear the wilderness. This they were to do by descanting on the advantages that would accrue to them and their estates, if all the countries of that part of Helvetia which traded together, should become united under one master. But he made no converts, and the Baron of Attinghausen, Landamman, or first magistrate of Uri, in 1301, repaired to the Imperial court, again to solicit the confirmation of the privileges of the Three Cantons, and to demand a *Reichsvogt*, or Imperial governor, to be sent them. This request was made to prevent Albert's sending them his own Austrian bailiffs, and thus detaching the Waldstätten from the empire, and making

them part of the appanage of his own family. Albert's answer was, "that as they had refused his advantageous offer, he should not use any greater complaisance towards them; that they had no occasion for an Imperial governor, and had only to address themselves to his own bailiff at Lucerne, or to the other at Koltenburg." The meaning of this answer was well understood by the Waldstätten: he referred them to his bailiffs, that the latter, by administering the *jus gladii*, or supreme justice in their country in the name of the Duke of Austria, might thus acquire a prescriptive right for that house. On the subsequent remonstrances of the Waldstätten, Albert at last promised to send them Imperial bailiffs, which he did in 1304, enjoining the people to obey them, and respect their orders as they would his own, under pain of being deprived of their liberties.

In my next letter you shall hear something more of Albert, and also of the manner in which these governors acquitted themselves:—as usual, I shall make extracts from Vieusseux. I take

too many liberties with them (as I before said), adapting their contents to my own purposes, to mark all I write as quotations, but I am a borrower to the fullest extent of the word, for according to the sage old Burton, "as apothecaries we make new mixtures; every day pour out of one vessel into another; and as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope, again and again."

LETTER XV.

Lucerne.

I concluded my last Letter by telling you of the Emperor Albert's harsh message to the Waldstätten, on their requiring Imperial bailiffs instead of his own private servants. On finding himself constrained to accede to their desire, he—no doubt resolving to make them repent of their choice—appointed as bailiffs two noblemen of a haughty, harsh, and overbearing character; and probably gave them instructions which aggravated the natural bent of their dispositions. One of them was Hermann Gessler of Brunegg; the other, Beringar of Landenberg. They established themselves permanently in the country, contrary to the custom of their predecessors: the former at Altorf, the principal village of Uri; and the latter at

Sarnen, in the Unterwalden. The castles which they occupied and fortified were garrisoned with Austrian troops. Albert had latterly acquired another castle called Rotzberg, in the country of Unterwalden; there he sent a nobleman of the name of Wolfenschiessen, of the same temper as the two bailiffs.

The career of injustice and vexation pursued by these delegates of Albert was such, that the chroniclers of the time find no expressions sufficiently to characterise it. They openly violated the liberties of the country; arrested the inhabitants on the most trifling pretexts, and sent them to Lucerne or Zug, there to be tried by the ministers of the Duke of Austria. They increased the imposts and tolls due to the empire; levied arbitrary fines, and exacted payment in the most merciless manner; and insulted on all occasions the simple, but substantial and independent, proprietors of the country.

Werner Stauffacher of Steinen, in the canton of Schwytz, had built himself a new and commodious house; Gessler riding past it one day,

loudly exclaimed—"Is it to be borne, that vile peasants should be possessed of such fine mansions?" In Unterwalden, Arnold of Melchthal was fined for a slight offence, and had a fine team of oxen taken from his plough by a servant of Landenberg, who told him that "peasants ought to draw the plough themselves." Arnold struck the fellow, broke two of his fingers, and then ran to the mountains. The bailiff Landenberg revenged himself on old Melchthal, the innocent father of Arnold, by searing his eyes with a red-hot poker.

The young Lord of Wolfenschiess, the friend of Landenberg, went one day to the house of Conrad of Baumgarten, during the absence of the latter in the fields, and insisted on Conrad's wife preparing a bath for him, using at the same time language highly offensive to a modest woman. She sent word of what was passing to her husband; who, hastily returning, killed Wolfenschiess in the bath.

The inferior dependants and partizans of the bailiffs imitated the conduct of their masters.

The governor of the castle of Schwanau, on the lake of Lowertz, having insulted in the grossest possible manner a young woman of Arth, who belonged to one of the principal families of the country, he was murdered by her brothers. There being no chance of obtaining justice, the country people became desperate, and every one sought redress with his own hands; thus general confusion and disorder spread over the land.

It was evident that Albert's intention was either to drive the people to rebellion, that he might have a pretence for annexing them to his dominions, or to the voluntary sacrifice of their liberties, in order to be relieved from their bailiffs. Indeed, the latter alternative was suggested to them by the Emperor's ministers by way of advice, in answer to their reiterated remonstrances. On the other side, the Waldstätten were anxious to avoid open revolt, which might give the Emperor a pretext for effecting that which they well knew was his main object. But Albert's bailiffs, by carrying their oppression too far, hastened the crisis. Their outrageous conduct was a theme

of frequent, though secret, complaint amongst the sufferers.

The women were loud in their denunciations of the tyrants, and urged their husbands to throw off the yoke. The before-mentioned Werner Stauffacher of Schwytz had, in the course of 1307, interviews with Walter Furst of Uri, and with Arnold Melchthal of Unterwalden. These three men, deploring the miseries of their common country, agreed to sound their respective neighbours, and ascertain whether the people would risk their lives for the recovery of their ancient liberties. They agreed to meet again, and to report to each other the result of their inquiries; and fixed upon a solitary spot called Grütli, on a steep promontory jutting into the lake, opposite the village of Brunnen, as a central point between the Three Cantons.

An incident occurred in the mean time, which, although unconnected with the conspiracy, had the effect of strengthening the purpose of the patriots. The bailiff Gessler, suspecting that a spirit of resistance lurked among the people, and

wishing to find out the most determined of them, resorted to a most singular contrivance of despotic caprice. He caused a high pole to be raised in the market-place of Altorf, on the top of which was placed his hat, or more probably the ducal cap of Austria; issuing at the same time an order that every passer-by should uncover his head before the hat, in token of respect for its master.

Wilhelm Tell of Burglen, near Altorf, son-in-law to Walter Furst, was the first who disobeyed the order; and he was immediately taken before Gessler. This was a new species of offence, and the punishment awarded by the bailiff was equally new. Tell was known to be an excellent marksman with his bow; and had only one son, yet a boy. Gessler sentenced the father to take his stand at a considerable distance, and shoot an apple placed on the head of the child; should he miss his aim, he was to suffer death. The inhuman sentence was immediately so far put into execution, that the boy was blindfolded, and an apple tied over his head, Gessler being present. Tell took his bow, and arrows in his quiver, and set about

his fearful task. With a firm hand he let fly the arrow, and hit, not the boy's head, as the tyrant had expected, but the apple. The spectators shouted applause. Tell was overcome by his feelings; and, in his joy at his boy's escape, unguardedly answered the questions of the tyrant, who asked him for what purpose, as he could shoot but once, he had taken a second arrow in his quiver. "That was reserved for thee, had the first hit my son."

This rash but irresistible burst of feeling nearly proved fatal to Tell. Gessler, rendered doubly suspicious by his courage and skill, was determined not to leave him at large, and eagerly caught at the threat thus imprudently expressed. Tell was pinioned, and thrown into Gessler's boat, which was ready to carry him to the castle of Küssnacht, at the other extremity of the lake. The wind was contrary; but Gessler, impatient to carry off his prisoner, and fearing an outbreak of the indignant people, gave the signal for departure. The southernmost branch of the lake of the Waldstätten, which extends into the canton of

Uri, consists of a long and narrow piece of water of great depth, stretching from north to south, between two ranges of high, bare, and almost perpendicular rocks. The wind, when rushing suddenly from the mountains above, causes a dangerous surge. There is hardly a landing-place along either coast; and any boat attempting in a storm to approach the shore, would be dashed to pieces against the cliffs. Gessler's boat had not proceeded far, notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the rowers, before it became unmanageable. The danger was imminent; and the crew suggested to Gessler, that if he would allow them to unfetter Tell, who was lying at the bottom of the boat, and who was known to be an experienced boatman, and one well acquainted with every nook of the shore, they might be saved. The governor nodded assent; and Tell, taking the rudder in hand, steered the boat against the abrupt sides of the Axenberg, where a narrow flat shelf of rock juts into the water. As the boat neared it, Tell, seizing his bow, sprang on the narrow ledge, at the same time pushing the

boat with his foot back into the roaring waters. In the confusion, Gessler's boatmen missed the landing-place, and were obliged to beat out against the waves. The storm, however, abated its fury, and Gessler was safely landed on the coast; from whence he took a path across the country, in order to reach his castle of Küssnacht. Tell, who foresaw where he would land, if land he did, and the direction he must follow, was waiting in ambush for him in a cave; and, as Gessler passed, shot him through the heart. This happened towards the end of 1307.

Tell was driven to this last extremity, by the absolute necessity of destroying his implacable enemy, or being himself destroyed and his family ruined. As soon as the deed was done, he went to Steinen, and told Werner Stauffacher (with whose sentiments he was acquainted) what had happened. Stauffacher communicated it directly to his two friends, Furst and Melchthal. They all felt disconcerted by Tell's precipitance, not being prepared for the immediate insurrection of the whole Waldstätten. They also disapproved

of Tell's personal violence, justifiable as it might appear; for those old single-hearted patriots were conscientious and religious men, and abhorred the shedding even of the blood of their enemies, except in self-defence.

At a meeting which they held at the usual place of Grütli, in November 1307, the three leaders each brought ten trusty and honourable men of their neighbours; and there the three first, raising their hands towards Heaven, and calling on the Almighty to witness their engagement, swore to live and die for the rights of their oppressed countrymen; no longer to suffer injustice, and on their part to commit none; to respect the rights of the house of Habsburg, and to put an end to the arbitrary acts of their tyranny. The thirty followers devoutly repeated the same oath, engaging themselves to fulfil it; and the execution of their design was fixed for the 1st of the following January. After concerting their measures, they parted; and every one was quietly at home next day, attending to the cares of his house and fields.

On the 1st of January 1308, as the bailiff Landenberg came out of the castle of Sarnen to go to mass, twenty of the confederates appeared before him, bringing the customary presents of fowls, sheep, etc. The bailiff, suspecting nothing, told them to go into the castle, while he himself proceeded to church. When arrived at the gate, the confederates took from under their jackets spear-heads, and fixed them to the ends of their staves; with these they disarmed the guard, and making a signal to another party of thirty men, who were waiting close by, they all rushed in, and overcame the garrison.

Landenberg, hearing of this, escaped over the frontiers to Lucerne, without being pursued. At the same time, another party of confederates were introduced into the castle of Rotzberg by one of their number, who was in the habit of visiting one of the female domestics of the castle, who used to let down a rope-ladder from her window, by which her lover ascended. On this occasion he availed himself of the opportunity to serve his country, by introducing his friends,

who soon made themselves masters of the castle. At the same time Stauffacher, with the men of of Schwytz, took possession of Schwanau, and Walter Furst, and his son-in-law, Wilhelm Tell, did the same by Gessler's castle in Uri.

All these fortresses were razed to the ground; bonfires were lighted upon all the mountains, and on the following Sunday deputies from the Three Cantons assembled at Brunnen, to renew their old alliance by oath, and to thank God for having accomplished their deliverance without bloodshed, and without violating the rights of the house of Habsburg.

The Emperor Albert, on being informed of these proceedings, which were in all likelihood not unacceptable to him, repaired, in the month of April 1308, to Baden in Aargau, and whilst there he put the three cantons of the Waldstätten under the ban, forbidding any one to trade or hold communication with them, and summoning all his vassals to assist in subduing the rebels.

Whilst making preparations for invading and devastating the poor Forest Cantons, Albert set

out on the 1st of May, from Baden, to join his Empress at Rheinfelden. He had with him his nephew, John of Habsburg, son of Rudolph, Duke of Suabia, who being now of age, claimed to be put in possession of his father's inheritance. Albert was not willing to part with that which he once had held, and refused to comply with the reasonable demands of his nephew, pronouncing him to be too young and inexperienced, and replying with taunts and sarcasm to the young man's complaints. A similar scene had happened just before they left Baden, and John had formed a conspiracy to kill his uncle, with four noblemen of Albert's suite, to whom also the Emperor was peculiarly obnoxious. No sooner had the Emperor crossed the ferry on the river Reuss, at Windisch, than the conspirators who accompanied him fell upon him, before the rest of the suite, who beheld the deed from the opposite bank of the river, could come to his assistance. John was the first to strike his uncle in the throat with a spear, exclaiming, "this is the reward of injustice!" Rudolph of Balm wounded him in the

breast, and Walter of Eschenback cleaved his head with a battle-axe. Two other noblemen, Rudolph of Wart, and Conrad of Jägerfeld, stood by, but without assisting in the murder. They then, all horror-struck at what they had done, dispersed in various directions, leaving Albert alone bathed in his blood. The Emperor drew his last breath in the arms of a poor woman who happened to be journeying on the road. This circumstance is thus noticed by the elegant pen of Mrs. Hemans.

"A peasant girl that royal head upon her bosom laid,
And shrinking not for woman's dread, the face of death survey'd—
Alone she sate. From hill and wood low sunk the mournful sun;
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood. Treason his worst had done.
With her long hair she vainly pressed the wounds to stanch their tide:
Unknown, on that meek humble breast, Imperial Albert died."

The report of this crime spread consternation even among Albert's enemies and victims. The assassins wandered about, spurned by all, without asylum and without sympathy. Zurich shut its

gates against them; and the brave men of the Waldstätten, by whom the murderers hoped to be received, having delivered them from an implacable oppressor, refused to admit them, scorning to purchase their deliverance by countenancing a crime. Elizabeth and Agnes, the widow and daughter of Albert, as well as his son, Leopold of Austria, fearfully avenged the murder. The innocent and guilty were involved in one common slaughter, on the slightest suspicion of being accomplices of the murderers. The first nobility of Helvetia perished in these abominable prescriptions; their castles were burnt, and their estates confiscated to the profit of the Dukes of Austria. Agnes, queen of Hungary, daughter of Albert, has acquired an infamous immortality by the fierceness of her revenge. At Fahrwangen, sixty-three knights, generally believed to be innocent, were beheaded in her presence, and amidst this scene of blood she is reported to have exclaimed, "Now we bathe in the dews of May." Rudolph von Wart, the least guilty of the assassins (for he took no part in the deed), being taken, was

condemned to be broken on the wheel. His wife implored at the knees of Agnes a commutation at least of the dreadful mode of execution, but in vain. Von Wart had his limbs broken on the wheel; but, by a refinement of cruelty, was left still alive. From his bed of agony he tried to console his devoted wife, who remained alone with him, kneeling by his side till he expired. Such was Agnes's revenge. About one hundred noble families, and nearly one thousand persons of plebeian condition, of every age and sex, are said to have been immolated to the manes of Albert. At last, sated with carnage, the mother and daughter built a convent on the spot where the murder was committed; it was called Kœnigsfelden, and was enriched with the confiscated property of the victims. In this convent Agnes spent the remaining fifty years of her life, in the practice of the most austere asceticism.

It is recorded that a holy hermit, to whom she applied for absolution, replied — "Woman! God is not to be served with bloody hands, nor by the slaughter of innocent persons, nor by

convents built with the plunder of orphans and widows, but by mercies and forgiveness of injuries." It must be admitted that the holy man laid no "flattering unction to her soul." He did better; and perhaps kindled repentance in her stern breast. She was buried at Kœnigsfelden, by the side of her parents. Her apartments and the vaults were a few years ago still to be seen, although the monastery has been long secularized, and the remains of the Austrian princes and princesses removed to Vienna.

In the midst of these and other cares, the sons of Albert lost sight of the Forest Cantons for several years, leaving them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their ancient institutions.

LETTER XVI.

Lucerne.

I have been spending the last few days amidst scenes of the highest interest. We have been boating on the Lake of the Four Cantons; and I should have been wholly absorbed in the contemplation of its magnificent beauty, had not the stirring deeds of past times been brought to my recollection by seeing the very ground where rustic patriots hazarded life, and all that makes life dear; and, by the energy of their soul and purpose, flung tyranny and all its "vile strength" prostrate to the earth, never to raise its head again but for a brief space amongst their mountain homes of liberty.

We left our boat, and went some miles in a shaking car, through meadows, pasture ground,

and orchards; above which, we here and there caught a view of a snow-capped mountain and the barren peaks of the Mythen, or Mitres, on our rugged road to the town of Schwytz. The cottages and their inhabitants all seemed comfortable, and their agricultural occupations prosperous. Thinking of the achievements of their heroic fathers —"a bold peasantry, their country's pride," who left their farms and ploughs to perform deeds of valour in the battle-field—brought to my mind Goldsmith's lines—

> "No product here the barren hills afford,
> But man and steel, the soldier and his sword."

The smallest of the cantons is Schwytz, which has been denominated "*the heart's-core of Switzerland.*" The chief town (of the same name) is antique, and looks clean and cheerful: it contains about three thousand inhabitants, and more than "a decent church"—it is a large venerable pile—tops the hill on which it is built. The people of the Waldstätten, of the Three Confederated Cantons, were called Schwytzers, from the canton

of Schwytz being the most important of them, and the foremost in the War of Independence. When, at different times, other cantons, at their desire became incorporated with these, the name of Swiss, or Sweitzers, and hence Switzerland, became general.

After the death of the Emperor Albert—with an account of which I closed my last Letter—Henry of Luxemberg was elected emperor: he was poisoned in Italy in 1313. The electors were divided in their choice, between Frederic of Austria, the son of Albert, and Louis of Bavaria. The Waldstätten decided in favour of the latter; while the greater part of Helvetia declared for Frederic, who finally succeeded to the Imperial throne. Frederic and his brother Leopold had not forgotten the insurrection of the Waldstätten against their father Albert, and their late preference of Louis of Bavaria added fuel to their resentment. In consequence of some fresh disputes between them and the monks of Einsiedeln, the Waldstätten were excommunicated by the Bishop of Constance, and put under the ban of the empire by the

Imperial chamber, as rebels to the Emperor; but were relieved from the spiritual interdict by the Archbishop of Mayence, and from the ban by the Emperor Louis.

Frederic, however, in his quality of Protector of the Convent of Einsiedeln, thought he had a plausible opportunity of chastising the stubborn mountaineers, and committed to his brother Leopold the care of the expedition. Louis assembled, in the autumn of 1315, a body of twenty thousand men, at Baden on the Limmat; and there arranged his plan of campaign. His principal attack was to be directed against the canton of Schwytz; the most important, as being the most fertile and populous, of the three Waldstätten. This canton is not so mountainous and rugged as those of Uri and Unterwalden, and consists of fine valleys and pasture lands on the slopes of the lesser Alps. Leopold's cavalry could therefore act better there than in the deeper Alpine recesses; and it was also the most accessible by an army from Baden and Zurich. About the middle of November, he advanced at the head

of the main body of his troops, with a numerous cavalry, through the country of Zug, intending to penetrate into Schwytz by the defile of Morgarten. This pass is situated between the eastern bank of the little lake Egeri and the mountain called Sattel, which extends from the frontiers of Zug into the country of Schwytz, and is one of the principal passes leading into the latter.

At the same time, Leopold had directed two other attacks against Unterwalden: one from the side of Lucerne; and another from the Hasli, over Mount Brünig. This plan was well contrived, and faithfully executed. Leopold also directed a false attack to be made on the side of Art, along the coast of the lake of Zug, whence there is another road leading into Schwytz. The feint would have succeeded, for the Waldstätten were hurrying to the latter spot, had it not been for a knight of the house of Hunenburg, who was in Leopold's camp, and found means to warn them to "*beware of Morgarten.*" It is said that he wrote these words on an arrow, which he let fly, and which, like a trusty messenger, reached

the persons for whom it was destined. Accordingly, seven hundred men from Schwytz, and seven hundred men from Uri and Unterwalden, were posted on the Sattel mountain.

On the morning of the 15th of November, Leopold, at the head of his cavalry, advanced to Morgarten; his troops marched on with the greatest confidence, making sure of victory over a band of peasants, ill-armed and undisciplined; and only thought of the best means of securing the booty they intended to collect. For this purpose they had provided a large quantity of ropes, to fasten round the heads of the beeves of the Waldstätten. As Leopold's cavalry proudly advanced through Morgarten, followed by the infantry, fifty men of Schwytz, who, having been banished the canton for various offences, had, in the hour of danger, begged their countrymen to allow them to take part in the defence of their common Fatherland, and who had posted themselves on the rocks which overhung the defile; as soon as they saw the line of cavalry far advanced into a narrow path, where they could only move on in single file,

began to roll down a quantity of large stones and trunks of trees, which did much havoc among the horsemen, and threw the whole body into confusion. The men of the Three Cantons, who had taken position on the mountain, perceiving this, rushed down in a body upon the enemy, and engaged them with so much fury, that Leopold ordered a retreat upon the open country, where his cavalry might act. The infantry, which followed, was thrown into disorder by this manœuvre—the rugged nature of the frozen and slippery ground was unfavourable to the movements of the soldiers; whilst the Swiss, used to the country, and having their mountain shoes studded with rough nails, came down with impetuosity upon them, and put them completely to rout, before they could rally in the plain. The Swiss halberds, a destructive weapon, shaped like a hatchet on one side, and terminating in a spear on the other, and their *Morgensternen,* or clubs studded with iron points, wielded by strong sinewy arms, made dreadful execution among the troops of the Duke. Between one thousand and fifteen

hundred cavalry were killed, and among them the flower of the nobility. The amount of the loss of the infantry is not known. Leopold fled to Winterthur; where he arrived, with but few followers, in the greatest dismay. The loss of the Swiss was trifling; some say only fourteen men.

The pass of Morgarten, lying close to the town of Schwytz, interested me so much, that I have been tempted to give a long account of this second Thermopylæ; the brave defenders of which, more fortunate, put squadrons to flight, instead of dying, like the Greek heroes, at their post. Nor have the men of the Waldstätten degenerated, as was proved in 1798. They would not then surrender to the French; and when the larger and more powerful Cantons of the Confederation felt themselves constrained to do so, these mountaineers fought in the most desperate manner, led on by a native of Schwytz, Aloys Reding. They gained some battles with as great odds against them, as when their ancestors put to flight the cohorts and the chivalry of Austria; but it is dreadful to think of what these poor people

eventually suffered during their warfare with the French. However, when Bonaparte, who had no share in the horrid excesses committed under the Directory, was desirous of giving peace and comparative liberty to Switzerland, he considered, amongst other things, what terms would satisfy Aloys Reding, mentioning him by name.

LETTER XVII.

Lucerne.

On the opposite side of this lake to the village of Brunnen, where we landed to go to Schwytz, is a ledge of rock, just above the water, at the base of a precipitous overhanging mountain. This rock is covered with verdant turf, fresh as the memory of the "honest conspirators" Werner Stauffacher, Walter Furst, and Arnold Melchthal, who met on this spot, called Grütli, and swore the oath which baffled all Austria's proud pretensions, and which was the origin of the Swiss Confederation. The tradition is, that at the moment their oath (for it was a virtuous one) was recorded in heaven, three springs of water gushed forth, which still keep this spot bright as an emerald gem. At a short distance

from Grütli, at the foot of the high mountain, Achsenberg, or Axenberg, on another ledge of rock, called Tellen Platte, stands Wilhelm Tell's chapel; and it was here he sprung ashore when Gessler was carrying him to the dungeons of Küssnacht. The chapel was erected some years after Tell's death, when the foundation was laid in the presence of many of his old friends and acquaintances. It consists of two arches, open on the side of the lake, and the interior is decorated with fresco paintings commemorating the exploits of "The Mountain Brutus." Once every year mass is said, and a sermon preached there, which are attended by all who can reach the chapel from the neighbouring shores. I am told the aquatic procession, on that great holiday, is one of the most interesting that can be imagined: the young women are dressed in their gayest costumes, each one doubtless thinking that the lover or the husband sitting by her side would prove another Tell, if need were for such heroic deeds. Everywhere in Switzerland political events are connected with religious worship. To HIM who is over all,

and above all, they refer with a deep abiding sense of gratitude, their deliverance from evils, and with a feeling of humiliation receive his chastisements. Their "Hero worship,"—and no people are more enthusiastic in this particular, they connect with their profounder homage to the King of kings, for having made such men.

Altdorf, the scene of Wilhelm Tell's exploit in shooting at the apple, lies at a short distance from the lake, and may be easily visited by a pedestrian. It is the principal town of Uri, which, as well as the adjoining cantons, are called Tell's Country. Altdorf is a small town, containing about 1700 inhabitants; its chief object of interest is a square, where the dauntless archer shot the arrow, when his only child was placed before him. One may imagine that an unseen angel directed his hand, even as a visible one turned aside that of Abraham from sacrificing his son. Where Tell stood, a stone fountain has been erected, surmounted by statues of himself and his boy; and a second fountain marks the spot where the pole was planted, having Gessler's cap on the

top, and to which the child, the intended victim, was bound, when his father's unerring hand smote the apple. Not far from Altdorf is the village of Bürglen; and a small chapel, rudely painted, detailing the principal events of Tell's life, now stands there, where his house did formerly. Stanz, another town of great interest, is situated not quite three miles from the border of the lake. It is the chief town of Unterwalden, and there the leading men of the Cantons met in Congress, in 1481, to take into consideration the admission of Fryburg and Soleure into the Confederation, which coalition was then decided upon, as well as other matters of importance. "The Convention of Stanz," as it was called, on that occasion laid down rules ever afterwards observed by the federal body. In the market-place is a statue of Arnold of Winkelreid, a native of Stanz, and a knight of Unterwalden. In 1385, about seventy years after the flight of Duke Leopold of Austria from Morgarten, his son (or grandson), also called Leopold, being engaged like his predecessors in contests with the Swiss, went to their

country himself, to carry on the war with more vigour. Having at first made some demonstrations against Zurich, the other cantons sent sixteen hundred men to reinforce that city; but on hearing that Leopold was marching upon Sempach (not far from Stanz), they hastened in the same direction, and arrived before the town at the same time with Leopold; whose advanced guard, fourteen hundred strong, committed all sorts of excesses on its line of march. Rutschman of Reinach, who commanded that body, approached the walls of Sempach, mounted on a cartful of ropes, threatening to hang all the burghers before sunset. The Duke followed him close with a body of four thousand picked men, fully armed, among whom were a number of counts, knights, and noblemen of the first rank. The Swiss confederates did not muster above thirteen hundred men, all on foot, and badly armed, having only their long swords and halberds, and boards on their left arms, with which to parry the blows of their adversaries. Their order of battle was angular—one soldier was followed by two, then by four,

and so on. Thus, on the 9th July 1386, did this handful of men advance towards the Austrians. The knight, Ulrich de Hasenburg, seeing their firm step and steady demeanour, advised Leopold not to accept battle that day, but to wait for the reinforcement of the Baron of Bonstetten; his advice however was disregarded, and Leopold and all his noblemen alighted from their horses, and placed themselves at the head of their men. At first, the Swiss could make no impression on the close ranks of Austrians, all bristling with spears; consequently, Antony Zer Port, of Uri, desired his men to strike with their halberds on the shafts of their spears, which he knew were made hollow to render them lighter; and Arnold of Winkelreid, at the same time resolving to devote himself for his country, cried out, "I will open a way for you, Confederates!" and seizing as many spears as he could grasp in his arms, dragged them down with his whole weight and strength upon his own bosom,—thus making an opening for his countrymen to penetrate the Austrian ranks. This act of heroism decided the victory. The

Swiss rushed into the gap made by Winkelreid, and having now come to close quarters with their enemies, their bodily strength and the lightness of their equipment gave them a great advantage over the heavily-armed Austrians, already suffering from the heat of a July sun. The very closeness of the array of the Austrian men at arms, rendered them incapable of either advancing or falling back, and the grooms who held their horses having taken flight, a panic seized them; they broke their ranks, and were hewn down in frightful numbers by the Swiss halberds. Duke Leopold was urged by those around him to save his life by flight; but he disregarded the advice, and seeing the banner of Austria in danger, rushed to save it, and was killed in the attempt. The rout then became general, but the Swiss had the humanity or the policy not to pursue their enemies, of whom otherwise probably not one would have escaped. The loss of the Austrians amounted to two thousand men, including six hundred and seventy-six noblemen of the first families of Austria, and of Aargau, three hundred and fifty of whom wore

coroneted helmets. Most of them were buried with their leader Leopold, at Kœnigsfelden. The Swiss lost two hundred men in this memorable battle, the second in which they defeated a Duke of Austria at the head of his chivalry.

You will not, after reading this account of the battle of Sempach, and of Arnold of Winkelreid, be surprised to hear that the people of Stanz hold in the deepest veneration

> "Him, of battle-martyrs chief,
> Who, to recal his daunted peers,
> For victory shaped an open space,
> By gath'ring, in a wide embrace,
> Into his single heart, a sheaf
> Of fatal Austrian spears."

LETTER XVIII.

Lucerne.

THE town of Lucerne, where we are spending a few days, is of great antiquity and of considerable extent and importance. It is one of the three towns (Berne and Zurich are the others) where the Vorort, the council of the nation, assemble alternately, each canton sending its respective deputies.

Lucerne and the Waldstätten have always remained steadfastly attached to the Roman Catholic faith.

There are no demonstations of commercial bustle in the streets here, nor is there any appearance whatever of poverty. A quietness and repose pervade them, which are most pleasing; thereby leaving the mind in undisturbed liberty to enjoy the varying views (as sunshine or clouds may

happen to prevail) of one of the most beautiful lakes in Europe.

Lucerne, however, is enlivened on market-days by the arrival, in boats of all sizes, of numerous peasants from Wilhelm Tell's country, with the productions for sale of their farms and gardens; and it is delightful to see their healthy happy countenances, when assembled on such occasions. The women dress in a variety of costumes, and take as active a part in the disposal of their wares as their fathers and brothers; and I fancy the young men and girls enjoy these re-unions with as high a relish as do their contemporaries, the soirées of the beau monde. One of the prettiest lasses I ever saw, was most richly as well as tastefully dressed: her dark tight bodice was embroidered in every colour, and, as she told us, done by herself. It shewed her delicate shape to advantage, and contrasted well with her full snowy white sleeves; long silver chains passed from the shoulders at the back to the front; her luxuriant hair was decorated with rose-coloured ribbons, entwined with many plaits, fastened

together in a knot by large silver bodkins. She rivetted our attention by her modest and beautiful appearance, and we got into conversation with her respecting her home and family in Unterwalden; and on our expressing a wish that your sisters had an opportunity of sketching her costume, which she seemed much gratified at our remarking (for "where none admire 'tis useless to excel"), she readily offered to return with them to the hotel, where she sat for some time patiently, and in apparently unconscious beauty. The mountaineers of Scotland, and I believe of Ireland too, are very averse to their likenesses being taken, believing if this happens that they shall soon die. The Swiss are, as far as I can judge, free from all superstition of the kind. Our pretty maiden conversed in German with your sisters, whilst they were busy with their pencils, until the hour came for her to return with her father in his boat. We followed her in idea to her mountain home, and imagined her there relating the adventures of the day, and shewing to the family circle the little present we had given; they would

doubtless wonder from what outlandish part of the world the strange people came who thought herself and her apparel worthy of note and comment. She was a good deal surprised on seeing her likeness, but not quite so much I suppose as Eve, when the watery mirror gave back her charms—but the simple innocent girl was evidently delighted with the "answering looks of sympathy and love" that she gazed upon. We shook hands cordially in bidding each other farewell: her "Lebewohl" was uttered in sweet accents.

The covered bridges at Lucerne are amongst its most striking objects: one of them, very near to our hotel, extends within a few feet of the shore, across a narrow part of the lake, to the church at the opposite side of St. Leodegar, the patron saint of Lucerne. Between the pointed roof and the part appropriated to foot passengers there is an open space, and a bench running along it, where we often sit, enjoying the magnificent scenery of the lake, when

> "The mountain-shadows on her breast
> Are neither broken nor at rest;
> In bright uncertainty they lie,
> Like future joys to fancy's eye."

Or, if we find ourselves there on a fine evening at sunset, in returning from our evening rambles, we linger to behold

> "The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll o'er the glens their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Are bathed in floods of living fire."

Nothing can be more commodious than these said benches, where, sheltered from sun and rain, we can enjoy those ever-varying and surprisingly quick transitions from one kind of beauty to another, which glance or flit along the mountains, evanescent as our thoughts.

There are pictures painted on triangular pieces of wood, that fit between the beams of the roof of the bridge; and pedestrians going in one direction, on looking up, find the history of the New Testament displayed by the painter's art. The particular subject of each piece is specified underneath in German, and accompanied by suitable texts. On returning over the same bridge, the other sides of the triangles illustrate the Old Testament; thus affording, as has been justly

said, "Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes."

At about the distance of half a mile from our hotel, is a monument erected to the memory of the Swiss guards, who fell to the number of seven hundred and fifty, defending the Tuileries, when Louis XVI. was attacked in 1792. Only fourteen of the corps survived that dreadful day; one of whom takes up his abode near the monument, and relates to visitors the particulars of those direful proceedings rather too volubly and *à haute voix*. He is much too hearty in his manners and jolly in his person (I suspect it is not "grief fills out his garments") to be a suitable narrator of so tragic a story. I felt vexed that his sombre recollections do not seem to fling their long shadows over his declining years.

Thorwaldsen gave the design for the monument, which consists of a colossal lion, twenty-eight feet in length, cut in the living rock, that rises above seventy feet higher than this fine piece of sculpture, which is itself thirty or forty feet from the ground. The noble animal is represented wounded

(a spear sticking in his body) and dying, yet still firmly retaining its hold of the shield of France. So much intelligence is apparent in the countenance, that more than bodily anguish is demonstrated in the last mortal struggle. Above, cut also in the rock, is this short and appropriate inscription:

"Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti."

Fortunately in the spot where the lion is sculptured no wet approaches, there being an arch hollowed around it, but on all sides water is dropping from the impending rock; and it strikes one to be a suitable accompaniment—as if nature wept unceasingly over the appalling events of the 10th of August 1792. On the anniversary of that day, service is performed in a little chapel that stands close by, as well as on some other occasions of particular solemnity.

The Swiss, more than the rest of their Christian brethren, as far as I can judge, connect historical events with religious worship, thereby embalming

with more than Egypt's art the memory of their brave and devoted heroes.

The Duchess d'Angoulême has worked a beautiful altar-piece for this little chapel. The embroidery of other princesses usually forms the relaxation or amusement of happy hours (as the sun-dial only marks those of brightness)—but in this instance, as well as in one of classic notoriety, the delicate excellence of the needle's mimic art was dedicated to mournful (oh! how mournful!) recollections.

The monument and chapel are both surrounded by fine trees. Shrubs and flowers also lend their charms to the sequestered scene.

LETTER XIX.

Langnau.

We left Lucerne with regret. I should have liked to remain there for at least as many weeks as we passed days; but, as we wish to see more of Switzerland before crossing the Alps into Italy, it is necessary for us to resume our travelling. We set off for Langnau, a distance of forty miles; our journey lay the whole way through beautiful scenery, resembling the most picturesque parts of Derbyshire.

High precipitous rocks, like the walls of a fortified town, covered on their summits for miles together with rich dark firs—swelling slopes of green pasture—wide mountain rivers—rushing waterfalls—all in fast-changing combinations, presented varying scenes; each new grouping of

them seeming to us more striking than the last. Sometimes the mountains were almost close together, as in our narrowest glens and ravines, the accompanying stream deep and rapid; at the next moment, the latter was wide and brawling, and the mountains far apart, terminating beneath in soft rich meadows reaching to the road, which is overshadowed with fine walnut and apple trees.

In this country, the full tide of enjoyment afforded to travellers, by the grand and beautiful scenery abounding every where, is not checked by the appearance of extreme poverty,—observable, alas! in some other lands highly favoured by Nature, where man seems "the only growth that dwindles there."

The peasantry here are never, apparently, destitute, or even badly off, as regards their dwelling and apparel; they are always dressed in whole and decent clothing, however coarse it may be; and I have scarcely seen any beggars. With but few exceptions, the nearest approach I have met to that unhappy class, have been some rosy-faced urchins, singing the "Ranz de Vaches" to excite

our attention, and thereby hoping to extract some trifle from our purse. They appear also to be a universally industrious people, as the high cultivation of the land fully proves; and men and boys, when the weather is too inclement for out-of-door work, employ themselves in carving and turning wood for all kinds of articles, useful and ornamental.

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Langnau gives one the idea of a village in the Golden Age. The houses are, without a single exception, of a most excellent description; all of good ample size, substantial, and well built. They are composed of wood, having long balconies running one over another, with outside flights of stairs, and deep overshadowing roofs; which, together, give a peculiar and highly picturesque character to Swiss houses. These at Langnau are not in rows or streets; they stand detached, with rising and sloping green meadows, trees, and flowers around them. Trees seem to be an inexhaustible production of nature in Switzerland, growing luxuriantly every where; and often on the

rocks, that do not afford means for vegetation, still they abound; and are used by the inhabitants for every imaginable purpose. Robinson Crusoe, I think, did not turn his cocoa trees to better account, than the Swiss do the various descriptions of trees with which nature so lavishly supplies them. The mountains are always covered—perhaps too uniformly—with dark pine, unless where the stern rock interposes, refusing to be clothed with verdure. The valleys are abundantly furnished with fruit trees, growing in the richest meadows, and every where the green turf is as soft and finely dressed as it ever is in our pleasure-grounds; and this is observable on the sides of mountains, where trees, rocks, and meadow land have a mixed possession, forming delightful combinations.

I cannot imagine any country in the world to be superior to Switzerland: all the materials of beautiful scenery are here found in wondrous groupings and diversity; the products and attributes of far distant, widely separated climes, present themselves in such assemblage as fills the mind with awe and rapture. The sublimest mountains,

with rocks, snow, and trees on their tops and sides intermingling; their rugged crags or spire-like points asserting, as it were, the right of this material world to penetrate into the regions of boundless space; and, at the foot of these cloud-capped mountains, flowers wreathe their garlands, fruits abound, green meadows spread their sunny slopes, gushing rills and bounding waterfalls add their melody, and birds sing their sweetest notes. Surely the inhabitants of this favoured land have reason to thank Providence, with hearts full of gratitude, for being born in such a country. Nor do they seem insensible of this and other blessings, for the little church and chapel are commonly met at no great distance from each other. The Creator of all this wide-spread beauty could not be forgotten amidst his own stupendous works: here — where every thing bears the stamp of primeval excellence, and all looks fresh from the hand of God — He must be present to every mind!

* * * * *

The fine arts, which are the great embellishers

of ordinary civilised life, would seem here like idle, superfluous toys, out of their proper place. The longing of the soul after ideal perfection is prevented by the abundance there is of beauty and sublimity to satisfy it to overflowing. What can rational beings want that they have not here, to cheer, to elevate, or enliven the dark or languid hours which all taste of more or less? God's own wondrous works, in dread magnificence and in smiling beauty, on all sides surround them.

The arts of life which contribute to their physical comforts are all that the Swiss require, and there are but few traces to be met of any others. Our statues, paintings, and architecture, are noble productions; but they can well dispense with similar acquisitions, who possess on all sides such resources for contemplation in the sublime and beautiful.

Nothing around them speaks of the old age of the world,—no vestiges of decay, no remains of past grandeur found in crumbling ruins: all seems young, bright, and glorious, as when the world was first fashioned, and God pronounced

that it was good. And, with their Maker, their communication appears to be almost as direct, and their immediate dependence on Him as forcibly felt, as by man at the earliest period.

LETTER XX.

Langnau.

We have been rambling since an early hour this morning, around this sweet village of Langnau, where all who breathe its pure air seem blessed beyond the ordinary lot of mortals.

Our inn is an excellent, cheerful, commodious, cleanly house, differing from others in its neighbourhood only by being larger.

While we sat at tea yesterday evening, the voices of children met our ears, singing in full chorus our well-known and much-prized air of "God save the Queen." At first I thought it was in compliment to us that our national anthem was sung. I asked our landlady's daughter, who waited on us, what she called the air they were singing—she said it was German, as also the

words; and added, the English too have this tune, and brought me a manuscript music-book, with "God save the King" in the first leaf. She said a lady who had lived some years in England had given it to her, and that she could play it, as well as the other English airs that had been also transcribed for her. We wished to hear her performance; but she declined gratifying us, saying she was out of practice during the present season, when she had so many guests to wait on. Her piano is in our sitting-room. She speaks French and German equally well, and is one of the very prettiest girls I ever saw. Mary Ellen took her ready pencil, and sketched a hasty likeness of her, remarking that she had the fine features and calm beauty of a Madonna.

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The startling whips of our impatient postillions summoned us away from the thrice happy village of Langnau; and in about four hours after leaving it we arrived at Thun, a town most magnificently situated, on very elevated ground, overlooking the Lake of Thun.

When the coolness of evening admitted of our walking out, we went to the church, which stands on a very steep eminence, so precipitous that it can only be approached by flights of steps, troublesome enough to ascend; but when surmounted the trouble is fully compensated by the beautiful landscape that lies outstretched in full view, where a fine river, winding its way through a rich valley to the lake it joins, is surrounded by mountains of all shapes and descriptions—the snow-clad tops of some, rising amidst the soft azure tints of others.

This evening the sky was clear; the sunset at first glowing and casting many a rosy hue on the far distant snowy peaks, subsided into the pure sober grey of twilight. The graves of former residents of the adjoining town lay at our feet, each marked by a small dark cross, on which a few words in German are legible, signifying when "the poor inhabitant below" began his earthly career, and when death called him hence—our common history.

As I surveyed the last homes of those whose

warfare is done, I thought it must be easier to die in such a place—easier for the soul to wing its way in hope to the foot of His throne, before whom angels veil their faces; far easier than in scenes where sin and sorrow have left their traces, suggesting gloomy forebodings, at least to such whose minds unfortunately are not filled with just confidence in the atonement of our blessed Saviour; who took our sins upon himself, and died a death of sorrow and of suffering, that we may live joyfully hereafter. Those who believe on Him are promised life eternal.

We were lighted home by the full clear moon to the Baum-garten (the garden of trees), where we had taken up our temporary abode. The following day being Sunday, I lamented being too unwell, from the effects of excessive heat (and perhaps also from over exertion), to leave my room in sufficient time to join the rest of our party in the house of prayer at the same hour (eleven o'clock), when the church-going world assemble. Our English service is well performed for a considerable number of our compatriots,

in a Swiss chapel, by one of our reverend countrymen, who makes Thun his residence during the summer months.

On Monday I was sufficiently recovered to go by the steam-boat to Interlachen, so called from being situated between two great lakes.

We were just seated on deck in the most advantageous position for seeing both the mountains at a distance and those on the margin of the lake. Your sisters had their sketch-books opened, and we were anticipating a delightful passage, when a violent thunder-storm burst over our heads; the heavy falling rain that accompanied it drove us to the cabin, where we should have heard the loudly echoing thunder reverberated from the surrounding mountains, but for the working of the steam-engine. "Le plus petit objet placé devant votre œil vous intercepte le soleil,"—and we found the immediate disagreeable noise prevented our hearing some of the grandest sounds in nature.

At length, the rain ceasing, we got on deck in time to observe a narrow path that proceeds

down from a little village, situated about midway, on one of the highest mountains, to the edge of the lake; and that path is the only medium of communication which the inhabitants possess with the rest of the world.

We could just discern some of the houses, and also a church, marked by its little spire.

The captain of the packet told us he had often visited that little community, which consists of about nine hundred and fifty persons, well provided for, and all in comfortable circumstances.

On my saying I was glad to observe they have a church, he replied, "Ah! ils sont bien soignés en tout cela."

LETTER XXI.

Interlachen.

We arrived at Interlachen, which is a valley situated between the Lakes of Thun and Brienz, at the foot of very high mountains. The houses are all detached, and not numerous; they are for the most part hotels and boarding-houses, Interlachen being a favourite resting-place for travellers, and deservedly so, as it is a locale of great beauty. The walks and rides around it are very charming, and the trees (especially the walnut) are of particularly large size, and in great abundance.

We took up our quarters at the Hotel Belveder, and I had the good fortune to get a room exactly opposite to the opening or gap in the range of the lesser Alps, which admits a fine view of the snow-clad mountain called the Jung-

frau, a lower point of which is distinguished by the appellation of the Silberhorn. Jungfrau signifies "young woman;" and I suppose its being so named, is a tribute of the Swiss, highly poetical and complimentary, to the virtue of their women, to whom it may also serve as a memento for all succeeding generations, that their purity should be like that of the unsunned snow, which covers as with a mantle of spotless brightness, this most conspicuous, grand, and magnificent mountain.

Soon after our arrival we took a pleasant drive to the Lake of Brienz, and *en route* we saw the very ostensible ruins of an old castle, that evidently, in former times, was a place of much strength. It belonged to the Barons of Unspunnen. The last of them had an only daughter, Ida, whom her father destined to be the wife of some powerful chieftain; but as "the course of true love never did run smooth," she must needs become attached to a young knight, Rudolph of Wadenschwyl, who was closely connected with the Count of Zähringen, between whom and the Baron a deadly feud

subsisted. The lover, nothing daunted, on a dark night scaled the strongly fortified walls, and bore away his bride. Her father's rage knew no bounds: he devastated all the territory in the neighbourhood belonging to the Count of Zähringen; his daughter's name was never mentioned in his presence; his character changed, and became hard and insensible as his armour. Thus passed a few years, when Rudolph, yielding to his wife's entreaties, at great risk as he believed of life and limb, presented himself and his little boy kneeling to her father. At this appeal the better feelings of our nature triumphed over resentment, and bathing him with tears, the Baron embraced and blessed his grandson; his daughter was re-instated in her home; and the old man, to mark his satisfaction, ordered that the anniversary of his restored happiness should be celebrated in future by rustic games and festivities. These, I am told, are still held on a green meadow in front of the castle, although the family to whom it belonged have long since disappeared from off the face of the earth.

Madame de Stäel, I think, says that convivial songs are always founded in the deepest melancholy, because the short duration of pleasure is their burden, and its votaries are therefore urged to seize upon it in the passing moment. This castle, desolate and in ruins, must fling, I should imagine, dark shadows on the hilarity even of assembled peasants, and impress on the mind of the rustic moralist, the transitory nature of all human greatness.

* * * * *

Having spent some days in seeing the neighbourhood of Interlachen, we left it for Lauterbrunnen, in one of the carriages of the country, having been advised to let ours remain at Thun, as it is too large and heavy for our present expeditions.

Our road lay through scenery indescribably grand and beautiful, more so than that of which I have attempted to convey to you some idea between Lucerne and Langnau. The river, which runs parallel with the road, is wide, deep, and rapid as a torrent; sometimes fighting its way against huge masses of rocks, and foaming as

its waters burst over and around them. Its colour is always white, bespeaking the frozen regions from whence it issues.

Both the verdant and snow-covered mountains, on either side, are prodigiously steep, and we were amazed by the variety and grandeur of their changing aspects, as our road wound through them (often on the edge of fearful precipices), with the loud rushing river at their base.

Fanny alighted at the foot of the mountain, on the summit of which Lauterbrunnen is situated, to take a sketch, while we proceeded to the hotel. A shower of rain coming on, I wanted to send back the carriage for her. I was told this was impossible, as it could not turn on the road, from its narrowness. It certainly looks rather dangerous, there being no wall nor protection of any kind on the side of the river.

Lauterbrunnen is a close shut-in valley; in fact, only a small opening between stupendous mountains, and the same rapid river continues its progress through what may be called a gorge, or mountain pass. Detached houses are on either

side, and constitute a village, of which the hotel where I am now writing is the most important and only large dwelling, and very comfortable and cleanly we find it, and all charges most moderate. The imputation cast upon the Swiss of being extortioners, I think unfounded. The war with France for many years put a stop to all travelling, and when at length people were enabled to go to Switzerland, they found the inhabitants unprepared for an influx of visitors from all quarters. Being put to great inconvenience and expense to procure even sufficient necessaries from great distances, they made high charges; but now that tourists flock there at certain seasons, like migratory birds in other parts, regular arrangements are made for their periodical reception, and we do not find that more than fair remunerating prices are demanded.

In my next letter, I shall give you some farther account of what we see at Lauterbrunnen.

LETTER XXII.

Lauterbrunnen.

We see from our windows the celebrated and unique waterfall, the Staubbach; which word signifies "stream of dust." It seems quite close to us; but is, in fact, almost a mile distant. After dinner, we walked to get a nearer view of it. The side of the mountain down which the water falls is all of bare rock, from eight to nine hundred feet in height; and it is so level, though rough, that the water comes in a direct line until it nearly, but not quite, reaches the ground, as the rock protrudes gradually a little way forward. Lord Byron has compared this waterfall to the tail of the horse that Death is described as riding upon in the Apocalypse. It bears resemblance to a horse's tail, independently of the

poet's imagination, inasmuch as that it is very narrow in reference to its length. Others have compared it to a fine white lace veil, the folds of which are described by some curiously delicate turns which the water makes in its fall. Certain it is, that water is not known any where else, falling from so great a height, to assume this exquisitely refined appearance; in this particular almost resembling spun glass or the wings of the bird of Paradise—so little has it in common with the turbulent rough class to which it belongs. Wordsworth calls it "Heaven-born;" and from thence alone it seems to issue, when a cloud rests upon its summit.

We had placed ourselves in front of this beautiful object, when heavy rain drove us to take shelter at a cottage, under one of the deep overshadowing roofs such as I have described; and at length we asked permission to enter the house, for a most violent storm ensued, of rain, hail, thunder, and lightning. I never remember to have witnessed—or assisted, as the French would say, at—so tremendous a storm. When it had in some

degree abated, we observed the peasants running towards the waterfall, and heard them uttering exclamations of astonishment; which, exciting our curiosity, we followed them; and oh! what a transformation we beheld! The pure stream of the Staubbach was five times larger than before, and changed to the colour of dark smoke,—just as if the volumes that issue from a huge steam-engine were turned downwards to blast the earth, instead of pursuing their usual course of obscuring the heavens. The thunder having ceased, we could hear noises like artillery guns going off, and we observed large stones projected forward in the air immediately above the waterfall. We remained for at least an hour gazing with amazement on the scene before us; the sounds still continuing, and the stones being impelled. It occurred to us that some lake at the top of the mountain had burst its bounds, and was mingling its muddy waters with the Staubbach; and such perhaps was the case, for the people at our hotel said they never remembered such a metamorphosis as it had just undergone.

Fanny had not accompanied us more than half way in our walk: she stopped at a Gasthoff (a little inn), where she had a good point of view for sketching—in which she had made some progress—when the lightning becoming too vivid, she put her hands before her eyes, and so kept them closed for some time. On opening them, her brain grew giddy; for in the interval the Staubbach underwent the amazing change I have described from its previous crystal brightness—like beauty in its calmest aspect suddenly transformed to a Medea, full of dark purposes and wrathful fury.

When we returned to the hotel, all there looked cheerful: it has on one side a trim garden of sweet flowers. Every thing is cleanly and comfortable — with but few exceptions, I believe — in the Swiss inns: their linen and curtains emulate the whiteness of the pure snow, from which their Blanchisseuses learn what whiteness means. For the most part, every room contains framed prints; amongst which, the exploits of William Tell are not forgotten. The

floors are found by the earliest travellers made free from every speck or stain from the preceding evening, freshly sanded, and neat as the company parlours of our prime cottages. Those busybodies called "Brownies" by the Scotch, who work mischief while the household sleep, must, I think, have some benevolent members of their fraternity, who reverse the matter here, and during the night accomplish feats of skill and industry that would put our housemaids to the blush; at least, this appears to me the only rational way of accounting for such uniform cleanly results, the disagreeable processes towards which are never visible:—so deny my supposition if you can.

Having been *reconfortés* — as a French Guide Book employs the word, in order to be very English — by our social meal at the tea-table, we separated for the night; and on going to our rooms, saw the full clear moon lighting up a magnificent scene: — the mountains on one side casting their giant shadows, and meeting the more than silver brightness of the cold snow-clad Jungfrau, and her attendant Silberhorn. The

Staubbach, too, had resumed its placid beauty, and fell like a stream of light again into the valley, as if it came direct from the great luminary that was shining forth in unclouded splendour and majesty. If considerable fatigue had not rendered sleep absolutely necessary, we could not willingly have closed our eyes on such a scene.

* * * * *

On awaking this morning at seven o'clock, I congratulated myself at the prospect of having a calm grey day, that would, from its coolness, admit of our taking an extended ramble on foot. I was, however, mistaken; the sun, in fact, had not yet out-topped the high mountains, and it was past nine o'clock before his beams fell upon us. I am told that in winter the sun is not visible here until noon.

I availed myself of the early "hour of prime," and walking along the first path I saw, I had leisure to dwell on the cheerful aspect that the innumerable picturesque Chalets give to the sides of the mountains, which are all of the brightest green as far as ever the steps of man or goat

can ascend; and where they can proceed no farther, the rich dark pines and bare rocks maintain divided empire—except in those places where snow asserts an incontestible monopoly,—the chamois alone intruding on the absolute solitude of those high regions lifted from the world to the skies.

Some groups of peasant girls assembled near me, and sung the "Ranz des Vaches;" not, in fact, to collect the cows, but for the purpose of extracting Batchsen (small coins) from the pockets of myself and others.

I am sorry to say, no sheep or cows are any where to be seen. It is sad to think of their being pent up in chalets; nor does the smell of new-mown hay continually greeting one —for mowing seems here to form half the business of life—at all compensate for the absence of cattle from their natural abodes, amidst green pastures and clear streams.

The lowing of the cattle on these "thousand hills" should join in the chorus of Nature's universal hymn of praise to the great Creator.

LETTER XXIII.

Grindelwald.

We had intended coming *à cheval* this morning from Lauterbrunnen, over the Wengern Alp, but a small drizzling rain falling, and the clouds lowering heavily, we gave up our equestrian project, and came by voiture to Grindelwald. The valley here is more open, and many persons consider it finer than that of Lauterbrunnen.

I wish it were possible for me to give you even a faint idea of the scene at this moment before my windows. First, I must tell you, there lies beneath them a pretty garden, full of flowers and vegetables; the walks are as nicely gravelled, and the box edgings as neatly trimmed as any in a lady's parterre. It is divided by a low paling from a verdant meadow, which apparently is but

a short distance from a glacier. I discreetly say *apparently*, for I am apprised that I cannot in this country judge by my eyes of distances, any more than a dog crossing a bridge can judge of the reality of substances he sees reflected in the watery mirror beneath. What seems to me in the present instance to be a distance of only a few hundred yards, is, in fact, one of some miles.

The Glacier before me is the first that I have had an opportunity of seeing. All the descriptions I have met had given me but a very inadequate notion of one; and I dare say, that with respect to you, my account will be equally infelicitous; however, it shall be minute enough, and then I shall presume that the fault of indistinct impressions is owing to some defect in your mind, and not to any imperfection in my description.

There ascends gradually (as it appears) from the green field before me, something like a very wide road, dividing two lofty mountains; but what at the first glance has a general resemblance to a road, is formed of conical-shaped masses of frozen snow, as if millions of trillions of sugar-

loaves, of immense height, were put standing as closely as possible on their broad ends on a rising hill. What I have called a road thus formed—the paving-stones somewhat large it must be confessed—loses itself towards the summit of the mountain in regions of eternal snow. A good deal of brown earth in some places discolours the snow of the Glacier, which, however, has in most parts a shade of beautiful blue mingling with its whiteness. I shall know more about it, as we intend paying it a special visit after dinner, when I shall also be able to form some conjecture as to the sort of temporary abode in which Professor Agassis of Neuchâtel, and a party of savants, are now living, actually in a Glacier, on the Grimsel Mountain, for the purpose of making scientific observations, the hard ice and wood composing their dwellings.

Switzerland has long shewn a very creditable attention to the promotion of knowledge. The Helvetic Society, which was instituted in 1761, constituted an assembly of the most enlightened men of the country, who met once a year, for

the purpose of discussing not only scientific subjects, but all matters connected with sound public and private morality, of education, and of useful industry, and especially of improvements in agriculture. This society, which I believe is still in full operation, I suspect first suggested the plan of our British Association, which has also been adopted in some parts of Italy, and is now frightening the Pope and his conclave as to the probable mischief that will result from the hitherto sedentary men of learning running to and fro disquieting the earth. They are looked upon by the Roman divines with somewhat of the dread with which comets were formerly regarded, when the evil which might result from their fiery tails could not be exactly appreciated.

Franklin was said to draw lightning from heaven, and to wrest the sceptre from tyrants—what the philosophers of the present day can achieve, remains to be seen.

Natural philosophy and mathematics are the branches of science in which the Swiss have had the most eminent professors. It is, I think,

remarkable that Switzerland has not been distinguished for poetry, notwithstanding that the whole country, in its physical and moral characteristics, presents "all appliances and means to boot" for the cultivation of that art amongst the natives. Magnificent scenery, associated eternally with the stirring thoughts of the deeds of their fathers, so fitted to kindle the poet's mind and to impel his hand to strike the lyre and draw forth sounds, deep, strong, and thrilling. The all-pervading enthusiasm felt by them for their country is connected with many a tale of well-fought fields, where firmness of purpose to "do or die," led them on to victory. Their sensibility to pastoral attachments, notorious among the armies of Europe, where it is even said the playing of the "Ranz des Vaches" is prohibited, because it makes the sword drop from the unnerved hand of the bravest Swiss soldier, who, when he hears those wild notes, becomes heedless of the trumpet's call, and, at the risk of life and loss of honour, impelled by the profound emotions they awaken, seized by "le mal du pays," flies to his mountain

home, that strange melody producing effects which the enemies' fire could not achieve. All this would seem to point out Switzerland for the birth-place of modern, as Greece was of ancient, poetry. So contrary however is the fact, that many men of science have arisen precisely where one would have expected them to "hang up philosophy," and only a solitary poet that I know of, Gessner—unless indeed J. J. Rousseau is called such, the greater part of his prose being poetry, of which I suppose he was not so unconscious as was *le bourgeois gentilhomme,* that he had been talking prose all his life.

* * * * *

After dinner yesterday we went to the Glacier, the supposed proximity of which to our hotel I have mentioned. We had to walk nearly four miles, constantly ascending through a most slippery and rugged path,—the late rain having rendered it all but impassable. I could never have proceeded on this expedition, but for the encouragement and assistance of our guide,—however, the cavern at the termination of the Glacier was attained, and

repaid me amply for all the difficulties I had encountered. It is like a good-sized arch of a bridge, smooth within as the hand of a plasterer could make it; the solid ice, of which it is composed, is of the clearest blue, becoming of a deep mineral colour at the inner part. You have seen alum tinted with different hues for ornamental purposes, now fancy a good sized arch of a bridge made of alum, coloured blue, and heaped on the top with frozen snow, to a height that my eye could scarce measure.

At a short distance is a log hut, in which a guide lives during the summer months, for the purpose of shewing the Glacier to travellers. He is besides a chamois hunter on the Wetterhorn, the adjoining mountain; he took his gun and shewed me how he would bring one down if it happened to appear; he is full of gambols and spirits, though he is somewhat ancient, and, in conducting us to the cavern along a narrow and difficult path, while we were treading slowly and cautiously, he bounded backward and forward from each jutting snow rock, with the alacrity

of a squirrel passing from one bough of a tree to another, and when he entered the cave, where he invited us to follow him into its inmost recesses, no monkey in its cage ever performed more antics burlesquing our human nature.

We should have remained longer, contemplating this wondrous scene, but that the daylight was fast departing; we did, however, stand for several minutes at the entrance of the dripping cave, while its lord and master, as he assumes to be, performed within it evolutions that an opera dancer could scarce rival. The ground on which he capered was, like the arch, composed of solid frozen snow; but close at the side rushes out a rapid torrent, which sent forth a sound that seemed to answer the purpose of an orchestra to the agile performer before us. He led us from the cave in the same frolicsome manner, looking very like a drunken Esquimaux.

A blazing wood fire had been kindled in his hut; and I can give you no notion how extraordinary was the sudden transition from the cold blue cave, that would answer one's idea of a

palace for Neptune's or Thetis's hours of relaxation, to his dark rude figure surrounded by an universal blaze, like an Indian refreshing himself after a day's fatigue.

We hurried homewards, and when we had proceeded a little way we found that a pretty nice girl about twelve or thirteen years old had joined us. She is the daughter of the proprietor of the hut, I had almost said of the cave, of the Glacier, so completely is he at home in it. I was glad to give her the protection of our party, but we were not long in discovering that it was we who benefited by her company, for we had ourselves not gone far before we found her a very great acquisition. As the daylight withdrew, her value became apparent; not because she shone like a glowworm on our path, but because she knew where to point out exactly every difficult or dangerous passage, while she at the same time gave her arm to one of your sisters. We had three or four times to cross a rapid mountain river, a tree thrown over it composing a fragile bridge. It was perfectly dark when we reached the last

of them : I could see nothing whatever, and though I heard too plainly the loud rushing water beneath, I had no alternative but to trust my hand to the guide, and commend myself to heaven: and I certainly breathed more freely on reaching terra firma. Our little maiden was most useful, quite as alert as her father, and as graceful as he is grotesque. Your sisters conversed with her in German, and she told them that near to Grindelwald her parents have a small piece of ground, which the whole numerous family cultivate. During the summer months, her father and one of her little brothers take up their abode where we saw them, for the purpose of shewing the cavern, and doing the honours of the Glacier; and she carries them food every morning, and returns to her mother in the evening. We asked her how she employs herself all the day; she said, that she had been learning to read from her father, and that she is now reading the Bible with him. How very remarkable that the book which is the greatest treasure of the inhabitant of the palace, should have its value known and felt in the rudest

hut that man can occupy! None other than the Word of God could be found thus of universal application to persons placed in the extremest opposition of external circumstances; but amidst the diversities of situations, wide as the Poles asunder, human beings have some sympathies and feelings in common: "it is appointed unto all men once to die," and the Bible inspires us equally with hope as to the future, and affords its consolation during the trials of this transitory world. The soul of man craves for the bread of life, whether he wears the meanest garb, or is "clothed in purple and fine linen."

LETTER XXIV.

Meyringen.

I told you in my last of our visit to a glacier. I have now to give you an account of our next day's expedition, over a prodigiously high mountain, called the Grand Scheideck: it is six thousand seven hundred and eleven feet above the level of the sea. The morning was gloriously fine, and we set off in great spirits. I had heard so much of the difficulties of our undertaking and of the consequent fatigue, that I decided on going in a "chaise à porteurs"—an arm-chair with long poles, carried by two men, while two others walk by the side to relieve them. Nothing can be more easy and comfortable; the only drawback is the fear one has of the fatigue the men

must endure; and this fear induced me to walk a great deal more than the rest of our party, who were mounted on mules. For myself I had no apprehension whatever; as, in the most rugged and precipitous places, these men never falter. They have large iron nails in their shoes; which, I suppose, in some measure answer the same purpose as the vacuum in flies' feet, enabling them to fix theirs where ours would assuredly give way; but, probably, habit has still more to do with the sure tenacity of their steps.

For the few first miles as we ascended, our way lay—for path there was none—along *gazon fleuri* most profusely. The autumnal crocus, gentian, and monkshood, were particularly numerous, and many a flower of fuller and fainter hue also were conspicuous; but I missed the daisy—the "wee modest crimson-tipped flower that grows in random field." I have scarcely ever seen it in Switzerland; which I attributed to the grass being every where kept so closely mowed. Yet here, where nature has its way, I sought for it in vain; but my looks were not suffered long to

bend to earth, even to "the bright consummate flower;" for on my right hand was the Wetterhorn, in stern majesty. The sides of the cold grey rock were presented to my view perpendicular as a wall; and on the summit, had I not known to the contrary, I could solemnly aver that I beheld a castle of enormous dimensions—its long battlemented wall, flanked by watch-towers and turrets rising high. I could imagine it the stronghold of the fabled giants of old, who warred against heaven. A chasm, that seemed like a great wall that had been riven asunder, shewed a dreary waste of snow in its rear. I never saw an outline of a distant castle better defined, to my mind's eye.

On our left were mountains covered with green turf and darker pine, on whose tops soft white clouds rested, like lovers lingering, loth to depart from "les objets aimés;" but when the sun came forth in brightness, with the fickleness of their kind—lovers and clouds—the latter vanished, and we had over us a clear blue sky, and were surrounded by such scenery as my pen would in

vain attempt to describe. Suffice it then to say, there were mountains, more or less cultivated, whose tops were peaked, cragged, and in all varieties of shapes: on some of them snow was lying, smooth and unruffled as though they were created robed in whiteness, and had never been disturbed, even by the chamois' steps; others presented masses of rock, in conspicuous light and shade, divested of all that appertains to heaven or earth, free from clouds, snow, or verdure, exhibiting their bold forms as if they alone were impervious to change. Whilst we ascended the Scheideck, the Wetterhorn—the peak of tempests—an object in every varying aspect of stupendous sublimity, still overhung our path; whilst there came full upon our view the sharp-crested Eigher, compared to an up-turned hatchet, the pointed cone of the Shreckhorn, or peak of terrors, rising above the Mettenberg, or middle mountain.

The merry spirited songs in which our guide and the attendants on the mules occasionally indulged, were more than once interrupted by the distant thunder of a falling avalanche—an awful

sound! as if the mountains were being rent asunder. It is said, that at each avalanche enormous masses of ice are hurled down, accompanied by what appears only white dust; which is, however, composed of ice-blocks, capable of sweeping away whole forests, and of overwhelming houses and villages.

In about three hours from the time of our leaving Grindelwald, we reached the top of the Grand Scheideck. We found a table spread for us in the wilderness, not by ravens, as in Elijah's case, but by peasants, who have erected a chalet, where travellers are provided with refreshment. We sat in a little upper room, to which there was no ceiling; the roof is composed of beams in the first instance, having small bits of wood of irregular sizes laid longways and across, kept down by numerous large stones. In houses of a better description, pieces of wood are cut in a regular shape, like slates; they serve the same purpose, and are placed with great evenness and exactness.

In our rude apartment hung framed prints of

the poorest kind, setting forth William Tell's exploits. That peasant hero is never forgotten by the race from whom he sprung; and his native mountains must undergo some overwhelming changes before his name ceases to awaken the enthusiasm that time has no effect in diminishing.

Sir James Mackintosh, writing of Switzerland, said—"This is, perhaps, the only place in our globe where deeds of virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence;" and he adds—"The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue."

In every peasant's hut are found some traditions, that, better than words of brass, serve to imprint upon his mind the deeds of valour of his forefathers; thereby kindling his feelings, and making patriotism a sacred obligation.

After resting an hour at the hospitable chalet, we commenced our descent; and in a short time reached a piece of most verdant level ground, quite a garden of shrubs—azalias, rhododendrons,

and the barbary, were conspicuous. The latter was profusely covered with the richest clusters of scarlet berries; so like coral, as to make one wonder how an animal and vegetable production can be so similar. This shrub, luxuriant as I have never seen it within "the garden's wall and cultured bound," grows here in every hedge, amidst stones, and in the clefts of rocks. The delicate autumnal crocus abounds also wherever a blade of grass is visible. These gems of earth enliven the pure bright green of this country— which might otherwise, in some places, become monotonous — as the stars do the canopy of heaven.

The open space I have compared to a garden of shrubs was entirely surrounded by close thick-growing pine trees, of all sizes. Portions of long light-green moss, hanging from the boughs of many of them, mark their extreme old age; but as no symptom of decay was otherwise discernible, these dangling tassels — not being, meteor like, streaming to the wind — are a beautiful addition, mixing with and enlivening the darker foliage.

On one side, immediately behind the aforesaid trees, the mountains were peaked, in innumerable clusters of narrow, sharp, rocky points, of a whiteness only exceeded by that of snow. They seemed as if a forest of antediluvian pines, retaining their original forms, had been converted into stone; like the men we read of in the "Arabian Nights" tale, who underwent some such metamorphosis.

The effect was very striking, of the rigid, spectre-like fac-similes, in all but colour, just outtopping the trees of living green, and looking like their venerable progenitors of an elder world.

In our rear were still visible the Eigher, the Wetterhorn, and the Finster-Aarhorn; the latter is the third highest mountain in Switzerland. On one of its lofty points, we fancied we saw a chamois; but it proved to be only a jutting rock. Our guide tells us, that flocks of twenty or thirty chamois descend during the night into the lower grounds, to feed on grass; but, just before the sun rises, they betake themselves to flight, and return to their native regions of endless frost and snow; as the crowing of the cock, when it

"scatters the rear of darkness," is said to send ghosts to their cold mansions.

We next stopped at a chalet where cheeses are made in great abundance; the proprietor lives in an adjoining chalet, where some processes of the manufacture are also carried on. We partook with great relish of whey and curds, kindly offered to us. On the outside of the inhabited chalet are carved the following words:—

"Hochster Gott dies haus bewahr
Vor allem Uebel und Gewahr,
Ersegne ferner dieses Haus
Und die der gehen ein und aus,
Auch die hier herinen wohnen
Alles gutes lass ihnen zukommen."

One of your sisters translated the motto thus:—

"Most High God, protect this house
From all evil and danger;
Bless all who dwell in this house,
And those who go in and out."

Inscriptions are common on the dwellings here, declaring on the part of the owner, that he, like

the Patriarch of old, and his house, will serve the Lord.

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As we approached Rosenlaui, the guide informed us of our being at no great distance from a Glacier so called, of which indeed we were also made aware by Murray's inestimable Hand-book for Switzerland, indispensable to every traveller. We left our mules, etc., and walked up a very steep, all but perpendicular, rugged ascent, finely wooded however, to the Glacier, the sight of which, although I was prepared for it by that at Grindelwald, filled me with awe and wonder. The frozen masses, near to the level earth, rise almost mountain-high; yet there is not any one cavern so wide as that which I have described, but there are several higher and closer. The interior of each is of a deep sky-blue; this colour is said to proceed from some quality in the rocks, over and amongst which the water passes that forms the icebergs.

Fancy the high rocks near Tunbridge Wells turned into masses of frozen snow—the fissures

in the narrower and remoter recesses of a *deep, deep* blue, becoming of a delicate azure towards the outer parts. When your imagination has executed the task assigned, however provoking to you, I must declare that you will have but a very faint idea of the Glacier of Rosenlaui. The guide took a hatchet, and broke off a great block, which rolled down into a river that rushes from beneath. I also got a small piece, which became like a mass of sparkling diamonds as I held it in my hand, tasting its delicious coldness. These regions of water turned into material as solid as stone, being very commodious as to dimensions, I fancy they must be the abodes of a race of spirits, with one of whom we have been made acquainted in the character of the sweet and tender Undine; and as I returned I seriously considered whether it would not be better to take up one's quarters with them, and abandon the dim earth and all its feverish anxieties; but before coming to a determination, I shall wait for the opinion of Professor Agassis and his party, who will be able, if love should not blind

their eyes, to give a true account of the Näiads, or Maids of the Glaciers. Apropos, I must tell you that I call this the Jungfrau of glaciers, the snow is so pure and free from discolourment.

After receiving repeated admonitions from the guide, to the same effect as a phrase in your copy-book, that "delay is dangerous," we reluctantly turned our backs on the wondrous scene we had been contemplating, and, without being much fatigued, reached the inn at Rosenlaui, where we dined on something more comfortable than the sparkling substance with which we had regaled ourselves.

We then set forward on our journey. The road lay through mountains richly clothed with trees and green turf; and all the sweet wild-flowers and delicate lichens were even more abundant than is usual in their favourite haunts.

I hope we shall be able to preserve some that we have gathered, for the *hortus siccus*, of which you are so fond.

Our path was high above a fine deep, broad mountain river, and there we had a most exhila-

rating and delightful ride and walk, as we occasionally preferred the one to the other mode of proceeding.

Towards evening we began to descend something like a broken staircase, composed of loose rugged stones, fully two miles in length, and nearly as upright as a ladder is usually placed when the roof of a house is to be erected or needs repair. For my part, I was sure I was going down into the bowels of the earth, or at least into some chasm, out of which the Eigher, or Wetterhorn, had arisen formerly to partake of one of those mystic dances, of which geologists give us the exact figure and full particulars, when all that was flat became high in this new-fashioned world of ours, and water was turned topsy-turvy into land.

And as I was puzzled, thinking if I went much farther down, of what strange form, fish or reptile, I and the rest of us might become, belonging to a species having a name as long and sonorous as one of the renowned heroes in the tragedy of "Tom Thumb," you may judge how agreeably

surprised I was to find that we had reached—what I little expected—level ground, and that we were only a short distance from Meyringen, where we soon arrived; and I am thankful to say, without having undergone any of the metamorphoses that I had been anticipating.

Having had a good night's rest, I have employed myself in giving you an account of our adventures of yesterday, before seeking others.

LETTER XXV.

Meyringen.

After I had concluded my last letter from this place, we went to see the celebrated waterfall called Reichenbach; the distinguishing feature of which is, that it consists of several distinct falls. Like an opera dancer, it performs more various evolutions than are achieved generally by the species to which it belongs; for, instead of one or two falls, there are five or six. The uppermost is two thousand feet from the valley beneath: it is a great body of water, rushing forth with such astonishing force and rapidity as would threaten demolition to all around, but that proportionate enormous masses of rock on either side resist its power. The other falls succeed each other at short intervals; each varied, yet marked by the

same character of headlong impetuosity—as a fine piece of music, which delights us by combinations that are different, and yet in some points alike. The lowest leap is perhaps the finest: when the rays of the sun fall on its light foam, a rainbow is produced such as that at the Falls of Terni, beautifully compared, by Lord Byron, to Love watching Madness. We shall pass the remainder of the day here, rambling about in all directions.

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LAKE OF BRIENZ.

We set off this morning for Brienz at ten o'clock, intending to go from thence to Interlachen; but the fast-falling rain keeps us stationary at present, and will afford me leisure to write to several of my friends. In giving you, yesterday, an account of our cavalcade and passage over the Grand Scheideck, I recollect there was a little circumstance connected with it which is of a piece with the integrity and honesty we have experienced here on all occasions, and therefore I ought not to omit relating it.

At the poor chalet where I mentioned that we stopped for refreshment, I forgot my glass and gold chain, both of intrinsic value, but to me inestimable, from their having belonged to my dear mother. I sent back, some miles, a peasant lad who accompanied us; and on our return from the glacier at Rosenlaui, he put them into my hands, with looks only a little less pleased and happy than were mine on receiving them. I thought, as being applicable to the Swiss also, of what Ireland's bard says of her Paddies, that "though they love gold, they love honour and virtue more."

The hotel in which we are at present is nearly two miles from the small town of Brienz, and our windows look, I am told, upon the lake; at this moment rendered invisible by the clouds and mists now enveloping every thing.

We had performed half our journey to this place, before the rain came on. For some miles after leaving Meyringen, we observed a numerous succession of waterfalls bursting from amongst the high dark rocks on either side of the road. Many

of these rocks had such a regular chiseled appearance in parts, that they reminded me of the views given in Keith's most interesting work on "Fulfilled Prophecy," of houses and palaces cut in the rocks in Edom, now the scene of awful desolation; but in no other respect can there be any similarity, for these rocks are crowned with trees, and their bases clothed with the brightest verdure.

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Whilst still at Brienz, I walked out this (Sunday) morning at an early hour, along the borders of the lake; which, as I saw it through some impending mists, seemed to me very like the lower Lake of Killarney: but the water here is of a bright clear green colour, like the Siberian stone used for brooches — such a hue I never observed water to possess any where except in Switzerland.

I went towards the little town of Brienz, and met crowds of peasants flocking to their Lutheran church; whither I accompanied them, although I scarcely at all understand German. Prayer is

an universal language, which has its source in the soul of man; and Christians, who feel the same wants, acknowledge the same Saviour, and worship the same God, may unite in spirit, though not in words.

The singing appeared to me charming; it came "warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires," kindled by devotion and love. Every man, woman, and child, held a Prayer Book having massive brass clasps. The Psalms, which were at the beginning, had the music printed, together with the words, thus enabling them to sing from notes; and all—"with one consent to God their cheerful voices raised."

The little church is of the very plainest description, and well suited to the congregation. I am not fond of medium churches; I like better either extreme: "the long-drawn aisle," full choir, and pealing anthem — pomp and magnificence, which remind one of Jerusalem's Temple; or a building of the most entire simplicity, such as sheltered the devotion of the early Christians, as well as the persecuted of later times—the followers of a

Master who told them that his kingdom was not of this world.

* * * * *

I received from the peasants whom I met in the course of my morning's walk the kindest attentions. In one place, where a torrent had cut up the road, and I could not possibly have crossed on foot without assistance, a man stepped forward, and gave me such efficient help, that I got over without wetting my shoes. Another took a plank and carried it a considerable distance, to make it answer the purpose of a bridge over a stream that had been swollen by the late heavy rain; and in another place, where a plank was not within reach, a youth did not scruple to enter the water for the purpose of laying large stones for me to step on. All these kindnesses were done without the least expectation, I am persuaded, of any recompense; as the persons who conferred them, turned away, and seemed surprised at my offering a trifle, which I had difficulty in prevailing on them to accept. I find none whatever of the venality that I have heard attributed

to this fine people: I should rather say, that they are distinguished by the opposite virtue. When any casual assistance was afforded in my walks or rides, I never encountered those expecting looks and gestures with which, elsewhere, we are all familiar on such occasions.

The women, in their church attire, were neat and homely: whatever garment they wear that purports to be white, is of the utmost purity. They wore, generally, small black velvet caps, made to fit close to the head, with a deep black lace border hanging full about the cheeks. I liked these caps better than some we had seen at Lucerne, which were made of stiff clear black net, upraised like butterflies' expanded wings. Your sisters have made sketches of both kinds, so you can see which you prefer.

After breakfast, we got into a pretty little boat, rowed by three men, for the purpose of going to the waterfall at Giesbach in sufficient time to allow of our seeing it, and being afterwards taken up by the steam-packet, which passes at half-past one, on its way to Interlachen. Whilst in our

boat on the lake, we were filled with admiration of the fine bold rocks, on one side rising directly out of the water, covered with trees and the foliage of parasitical plants, lichens, ferns, etc.; which mingled in such wild luxuriance as seemed to denote a possession, in point of time, coeval with the rocks which bore them. Pope's line, in his poem "by a person of quality," beginning "Ye flowery rocks," would not here prove the absurdity he intended. We kept close to the impending rocks, and had an opportunity of seeing and being delighted with those minuter beauties, which are lost to travellers in the steam-packet, by whom only the general appearance of scenery can be appreciated.

So full of interest was our little boating excursion, that we were sorry when it ended; although, just at the same moment, the Giesbach presented itself in a very promising aspect. Two fine streams, into which it divides itself, fall into the lake close to the landing-place. We ascended a steep richly-wooded hill, the sound of rushing water directing our steps, often pausing to observe

fine points of view. We could see from the same spot before us, the dashing foaming cataract losing itself in a forest, while beneath lay the smooth surface of the finely coloured lake enlivened with many boats. The eye could take in at one view the same element—in one aspect seeming as if it would hurl to destruction whatever was in its way —in another, presenting the appearance of calm beneficence promoting the well-being of all sentient things whose capacities are fitted for its enjoyment. We continued to ascend the mountain, which is as rich in finely distributed wood as an English park —gentle slopes and green knolls intermingling. The waterfall presented itself in a point of view, so level, that it reminded me of Campbell's beautiful lines—

> "And human pleasures, what are ye in truth?
> The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

But we passed on to a height where the torrent exhibited no smoothness; it rushes forth, like drifting snow, from the summit of a thick dark green wood, with no rocks near but those below

it. We walked over two trees thrown across, and looked down upon the foaming dashing whirl of waters, threatening, to my apprehension, to bear away the rocks that supported our frail bridge. The guide recommended us to mount still higher, and we were well repaid for doing so, being thus enabled to get into a cavern in the rocks, in which six or seven persons can stand; there the cataract fell, in front, from a height above us, much increased no doubt by the great rain of the preceding day. It seemed like a river that had burst from its bed, and in strong defiance of all obstacles was making itself another channel. We stood awe-struck, this mighty moving curtain of waters falling before us; not a spoken word could be heard, one great sound and one great object were all absorbing.

At length we retraced our steps, and dwelt with rapture on the varying scene as we descended. We sauntered along the borders of the lake for full two hours, expecting the steam-packet, which did not arrive at the appointed time. We listened to the clear melody of an Alpine horn, that was

just then rendered particularly pleasing from the disengaged attention we could bestow on it, and which had much charm, mingling occasionally with the sound of rushing waters. It seemed to us like the Spirit of the Mountain bidding us a sweet farewell.

I have since been told that a schoolmaster lives in a house which we saw near the waterfall, and that he and his family are remarkable for their musical performances; and very grateful we were for the specimens afforded us.

The lake was enlivened by many pretty boats; several of them had sails, and others none. Boats are to a lake, what cattle are to green fields; besides the addition of picturesque forms, they impart the conviction that the Creator's design is fulfilled, by his bountiful provisions for enjoyment answering their destined purpose.

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The village of Brienz was before us, and we saw two nice country girls put off from thence in a little boat rowed by themselves. On their reaching our side of the lake, we perceived the

object they had in coming; they brought baskets of pears and plums to sell,—and when we had made our purchases, they returned with happy countenances to their boat, and rowed themselves back, stopping occasionally to wave their hands to our party.

The packet was so long delayed, we feared some accident had happened. The air was becoming chilly, and we were getting somewhat anxious as to the consequences of our visit to the Giesbach, when a respectable quaint-looking man, dressed in a rusty black coat, presented himself. Although the probability of his being the aforesaid schoolmaster did not occur to me at the time; yet, from his Dominie Sampson look, I am sure he was the very person. Perceiving, I suppose, that we had a forlorn aspect, he offered us all the accommodations of his house on the mountain, which we had so lately passed; and said, moreover, that we could have good beds. Your sisters returned him our best thanks in German, the language he spoke, telling him we should gladly avail ourselves of his kindness if the packet did

not soon arrive. It just then appeared in sight, and we went on board immediately after. When I had leisure to think upon the matter, I regretted extremely that we were not spending the remaining part of the day with the primitive schoolmaster and his musical family.

LETTER XXVI.

Interlachen.

SHORTLY after we got on board the packet, which took us up on the Lake of Brienz, heavy rain coming on, we went down to the cabin. The captain, a very fine-looking young man, spoke German so fluently that I took him for a Swiss. On hearing us talking English, he accosted me in that language, and after a little conversation he said, "It is most surprising that the English should come in such numbers to this country, when the scenery in Scotland is so much more beautiful." After this speech, I had no difficulty in knowing that the gentleman came from north of the Tweed. He continued, "What is there

here but lakes, rocks, trees, and mountains; and all these are in far greater perfection in Scotland." I put in a word as to the grandeur of the mountains covered with snow, to which he said impatiently, "They are not to be compared to ours, covered with purple heather; *that* exceeds every thing in beauty, and here you don't find it:" which is the fact—it is seen very seldom, and only in the smallest quantities. Perceiving it was in vain to dispute the vast pre-eminence of purple heather over snow-clad mountains and their glaciers, I spoke of the waterfalls of this country: to which he replied, that "it was plain I had never been in Scotland, or I could not compare the Giesbach and the Reichenbach, nor even the Handig (which is still greater), to the Granich, near Aberdeen, or to the Dunstan, near Glasgow." I listened without being convinced — however, I respected his nationality, and wishing to change the subject to one equally gratifying to his *amor patriæ* on which we might agree, I asked him if he was not proud of Sir Walter Scott: he answered very coolly, "He was my uncle." You may guess my astonish-

ment; he was communicative, and told me that his mother was a daughter of Sir Walter's brother John, who died, after acquiring a considerable fortune, leaving to seven daughters 7000*l.* each; but that by a law process, they lost nearly all his property, including several large houses in Dundee, where his mother still resides, a widow of the name of Croll. She had many children. The captain never remembers having seen his father, who died when he was an infant. He came to England when he was thirteen years old, to learn the business of an engineer, and has been in Russia, Prussia, and Silesia, and only once for a short time in Scotland since his first leaving it; but he knows all that is passing there, for he said his mother writes to him every week, and sends him "The Perth and Cupar Advertiser." He has, I suspect, been too much occupied to allow of his having time to read many of his uncle's writings, and of his life by Mr. Lockhart he knows nothing. On my recommending it as a deeply interesting work, he said he would get it. He could scarcely

believe me when I told him a subscription was made some years ago to keep Abbotsford in the family; this circumstance I mentioned merely as a proof of the high estimation in which the late owner had been held by the nation at large. His nephew was quite sure I was mistaken, and that subscriptions were raised for no other purpose whatever than to erect monuments in different places.

His conversation convinced me that Sir Walter's character and fame, though touching him so much more nearly, are not half so dear to him as the beauties of Scotland, of which he has known little since childhood. And should he never see them again I will venture to predict, that true as the needle to the Pole, his heart will ever turn to his own, as the first, best country in all the world.

I do admire his love of Fatherland. In this particular he resembles his great kinsman, whose letters written during his visits to London, manifest that when princes and nobles, philosophers and ladies, sought for his society as for the choicest

boon that could be obtained, he, though most grateful for the honours and kindnesses bestowed on him, yearned, not only for his domestic home, but also for his mountains and his glens; and longed impatiently for the moment to arrive, when he could turn his back on all the pomp and adulation that courted him, to breathe again the air of "his own, his native land;" to course amongst its said purple heather, with his faithful servant and his dogs, or to superintend the planting of bare hills, endeared to him perhaps by having been the scenes of some stirring achievments in centuries gone by, which he could make present to his own and to all other minds. It was not that he did not fully appreciate the refinements and courtesies of society, tinctured as they are, even at this distance of time, by the spirit of chivalry he so fondly dwelt upon; but he loved Scotland more, and when there he received with the open hospitality of an ancient chieftain, all who had the slightest pretension, I might almost say wish, to be entertained in the house of him, whom all men delighted to

honour. And every guest, however undistinguished, he treated with the fine urbanity of his generous nature. Mr. Lockhart mentions, that on one occasion he gave to some ladies of high rank a polite permission to leave Abbotsford immediately, when he perceived them behaving superciliously to, and shunning, one of humbler birth. They were recalled to a better temper by his admonition, and the good-humour and hilarity he invariably spread around him were not again interrupted by conventional littleness.

How I have wandered from my subject, from Scott's nephew to himself! I was so interested in the Captain's conversation, that I heard no part of one in which Fanny has since told me she was engaged.

Mutual inquiries were made by her and a party of French people, "pour passer le tems," as to the comparative expenses of living in London and Paris. In Paris, it was agreed, that house-rent is much lower, and that the prices of provisions, except bread, are the same in the two cities.

One of the Frenchmen said, "On the whole

your living must cost double the sum of ours, all you English eat so much more than my countrymen." On both sides exclamations of surprise burst forth when she communicated her impressions—as each held directly opposite opinions on the subject—to the farther expression of which an end was put by the arrival of the packet at Interlachen. As the French party and we went to different hotels—they to a much cheaper than the Bellevue, the matter in debate could not be positively decided; but I think it probable we should find their "Maître d'Hôtel" agreed with Fanny, if it were possible to know his opinion.

We regretted that our unforeseen delay at the Giesbach prevented our reaching Interlachen in time for the evening service. An English clergyman officiates in a part of an old convent, fitted up for the purpose; the remainder of it is used for an hospital. The German church is at Unterseen, about half a mile distant. I walked this morning to that most beautifully situated village; it is greatly superior in point of situation to Interlachen, which latter however, has its advantages.

It consists of a small number of houses, detached, all good and new (only too English in appearance), having gardens and trees interspersed, and the whole judiciously placed, fronting the best view. Whereas, at Unterseen, a long, dirty, close old street intercepts the view of the very finest combination of objects. It is not until the street is passed that one is aware of how much that is beautiful is shut out by it. The river is of vast breadth; a long ridge of rock keeps in the water, in one part, to a great degree of smooth fulness, which temporary restraint serves but to make it fall over others like a long continued cascade—thence spreading its waters wide and far, branching off in different directions, amongst diversified green hills, out-topped by mountains of as various forms, amongst which the Jungfrau is conspicuous in beauty. A pretty little church, with its spire, adds a charm to the scene.

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Here we are returned to Thun, having spent a fortnight delightfully in our rambles in the Bernese Oberland. We came here from Inter-

lachen by voiture. Our road lay along the edge of the lake—so close, that as we sat in the carriage we heard the murmur of its waters among the pebbles. The surrounding mountainous scenery is varied and beautiful, but the great snow-covered mountains are not seen so well from the road as from the lake. I am glad to have gone both ways. We reached Thun by a very steep ascent.

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This morning we went to see the castle, which is seven hundred years old. A group of poplars and weeping willows at the entrance, produce a very good effect. It is a square pile of building of great height, consisting of a centre with a heavy cone-shaped roof, and four towers still higher, terminating in slender spires, which are, like the centre, covered by red tiles. The walls, instead of being left the natural colour of the stone, are whitened, which injures the appearance of the whole. The practice of whitening churches and all elevated buildings, is common in Switzerland; and it often produces a particularly good effect when they are seen against dark mountains; but

this great castle is sufficiently conspicuous from its commanding position, and its colouring should have been left to the mellowing tints of time. There is nothing remarkable in the interior: it was inhabited formerly by the Counts of Thun; but is now used as a prison for those who commit petty offences. The perpetrators of greater crimes are sent to Berne. There are no guilty inmates at present, and I therefore ascended with more pleasure one of the towers to see the panoramic and most beautiful view from it of the surrounding country. The snow mountains of the Oberland were glistening in the beams of the newly-risen sun; and the bright river Aar lay beneath, its banks richly cultivated, winding its course through hill and glade to the lake, whose smooth surface like a mirror reflected with answering colours the radiant sky.

The morning's brilliancy, like that of many of our early lives, soon passed away: the sunshine was succeeded by noon-day clouds and heaviness, so lowering that during our walk to the Chartreuse by the side of the lake, we could not distinguish

the range of mountains which bound the horizon and render the situation one of singular beauty. This ancient convent for nuns is now converted into a house, inhabited by Herr Rougemont—it is situated low on the banks of the lake, in full view of the girdle of Alps which I had been admiring some hours ago. In the rear are finely diversified sloping meadows, green knolls, orchards, and vineyards. A chapel, with a spire of the same description as others in the neighbourhood, covered by red tiles, and enriched by jutting angles and pointed roofed windows, forms one end of the dwelling—to the remaining portions of it a deep verandah, covered with trellis and flowers, has been added in good taste.

Although my prepossessions are not in favour of conventional institutions, I could not help fancying that many of my sex had passed their lives more happily here than they would have done amidst the cares, the temptations, and the almost certain disappointments of the world, with respect to which their confined and modest prayer was, "This day be bread and peace my lot;" and though

the more thrilling pleasures of sympathy and tenderness were resigned by them, they ran no risk of encountering painful reverses. Where their love was fixed, it would grow brighter and brighter until death, that ends all human ties, whether happy or miserable, gave to them the full fruition of the only love and joys they had sought for in their calm retirement.

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We returned to our hotel by an upper walk, and from different points we saw the surrounding scenery to great advantage. The Jungfrau's veil of clouds was partially lifted, like a modest beauty only half disclosing her brightness. The Monch and Eigher, though still somewhat obscured, shewed in a degree their bold forms. We sat down on a seat in an elevated position, that commanded the whole of the magnificent and lovely view. The back of the seat was formed by a large stone, on which was deeply cut the following words:

"Hier im Schatten seines Haines dichtete vormahls der edle Ritter Heinrich Von Stretlingen der Minnesinger, seine Lieder des Freud und der Minne."

The noble knight Heinrich von Stretlingen could hardly have fixed on a more delicious spot to sing his songs of joy and sorrow.

LETTER XXVII.

Berne.

We left Thun this morning, and reached Berne before one o'clock. It has been raining ever since our arrival, and as I could not go out, I have amused myself by looking over Vieusseux's History, and I have from thence selected passages which I shall tack together at my pleasure, as the tailor-bird does the leaves which it unites.

I find that Berne was founded in 1191, by Berthold V., Duke of Zähringen. He built it as a place of defence against the Dukes of Burgundy and other powerful neighbours. It was called Berne, some say, from bär, a bear, which Berthold killed near the spot while hunting; others say that it derives its name from a Celtic word, signifying a place where justice is administered.

A number of noblemen, and amongst others D'Erlach (of whom and his descendants you will hear more hereafter), went to reside in the new city, where they speedily built not only single houses, but whole streets. They placed it under the direct protection of the empire, making it thereby a free Imperial town; and no family, however noble, exercised any dominion over it. From its commencement it was a commonwealth of free independent gentlemen. An Avoyer, or chief magistrate, assisted by two councils, one consisting of twelve, and another of fifty persons, had the management of public affairs. It was the object of the Emperor Albert (of whom you have already heard a sad tale) to make all Helvetia the patrimony or fief of Austria. In 1298 he turned his arms first against Berne, which both his father Rudolph and himself had already once attacked in vain. The Bernese, under the command of one of their burgher nobles, Ulrich D'Erlach, went out to meet Albert, and after gaining a complete victory at Donnerbuhl, obliged him to retire with great loss. In the contested election

for the Imperial crown, after the death of Henry of Luxemburg (who succeeded Albert), Berne took part with Louis of Bavaria, who proved to be the successful candidate against Frederick of Austria. Louis, however, being at variance with the Pope, was excommunicated; and it was on this occasion that the electors of the German empire assembled in 1338, passed a memorable resolution, importing that an Emperor and King of the Romans, being once elected by a majority of suffrages, had no need of the sanction of the Papal Court, in order to exercise the Imperial rights; and thenceforth the Emperor elect assumed the title of King of the Romans. But the Bernese were as yet too much under the influence of the Pope to slight the thunders of the Vatican; they forsook Louis, and he, highly incensed in consequence, joined the league of the nobles, who were ever jealous of Bernese prosperity and independence. The league was formidable, and the destruction of Berne determined on. Notwithstanding, the republic was not disheartened: they threw a garrison into the adjoining town of

Laupen, and appointed Rudolph D'Erlach their general. The Waldstätten contributed nine hundred hardy men; and in 1339, their little army, five thousand strong, came in sight of the enemy's forces on the heights of Laupen. Here a great and glorious victory was gained by the brave Bernese, and the nobles who survived the battle were glad to make their peace and retire.

In 1352 Berne entered into the Swiss alliance, of which it formed the Eighth Canton. This important accession imparted to the Swiss confederacy a reputation for power and stability which it had not until then enjoyed. The deputies from each state were constituted into a Diet, to whom the neighbouring princes might accredit their ministers, and before whom all important affairs concerning the welfare of the whole Helvetic body might be discussed and concluded.

Berne was remarkable for the steady policy which it pursued in gradually extending its territory, either by purchase or conquest, at the conclusion of every war. By purchases made at different times, Berne at last possessed the

whole of the Oberland or Highlands. The fine and extensive valley of Frütigen was sold to Berne by the Baron of Thun, whose mismanagement had involved him in difficulties. When the inhabitants of Frütigen heard of the negotiation for the sale, they all agreed to strain every nerve, in order to redeem the seignorial fines and dues which had been transferred to their new masters. Every one contributed for this purpose his little savings; and it is stated in an old song, quoted by Müller, that the inhabitants of the whole valley engaged not to eat beef for seven years, in order to free themselves and their descendants from feudal burthens. Berne accepted the redemption money, and Frütigen, thanks to those public-spirited peasants, became a free untaxed district, subject to Berne; and such it remained for ages after, until the fall of the Republic.

Other feudal lords, who had become co-burghers of Berne, sold to that city their dominions, castles, and jurisdictions in the fertile district called the Emmenthal, or valley of the Emmen, near the borders of Lucerne, one of the richest grazing

lands in all Switzerland. Ego and Berthold, Counts of Kyburg, gave up to Berne the Landgraviat of Burgundy, a jurisdiction so called, the relics of a former and prouder lordship, which extended from Thun to the bridge of Arwangen. Landshut remained the last estate of the powerful Counts of Kyburg in Helvetia; this too they sold, and after passing through several hands, it came into possession of a Bernese family.

A check to the fast increasing prosperity of Berne occurred in the year 1405, when a dreadful fire broke out, destroying nearly all the town, which was then built of wood. All the people around vied with one another in affording help to the distressed Bernese. Freybourg sent one hundred workmen and twelve waggons, and kept them one month at its own expense, assisting in clearing away the ruins.

In the midst of the common calamity the Avoyer and Council resolved to endeavour to assuage the general grief, by restoring the ancient forms of annual election, and laying all important affairs before a general assembly of the citizens.

This spontaneous resolve conciliated the whole people, and infused into them new vigour for rebuilding their town. They built it of stone, on an improved plan, with broad streets, fine houses, and massive walls; such, in short, as it now is, the handsomest town in Switzerland, as regards buildings.

In 1519 Berne joined Freybourg in an alliance with Geneva against the Duke of Savoy, who aspired to extend his power over the latter city. Berne sent an army under John D'Erlach, to take the field in defence of Geneva; but it was rendered useless by the peace concluded at the treaty of St. Julien, by which the Duke engaged that should he be the first to attack the Genevese, he should forfeit the Pays de Vaud to Berne and Freybourg, and also that the Prior Bonnivard, whom the Duke had kidnapped and confined in the castle of Chillon, should be released. But he never performed either of these conditions.

About this time, Farel, the reformer, began to preach in Geneva, and formed two new parties in the city. He was driven away, but soon

returned and converted many to his doctrines. Freybourg withdrew from the alliance, not approving of his preaching; and Berne remained the sole ally, and formally declared war against the Duke of Savoy, in consequence of his breach of the treaty of St. Julien. All the Pays de Vaud, except Yverdun, submitted to the Bernese, to whom it was a great acquisition, and who were hailed as deliverers at Geneva.

The preaching of Zwingli and Farel, with other causes, operated on the minds of the Bernese, and after the subject had been well weighed, the Reformed religion was established in Berne, accompanied with regulations conceived in a spirit of justice, charity, and liberality, which, while they reflect the greatest honour on the council of Berne, afford a most favourable contrast to the harsh and rash fanaticism of the Reformers in some other places; and Berne became, and has ever since continued, the steadiest pillar of the Reformation in Switzerland.

The Pays de Vaud was formally ceded to Berne in 1564, by Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy,

and from that period remained subject to it, until 1798; when a small number of disaffected persons having signed a petition to some French general, calling on him to interfere in their behalf, Maynard, by order of the Directory, proclaimed that he entered the Pays de Vaud by the unanimous wish of the people, the great majority of whom were taken by surprise, and a separation, which had not entered into their views, took place at the bidding of a few individuals backed by French bayonets. Maynard, after entering the Pays de Vaud, escorted by two hussars, sent an aide-de-camp to Colonel Weiss, at Yverdun, notifying that he would consider any opposition to him as a declaration of war. On their return, the party passed in the night through the village of Thierens, the inhabitants of which being well affected to Berne, had armed themselves, and had posted sentries to give the alarm. The sentries challenged the French party, who immediately fell upon them with their sabres, and in retaliation were fired at, and lost one of their number.

This incident was construed by Maynard into "a premeditated assault by the partizans of oligarchy, an assassination which the Great Nation could never forgive," etc. Berne immediately ordered an investigation of the affair; and it was proved by numerous witnesses to have been an accidental affray, occasioned by the unjustifiable attack of the French troopers.

The Directory made a highly-coloured report to the legislative body, recommending a declaration of war against Berne; and the unfortunate village of Thierens was set on fire by the French.

The councils of Berne persisted in their vain hope of propitiating the French Directory; and sent explanations and made apologies, couched even in humiliating terms. At the same time, they thought of strengthening the bonds between them and the country people. The German part of the old canton had not shewn the least signs of discontent; the people felt indignant at the encroachments of the French, and determined upon resistance. Twenty thousand of the militia were assembled, and the number might easily have been

doubled. On the 31st of January, the sovereign council of Berne invited the Communes to elect a deputation of fifty-two members, to take their seats in the Assembly.

These deputies behaved in an admirable spirit. They addressed to their constituents a declaration, full of the most affecting candour and patriotism; they spoke of the improvements which had been proposed in the council—of the necessity of preserving the sound parts of the constitution—of the happiness they had till then enjoyed—of the duty of rallying, with one consent, round the standard of the state, whilst attacked or threatened from without—and of their own determination to leave unsullied to their descendants the fair name of their country. "We may cease to exist," thus ended this declaration, "but our honour must be preserved to the last."

For a moment, the idea was entertained in the council of establishing a temporary dictatorship until the crisis of the foreign attack had passed; public opinion was in favour of the measure, which would probably have saved Berne and all

Switzerland from the horrors of invasion; but, unfortunately, the party of peace and half measures prevailed in the council, and was joined by some of the new deputies from the towns; and although the wish to save the country was universal, they could not agree about the means. Instead of providing, in the first instance, for repelling the invader, they appointed a commission to draw the plan of a new constitution, upon the basis of election by the people, and of the admissibility of all the inhabitants to the offices and honours of the state. One year was allowed to the commission for the completion of its work, but two months had not expired before Berne had ceased to exist as an independent state.

I shall pass over the circumstances that led to this event; but some few I will mention connected with the heroic name of D'Erlach.

A treacherous truce, on the part of the French, had been concluded; which D'Erlach and others perceived was only granted by that power for the purpose of gaining time to bring about more effectually their plan of subjugating the country.

General D'Erlach, who had been entrusted with the command of the Swiss troops, on the 26th of February entered the Sovereign Council, and there tendered his resignation, unless they would give him full powers to act, immediately upon the expiration of the truce. "It is useless," said he, "to keep so many brave men under arms, waiting until the enemy has completed all his preparations, and has succeeded in sowing dissensions in our ranks. Let us determine to save our country, or let us send these poor men to their homes." It was then that the Council gave full power to D'Erlach to act according to his judgment.

A courier arrived at the same time from the French general, Brune, offering to renew the negotiations; and the Council again sent two deputies to him, but confirmed General D'Erlach's powers. Brune insisted, as his ultimatum, that the Council of Berne should abdicate. The deputies declared such proposals to be inadmissible; and they left him on the 28th, the eve of the expiration of the armistice, on which very day a scene of confusion and ruin took place in Berne.

The party in the Legislative Council which was determined to submit to the French rather than try the fortune of arms, availing themselves of the absence of many members—officers who had gone to the army with D'Erlach—carried, by a small majority, a resolution revoking the powers given to the General, and forbidding him to attack the enemy. They likewise carried a resolution for the abdication of the executive, and the institution of a provisional regency; sending at the same time another deputation to Brune, acquainting him with the proposed change, and deprecating his hostility. Brune received the message with contempt, and demanded that the Bernese army should be immediately disbanded.

This would have been to surrender at discretion; and the order was given to D'Erlach to attack after the expiration of the armistice, namely, in the night between the 1st and 2d of March; but two hours afterwards another counter-order came to his head-quarters, informing him that Brune had granted a prolongation of the armistice for thirty hours. Nevertheless, on the morning of

the 1st of March, before the expiration even of the first armistice, the French attacked the castle of Dornach, near Soleure; and in the night surprised a battalion of Oberlanders posted at Langnau, cut most of them to pieces after a sharp resistance, and, while the report of the new armistice was circulating through the Swiss lines, the French general Schauenberg pushed his columns to Soleure, which place he summoned to surrender.

Brune likewise began hostilities on his side, on the 2d of March, by an attack on Freybourg, after the Bernese deputies had just left his head-quarters at Payerne, under the impression that the armistice was prolonged in order to settle matters by negotiation. The Bernese out-posts taken by surprise fell back on Freybourg, the authorities of which place opened the gates to the French; while the Bernese, followed by many of the peasants and citizens of Freybourg, took up a position near Laupen, on the frontiers of their own canton. The contingents of the Forest and other Cantons, which had partially and slowly come up to the assistance of Berne, remained in the

rear, and after the taking of Freybourg and Soleure by the French, they began a retrograde march towards their homes. Berne was left alone in the struggle, with a few auxiliaries from Freybourg and Soleure. The army for the defence of Berne was reduced to fifteen thousand men, opposed to more than thirty thousand Frenchmen. On the 3d of March the Landsturm, or general rising of the peasantry, was proclaimed; but this only served to increase the general confusion. On that same day the executive council of Berne was dissolved, and a provisional regency hastily formed, in the hope of conciliating the French. On the morning of the 4th, the regency sent messengers to Brune to inform him of the change that had taken place in the government, and to demand an armistice, offering even to dismiss the army, provided the French remained in the positions they occupied at present. Brune peremptorily insisted on placing a French garrison in Berne. This was too much even for the regency. The people and the troops were in a fearful state of excitement at the idea of being betrayed by their governors. A division

of the army quitted its post, and marched to Berne in a state of mutiny. The soldiers drove away many of their officers, and bayoneted at the very gates of Berne the two Colonels Stettler and Rhyner, notwithstanding the entreaties of a young lady, the niece of Avoyer Steiger, who tried, at the risk of her own life, to save the victims from their fury. After committing this crime, the misled soldiers seemed struck with sudden horror; they again submitted to their officers, returned to their posts, and prepared for fight. On the evening of the 4th the regency issued the order for battle for the next day. The Avoyer Steiger, having solemnly resigned the insignia of his office, repaired with his friend General D'Erlach to the camp at Frauenbrunnen. At one o'clock on the morning of the 5th, Brune attacked the posts near Laupen, but was repulsed with great loss, and his troops were driven back several miles on the road to Freybourg. The Bernese General Graffenried was preparing to follow up his success, when he received the news of the defeat of D'Erlach at Frauenbrunnen. Schauenberg had attacked the

Bernese in that quarter with a force far superior in number, and especially in cavalry and horse artillery, with which last kind of force the Swiss were unacquainted. After a sharp resistance D'Erlach retired upon Grauholz, a wooded hill in sight of Berne, where he sustained another attack. His position being again forced, he formed his troops once more in the plain, close to the city of Berne, where the French artillery and cavalry made dreadful havoc in his ranks; peasants and women, armed with scythes, were mixed with the soldiers, and fell rather than surrender.

Two thousand Bernese were left killed or wounded on the several fields of battle; the loss of the French amounted to fifteen hundred. The remainder of D'Erlach's division took the road towards Thun and the Oberland. Berne, being now left unprotected, surrendered to Brune, who promised to respect the persons and properties of the inhabitants. Crowds of fugitives filled the roads in the direction of the Oberland; preferring, no doubt, to make the snows of the Alps their winding-sheet to being butchered by the foe.

D'Erlach, finding himself deserted by his men on the evening of the 5th, the officers around him being killed or wounded, and he himself in danger of falling into the hands of the French cavalry, took alone the road to Thun. He hoped to collect the fugitives in the recesses of the Alps, where he might have made a successful stand, being backed by the sturdy population of the Forest Cantons. At the village of Munsingen, which is very near to the old castle of Unspunnen — connected with which I related a romantic story— he fell in with a mob of disbanded soldiers and peasants, who, intoxicated with wine and with rage, seized the General, pinioned him, called him a traitor, and prepared to take him to Berne. They were soon overtaken by another troop, who, crying out that Berne was in the hands of the French, and cursing their magistrates and generals, whom they called traitors to their country, fell upon D'Erlach with their axes and their bayonets, and left him mangled and dead on the road. An aide-de-camp, Kneubuller, arriving at the time, and endeavouring to intercede for his general, met with the same fate.

Whilst transcribing this sad account of D'Erlach, I have been reminded of another brave soldier, Sir John Moore, who, like him, fell a victim to the vacillating councils he was constrained to obey. When certain that victory was within his grasp, he was obliged to lay aside his sword, whilst our chargé-d'affaires, Mr. Frere, was learning the will and pleasure of the Spanish Junta, and whilst the common enemy was turning to account every moment gained, until nothing remained for Moore but retreat instead of triumph. And such a retreat as he effected to Corunna was an achievement more difficult than are oftentimes victories. My late brother-in-law, the truly gallant Colonel Cameron, of the ninth regiment of foot, who was the companion in arms and friend of Moore, has harrowed up my feelings in recounting the sufferings that all endured in that retreat. Sir John Moore fell a sacrifice, like D'Erlach, to the weakness of others, and the inaction forced upon him by their incompetency. His letters on this subject are most

affecting; but in one point he was happier than D'Erlach, for he received his death-wound in the battle he fought, after the exhaustion of his troops in that fearful retreat to Corunna, where he lies "alone in his glory."

But to return to my narrative. Some days after the murder of D'Erlach, his assassins, struck by remorse, acknowledged that they had been shewn, by emissaries of the French, forged letters, as evidence of his treachery.

These papers were profusely scattered in the Bernese camp previous to the 5th of March. More than one hundred officers, including twelve members of the Great Council, were killed on that day. Such was the fall of Berne — a republic that had existed for nearly six hundred years.

It fell by the same arts, by the same hands, and nearly about the same time, as Venice and Genoa. Like them, it exhibited weakness and hesitation in its councils; but unlike them, it shewed something of old Swiss determination in

the hour of struggle, and it fell neither unhonoured nor unmourned.

Brune seized, in the name of the French Directory, the treasury of Berne, in which were thirty millions francs in gold and silver. He emptied also all the chests of the various branches of the administration, as well as those of the various tribes or companies of the burgesses and patricians. He cleared the arsenal of three hundred pieces of cannon, of arms and accoutrements for forty thousand men, and ransacked the public stores of every description. He also disarmed all the people, both in town and country; but the town was not, like others, given up to pillage or the excesses of the soldiers.

The whole plunder was immediately carried off to France. Some of the Bernese guns were sent to Toulon for the Egyptian expedition, which was then preparing; the result of which expedition is recorded in a page of the proudest annals of our country; "every Englishman did his duty," and *there* conquered the conquerors of the greater part of Europe.

In consideration of his services, Brune was raised by the Directory to the rank of General-in-chief of the army of Italy, while Schauenberg remained in command in Switzerland.

END OF VOL. I.

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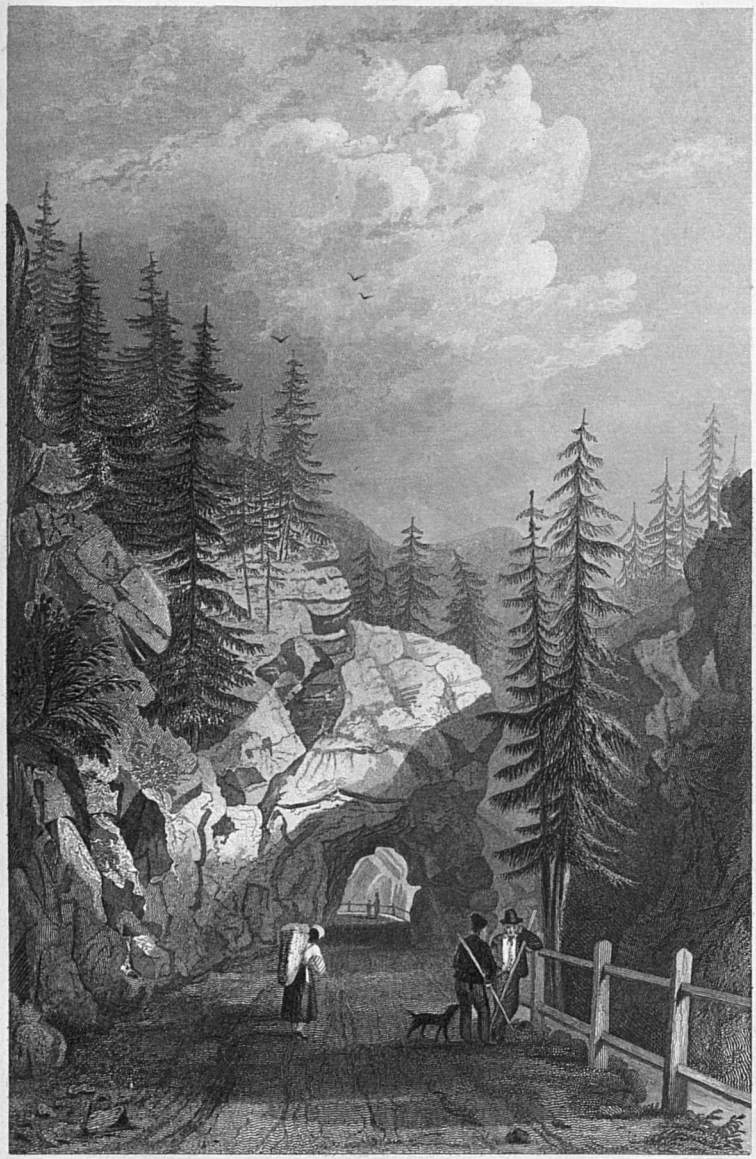

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VIEW OF THE TUNNEL OF THE ROFFLEN.

ANSICHT DER FELSEN-GALLERIE DURCH DIE ROFFLEN.

VUE DE LA GALERIE CREUSÉE DANS LES ROFFLEN.

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LETTER XXVIII.

Berne.

My dear Children,

Switzerland continued under French domination until 1801, when the Peace of Luneville, between France and Austria, was signed, by which the independence of the Helvetic Republic was recognised. The French troops were consequently ordered to evacuate that country, and a Diet was held at Schwytz, for the re-establishment of the old confederation of the Thirteen Cantons. All the factions were now awakened, and violent commotions broke out afresh; the towns were desirous of having their old privileges and monopolies; the old cantons wanted to resume their authority over their former subjects; the Abbot of St. Gall attempted to recover his territories; the partisans

of federalism were opposed to those of unity of government—so that a civil war appeared inevitable. Bonaparte, then first consul, not wishing Switzerland to be again plunged into confusion, sent Colonel Rapp, in October 1802, to Berne, with a circular addressed to the Cantons, offering his mediation for the settlement of all their difficulties; while at the same time he ordered General Ney to keep himself ready with a body of troops on the frontiers of Switzerland, to enforce compliance. The message to the Cantons stated, that the First Consul had not intended to meddle with their internal affairs, in the hope that they would come to some amicable arrangement among themselves; and that, as a proof of his disinterested regard for their independence, he had recalled the French troops from their territory. But yet, after passing three years in continual disputes, they were as far removed from a final adjustment as ever. "If you are left longer to yourselves," the message proceeded to say, "you will go on killing each other for some years, perhaps without any better chance of coming to an understanding. I must.

mediate between you: but I expect that my mediation shall be final, and that you will accept it as a new benefit of the Providence which, in the midst of so many vicissitudes, still watches over the existence and the independence of your nation. My mediation is now the only means you have left of preserving both." He then directed, as the preliminary conditions of his mediation, that the actual central Helvetic government, that had been established, should return to Berne; that the new governments, councils, and magistrates, which had been instituted during the late disturbances, should dissolve themselves, and that the new levies should be disarmed. Deputies were to be sent to Paris by the Helvetic Legislative Council, and likewise by each separate canton; and all those citizens, who during the last three years had filled situations in the central government, might also repair to Paris, in order to consider and suggest the best measures to be adopted for conciliating differences.

The democratic party readily accepted the proffered mediation, but the partisans of the old

aristocracies wished to gain time. Among those who repaired to Paris there was still the great division of "Unitaries," or partisans of a single republic, and Federalists.

Bonaparte inclined towards the latter, apparently because he believed the federal principle to be the best adapted to the habits and geographical circumstances of the Swiss.

The sentiments which he expressed to the Swiss deputies assembled at Paris, are marked by a sincerity, clear-sightedness, and disinterestedness that are very striking.

"Switzerland," said he, "is like no other country; its topography, the varieties in its language and religion, and still more in its manners and social habits, give peculiar features to the land and the people. Nature itself has made your country for a federal state, and it is not wise to oppose nature.

"Circumstances, and the character of ages gone by, had established amongst you ruling commonwealths and subject districts. New circumstances, and the spirit of a new age, more consistent with

justice and reason, have now established political equality over all parts of your territory. Several of your Cantons have followed for centuries a system of the purest democracy. In others, some families gradually possessed themselves of power,—and thus the commonwealth became divided between sovereigns and subjects. The example of the political condition of your neighbours of Italy, Savoy, France, and other countries, contributed also to form and to maintain this state of things amongst you; but the spirit of those countries is now altered; and a full renunciation of all exclusive privileges is both the wish and the interest of your people in general.

"The most important affair to begin with, is the internal organization of each of your Cantons, after which their respective relations with each other will be determined. Your central administration is, in fact, of much less importance than your cantonal one. There can be no uniformity of administration amongst you; you have never kept a standing army; your finances are of necessity very limited; you never had permanent diplomatic

agents at the capitals of the other powers. Placed among the mountains which divide France, Italy, and Germany, you partake of the character of each of those countries. The neutrality of your country, the prosperity of your commerce, and a domestic and family-like administration—these are the things which suit you best. This is the language I have held to all your deputies who have hitherto consulted me about your affairs; but the very men who seemed best to understand its reasonableness were attached by interest to the old system of privileges, and had therefore a bias unfavourable to France. Nevertheless, neither France nor the Italian Republic can allow a system to prevail amongst you which would be in opposition to theirs. The politics of Switzerland are necessarily allied to those of France."

As the Swiss deputies could not agree among themselves concerning the fundamental principles of the cantonal governments, Bonaparte called together five deputies of each party, Unitarian and Federalist. A conference took place between them and the First Consul, on the 28th of January,

which lasted from one till eight o'clock. On this occasion Bonaparte again spoke the language of a friendly and sincere mediator. The Unitarian party wanted to interfere with the pure democracies of the little cantons; which was opposed by Bonaparte. "The re-establishment of pure democracy in the smaller cantons," said he, "is become the most suitable arrangements for them. These little democracies have been the cradle of your liberty; it is they that distinguish Switzerland from the rest of the world, and render your country so very interesting in the eyes of Europe. Without them, you would be like the rest of the Continent, you would bear no characteristic sign: mark well the importance of this: it is the peculiar features of your ancient democracies which make you appear unlike any of the modern states, and which thereby preclude the idea of confounding and incorporating you with the neighbouring countries.

"Those mountain democracies constitute real Switzerland, to which the cantons of the plain have been annexed at a later period.

"I know that the system of those little republics

has its inconveniences—that it does not perhaps stand the test of reason: but, after all, it has been established for centuries; it has originated in the nature of the country, the climate, the wants, the primitive habits, of the people; it suits the peculiarities of the soil; and we must not pretend to be right in spite of necessity. The institutions of the little cantons may be unreasonable, but they are established by long and still popular customs. When custom and reason are in opposition, the first generally carries the day.

"You wish to abolish or modify the Landsgemeinde, but then you must talk no longer of democracies or republics. A free people does not like to be deprived of its direct exercise of sovereignty; it does not know, or does not relish, those modern inventions of a representative system, which destroy the essential attributes of a republic. And besides, why would you deprive those shepherds of the only excitement they can have in their otherwise monotonous existence?

"With regard to the town cantons, or former aristocracies," he resumed, "every exclusive family-

privilege being abolished, the Members of the Great Council should be for life; subject, however, to the scrutiny of their conduct every two years. The qualifications of an elector should consist of his being a citizen of the canton, and being possessed of at least five hundred *Swiss francs* of property. No bachelor should vote before he is thirty years of age. The elections should be direct, and not through the electoral bodies. Each tribe or district should choose among the candidates of the other districts. The Little Council, or Executive, should be renewed by one-third every two years.

"In the new cantons, formerly subject to the old cantons, the social principle being more popular and democratic, the Members of the Great Council should not be for life. This ought to be the principal difference between the new cantons and the old ones. With regard to other details—the organization of the judicial system, etc.—these," observed the First Consul, "ought to be left to the legislature; the constitution is merely to determine the mode in which the laws are made. If

the constitution enters into too many details, it becomes liable, sooner or later, to be violated.

"With regard to the institution of the jury," he continued, "it might prove dangerous in times of political excitement; for then juries are apt to judge through passion: we, at least, find it so in France."

After discussing other matters, he proceeded to say:—"This mediation in your affairs has given me, I assure you, a great deal of trouble, and I hesitated long before I embarked in it. It is a difficult task for me to give constitutions to countries which I know but very imperfectly. Should my appearance on your stage prove unsuccessful, I should be hissed, which is a thing I do not like. But now, all Europe expects France to settle the affairs of Switzerland; for it is acknowledged by all Europe, that Switzerland, as well as Italy and Holland, are at the disposal of France."

In conclusion, Bonaparte observed—"that the attempt to unite Switzerland into one republic had completely failed; that a federal Diet, con-

sisting of deputies named by the various cantons, should assemble every year in one of the principal towns, and decide upon all matters which concern the whole confederation, as well as mediate in all differences between one canton and another; and that there should be no central directing canton; but that the Landamman of the canton where the diet meets for the year should transact all federal affairs."

The Act of Mediation being composed upon these principles, it was solemnly delivered by the First Consul (19th February 1803), to Citizen Barthélemy, who gave it afterwards to the Landamman of Switzerland for that year.

The Swiss deputies soon after returned home, when all the cantons sent addresses of thanks to the First Consul; and the new constitution being carried into effect, the few French troops which had entered Switzerland finally evacuated the country.

From that time until 1814, Switzerland enjoyed internal peace. There were at first some ebullitions among the peasantry, especially in the canton of Zurich, where some of the country people refused

to take the oath to the new constitution, and at last broke out into open revolt. They were, however, soon put down by the militia, and their leaders punished; and this was the last heaving of the revolutionary wave.

During the years of confusion that had passed over Switzerland, the peasantry had attempted to free themselves from the payment of tithes, ground rents, fines on alienation, and other manorial charges; for popular commotions generally assume, sooner or later, the shape of resistance to payment, whether just or unjust. None of the Swiss governments, however, whether aristocratic or democratic, would sanction such an infraction of social contracts; they authorised an equitable commutation, but nothing more; even the property of the convents was restored to them. The affairs of Switzerland remained pretty much in *statu quo*, though gradually improving, until the Allied Sovereigns, after the defeat of Bonaparte — no longer First Consul but Emperor — in 1814, confirmed all that was good, and remedied much that till then remained defective. They also restored

the canton of the Valais, which had been dissevered from the Confederation during the period of the Revolution, and annexed to France by Bonaparte, who had also taken Neufchâtel from Prussia, and given it to General Berthier. Suspicions latterly arose in the minds of some of the far-sighted Swiss, that their country would not be long permitted to retain its independence.

It must, however, be admitted, that Napoleon's mediation in the affairs of Switzerland was perhaps the most liberal act of his whole political life; it was certainly the one of which he observed the conditions most faithfully. During the eleven momentous years that followed it, in the midst of the gigantic wars of the Empire, he respected his own work — the independence of Switzerland. That little territory, surrounded by immense armies, rested in peace, amidst the din of battles and the crash of falling kingdoms. No foreign soldier stepped over its tranquil boundaries. It was the only remaining asylum on the Continent where individual security and freedom were still to be found.

The Swiss were the only people exempt from the tyrannical code of the conscription: they furnished, however, a body of sixteen thousand men to the French service, as they had done under the old monarchy; but it was raised and kept effective only by voluntary enlistment.

The sagacity and penetration that Bonaparte shewed in the advice he gave to the Swiss are most remarkable; and indeed, such were almost invariably the characteristics of his mind, to say nothing of his genius, where his own interests, or what he conceived to be such, did not fill him with passion and prejudice, hurling him into ambition's mad career, "wild as the wave." He who could weigh so well conflicting probabilities where others were concerned, was blind to them in his own case; so true is what Burns has strikingly expressed—

> "If self the wavering balance shake,
> 'Tis rarely right adjusted."

LETTER XXIX.

Berne.

My last letter gave you an account of the act of mediation effected by Bonaparte, which restored comparative tranquillity to Switzerland; and subsequent events have placed Berne in even a more palmy state than formerly, and it has resumed its prominent situation in the confederation of the Swiss Cantons. Berne is a large town, consisting of many streets of houses of the best description, and all appendages thereunto belonging. It stands high, and overlooks the river Aar, which flows nearly round it. The mountains of the Oberland, or Bernese Alps, as they are called, are seen at a distance, in one continued

chain—a magnificent array. The Museum contains a particularly fine animal and geological collection of the products of Switzerland. Amongst the former is the skin of the dog Barry, who saved the lives of fifteen persons on Mount St. Bernard. He is placed in a good position, as if still looking down for the purpose of rescuing more unhappy victims.

There are also a great many stuffed bears, of all sizes. That animal is here held in especial honour, from the city being supposed to have derived its name from one.

Two colossal-sized bears, admirably carved in stone, were the first objects I saw on entering this city, where there are also several living bears kept in a den. An old lady, not many years ago, left these said bears and their legitimate heirs for ever, a legacy of sixty thousand francs, which bequest her heirs-at-law thought proper to dispute. The cause of the bears was nevertheless so well pleaded in a court of justice, that they gained the suit, and are now in the enjoyment of their benefactress's bounty. There are a great

many old wooden fountains in the streets, surmounted by a single figure, each representing some Swiss hero. There are no vestiges in this country of the ex-deities of Olympus, who formerly ruled the minds of men, and still in a degree have influence over their imaginative powers. Jupiter himself would be, in the estimation of the Swiss, only a paltry fellow compared to William Tell; and Hercules, with his club and lion's skin, not thought of in comparison with Winkelreid and his "sheaf of spears." Not even Venus, wearing the cestus that when lent to Juno subdued Jove to matrimonial fondness, could hope for observation, whilst the Jungfrau was in view. It is possible, however, that her son, banished as he is from a politer and more money-loving world, may here take refuge in one of his favourite disguises, and as a rustic youth wander in these rougher climes, for we are told by good authority in such matters, that "Love tunes the shepherd's reed;" but I am only guessing, knowing nothing whatever of his proceedings since my younger days, and I hear that he does not now exercise

his vocation as he did formerly, which, to say the truth, was mischievously enough, *mais on a changé tout cela.*

We have often seen that youth represented as guiding the lion, but the bear, I presume, would not suffer him to touch his shaggy coat; he must "bewar the bear" (as he does other rude animals), according to the Baron of Bradwardine's motto, who, I suppose, in former times derived his arms and device from this ancient city. In the centre of the principal street stands an antique watch-tower, surmounted by a clock, on which these favourite animals are represented as performing various evolutions just previous to the striking of the hour; a cock also comes out, and crows and claps its wings; and in another part the day of the month is indicated, and the sign of the Zodiac in which the sun may happen to be. The machinery is doubtless very elaborate which imparts so much amusement and information.

Having sufficiently admired this wonderful clock, we went to the cathedral, in the square immediately

before which a fine equestrian statue is now erecting of the late brave General D'Erlach.

The principal front of the cathedral is very rich in fine sculpture, representing the Day of Judgment; there are also some very graceful single figures of a larger size, of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, all well preserved from injury by a slight iron railing in front, and a deep overhanging arch, which serves the purpose of an umbrella in protecting them from the weather. The tower is only half built. The architect of the church (whose father erected the celebrated one at Strasburg) fell from the tower while superintending its progress, and was killed, since which it has never been completed. A broken pillar is often employed for a monument; here the unfinished tower answers the same purpose, and many a tomb might be adorned with memorials equally significant of baffled hopes and disappointed expectations, if the truth were told on monuments. On entering the church we were struck by some particularly fine painted glass windows of large dimensions. One of them was destroyed by

a storm, and could not be replaced so as to accord well with the others. A curtain hangs over the space it occupied, like that I have heard described at Venice, where a similar substitute fills the place of a guilty Doge. The cathedral was built in the fourteenth century, and was destined for the purposes of the Roman Catholic worship, which has been superseded by the Reformed religion. All the rich appendages belonging to the former, excepting a fine organ, have been removed; the side chapels, of which there are several, are unused and unornamented by altars, statues, and paintings; and the whole has the dreary unfurnished look of a mansion when the family are absent from home. In one of the side aisles are tablets of black marble, containing the names of all the officers and soldiers who fell fighting against the French in 1798; there is also a monument erected to the Avoyer of the same period, Monsieur Steiger, who joined General D'Erlach in remonstrating against the vacillating conduct of the Council of Berne, and finding all representations unavailing, resigned his office, and though seventy

years old, followed the disastrous fortunes of his friend, whom he never left again until they were constrained to seek refuge in flight. Steiger survived, having accidentally taken a different path on the evening D'Erlach was murdered. A cousin of mine married his grandaughter, a Miss Steiger, who has unfortunately become a widow. She resides near Berne, but being just now at the baths of Blumenstein with her family, we went there to see them. They are staying at a very large hotel, for the benefit of the waters, which are of a strongly tonic kind; and although the place is most rural and sequestered, they are greatly resorted to by the higher and lower classes, and ample accommodation for as many as three hundred visitors is found under the same roof, without the different grades in the least interfering with each other. There are immense suites of apartments, perfectly distinct; large open balconies, one over another, go along the sides of the house; the baths are in proportionate numbers to the visitors, and all suitably arranged.

We passed the evening with Madame P. and her charming family, in their private sitting-room. When we had long conversed on topics of mutual interest, she joined her son and daughters in singing Swiss and German airs. Their musical talents are very great; and a more pleasing, lovely, and accomplished group of young persons, I never met.

I grieve that the connecting link between us was suddenly snapped asunder, and that my amiable cousin was so early removed from a scene of great domestic happiness, which Cowper says, is "the only bliss that has survived the Fall."

We bid adieu with many kind feelings to our Swiss relatives.

* * * * *

Before leaving Berne yesterday, we took a delightful walk on some old fortifications that have been judiciously planted and converted into promenades. The banks of the Aar, which they overlook, are highly picturesque, and the Alps

form a back-ground of the grandest possible description. We watched the clouds dispersing and disclosing their sublime forms with enthusiastic delight and admiration.

As we retraced our steps, we passed by a small church, near the arsenal, used in common by the Roman Catholics and the French Protestants. The former commence their service on Sundays at eight o'clock, and at ten it is ready for the descendants of the Huguenots to perform theirs. The latter draw a green curtain across that portion which is not adapted to their use. Would that all religious animosities were made a sacrifice of on the same altar of the living God, who desireth that none may perish, but that all should be saved through Him who is "the way, and the truth, and the life." The many "ills that flesh is heir to," are surely enough for poor weak man to encounter, and demand his best powers to alleviate, instead of aggravating them by strife, contention, and bitterness.

It is gratifying to remark that this amicable proceeding between two differing religious parties

occurs in a Protestant church and town where all authority is invested in the hands of Protestants. It is impossible not to wish that the same spirit was more generally manifested, and that others would "do likewise."

LETTER XXX.

Freybourg.

Soon after we left Berne we were made aware of our being near to Laupen, by our postilions flourishing their whips with an air of exultation, saying, "that is Laupen!" pointing to an old fortress having some warlike appendages. You may recollect I told you of a victory gained there over the Austrians in 1339; and, though five centuries have passed, the Swiss of the present day feel much the same enthusiasm on the subject as their ancestors probably did when the victory was a recent event.

Sir James Mackintosh alludes to their undecaying patriotism as a most interesting trait in their

national character. After visiting Tell's chapel, he remarked, "Perhaps neither Greece nor Rome would have had such power over me. They are dead. The present inhabitants are a new race, who regard, with little or no feeling, the memorials of former ages. . . . . The inhabitants of Thermopylæ or Marathon know no more of these famous spots than that they are so many feet of square earth. England is too extensive a country to make Runnymede an object of national affection. In countries of industry and wealth, the stream of events sweeps away these old remembrances. The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue: Grütli and Tell's chapel are as much reverenced by the Alpine peasants, as Mecca by a devout Mussulman." And not only are Grütli and Tell's chapel revered by the Swiss of the present day, but every field is likewise honoured where their ancestors fought for the cause of liberty.

We were about four hours in going from Berne to Freybourg. Our road lay amongst

scenery that reminded me very much of the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells; very charming, hilly, and cultivated, with the important addition of the Bernese Alps being in view, when the clouds permitted us to see them. We stopped at the hotel Zähringen, so called after the founder of Freybourg, Berthold, fourth Count of Zähringen. This free city, alias Freybourg, was built by him in 1178, on a steep hill on the river Saane, as a stronghold, and place of security for the freemen and others of the surrounding country against their more powerful neighbours. It is a remarkable fact, that after the lapse of six centuries and a half, Freybourg has retained, until our own time, the characteristic spirit of its first founders, being the most aristocratic city in Switzerland. The diversity of language, originating in its being founded by Burgundians and German settlers, has also been maintained. In one part of the town French is spoken, and in the other German. At present this difference is fast wearing away, and the German language is becoming general.

On approaching Freybourg, I was strongly reminded of Clifton near Bristol, in the quarter where the great suspension-bridge has been lately erected. This bridge is much higher and longer than the Menai bridge; instead of such thick iron bars as are used in that, there are one thousand and fifty supporters, composed of several pieces of wire, which being bound together, are of equal strength, though not of half the size. It appears incredible that such slender support, as these look alone capable of giving, should sustain such an immense weight; but ample trial has proved them to be quite sufficient for their intended purpose. This bridge was erected by an architect of Lyons, and we were told it cost only twenty-five thousand pounds; the Menai bridge is said to have cost five hundred thousand pounds. Besides the architect, there was only one person employed who was not a native of Freybourg.

After dinner we went to the cathedral, the entrance-door of which is placed in a deep archway surrounded by very fine sculpture, like that of Rheims, but of much smaller dimensions. The

organ is said to be one of the finest in the world; it sent forth sounds that might be mistaken for peals of thunder, at the same time that there was an accompaniment of the softest sweetest music possible—like "blasts from hell, and airs from heaven." The piece performed was from "Der Freischütz."

The town is still surrounded by old walls, having towers placed at intervals, which are highly picturesque; the walls are covered in with a roofing of red tiles: on the side next the town, there are openings in them; but on the outer side, there are only loopholes, made to admit of the besieged discharging their arrows, or thrusting out their halberds, which latter are most potent weapons, being a sort of combination of a spear, axe, and sword.

The walls and towers are in wonderfully good preservation: they are said to have been erected when the city was founded, nearly seven hundred years ago. One of the gates leading from these walls is called the Gate of Morat; and, not far from thence, an elevated spot is distinguished by

a very ancient lime tree, of which an interesting anecdote is related. Morat is about ten miles from Freybourg; and on the day the memorable battle occurred there, a young man ran from thence, bleeding and exhausted; he was just able to pronounce the word "Victory!" and expired. A branch of a lime tree which he held in his hand was planted on the spot where he fell; it became in due time a large tree, and has been viewed with the most lively emotions by succeeding generations. It is now old and decaying, but not unhonoured; it is still looked upon with tender regard; and its aged limbs are supported by four stone pillars, besides being surrounded by a railing, on which notices are placed, in French and German, that a severe fine will be exacted if the smallest injury is done to any part of the tree, or to the railing placed for its protection.

If the inhabitants of Freybourg believed that the spirit of the hero who brought them the joyful tidings of victory had passed into the branch he bore in his hand, they could not

regard the tree it became with deeper homage; and, probably, undying thoughts of him will survive even this long enduring and cherished memorial.

LETTER XXXI.

Morat.

We had only gone a few miles from Freybourg, when we saw the town and castle of Morat; under whose walls was fought a battle so remarkable in Swiss annals, that I will give you some account of it.

Sigismund, Duke of Austria, having, like several of his predecessors of the house of Habsburg, sustained various defeats at the hands of the Swiss, thought it best to cut the connexion; and he concluded a peace with them in 1468, when he made a solemn cession of all his rights over Thurgau, in favour of the Cantons. But resentment still rankled in his heart, and he thought of raising against the Swiss a new and formidable enemy. He went to the court of Charles, Duke

of Burgundy, and mortgaged to him the districts of Suntgau, Brisgau, part of Alsace, and the four Forest towns; over which Charles appointed, as governor, Peter of Hagenbach, a declared enemy of the Swiss, who encouraged his subalterns in every species of vexation against the citizens of the Cantons and their allies.

I dare say you will recollect having already made some acquaintance with Hagenbach, in the beautiful tale of "Anne of Geierstein." His master, Charles the Rash, as he has been styled, was perhaps the most powerful prince of his time in Christian Europe. His dominions extended from the Jura and the banks of the Rhine to the Sea of Holland. He had driven René, Duke of Lorraine, from his territory; Franche Comté, Burgundy, Alsace, Lorraine, Picardy, and Flanders, were subject to his sway; and he had threatened Louis XI. under the very walls of Paris. Brave and skilful in war as well as in affairs of state, but irritable and impatient of contradiction, he became, through the violence of his temper, the cause of his own ruin. He looked with an evil

eye upon the prosperity and growing importance of the Swiss commonwealths in his neighbourhood; and paying no attention to the remonstrances of the Cantons, and especially of Berne, against the vexations of his governors, he treated with insolent contempt a solemn deputation sent to him by the Bernese senate.

Louis XI., a bad but shrewd monarch, watched with satisfaction the approaching rupture between his bitterest enemy and the Swiss; whose valour his own experience—when he had attacked them at Basle, at the head of the Armagnacs—enabled him to estimate. He flattered the Cantons, sent gold chains to their leading councillors, and at last concluded an alliance with them in 1474, by which he promised each of the Eight Cantons two thousand francs a-year, besides twenty thousand guilders for the expenses of the war.

The Emperor Frederic III. was not on good terms with Charles; whose request, to constitute Burgundy and Belgium into a kingdom, the Emperor had refused. Sigismund of Austria had been disappointed in his hope of marrying Mary,

Charles's only child; and he repented of having pledged to him so many fine districts, whose inhabitants were cruelly persecuted by Hagenbach, Charles's bailiff. Sigismund offered to redeem them; but, his proposal being peremptorily rejected, at the instigation of the King of France, he concluded a treaty with the Cantons, which was styled *the hereditary union with the house of Austria;* by which the latter acknowledged and guaranteed for ever the actual possessions of the Swiss, and the Cantons on their side guaranteed Sigismund's dominions.

Charles, having had information of these negotiations, sent messengers to the Cantons, to say—that he wished to remain at peace with them; that he would make inquiries about the conduct of his bailiffs, and of Hagenbach in particular; and would prevent any future annoyance being offered to the Cantons; as he had taken in mortgage the districts on the Rhine from Sigismund of Austria, at the personal request of the latter, and not with any hostile views against the Swiss.

The Cantons of the Waldstätten, as well as

Lucerne and Zug, received the declaration of Charles's ambassadors with every mark of gratitude and friendship for their master. But Berne and Soleure, who had suffered most from his agents, were not so easily satisfied. They complained chiefly of Hagenbach, and of the continual vexations he offered to their allies of Basle, Strasburg, and Mulhausen. It is ascertained by the Memoirs of Philip de Comines, Charles's secretary, that he was only endeavouring to gain time, in order to complete his preparations for war.

Hagenbach, knowing his master's dispositions, redoubled his acts of oppression. He styled the burghers of the free towns *Villains;* and one of his familiar expressions was—"By Heaven, you villains, we will make you pass under the yoke!" But having entered, with a small retinue, the town of Brisach, near Basle, to effect some new act of violence, the inhabitants took him prisoner. Sigismund assembled a criminal court, in May 1474, to try him, at which deputies from the Swiss Cantons attended. Hagenbach was condemned to death, and beheaded. You no doubt

recollect the striking account given of this tragical event in the aforesaid "Anne of Geierstein."

Charles, irritated by the news of the death of his favourite, declared war against the Duke of Austria. He wished at the same time to pacify the Cantons, in order to prevent them from assisting Sigismund. But deputies of the towns of Alsace, which were in alliance with the Swiss, came to demand protection from the Confederation; and a Diet was accordingly assembled at Lucerne in August. The councils of Berne were then directed by the Avoyer Diesbach, an eloquent and enterprising old man, who had succeeded in removing from the government Hadrian of Bubenburg, and others who were favourable to Burgundy; and he prevailed on the Diet to declare war against Charles.

The troops of the Confederation began the campaign in October, with eighteen thousand men; and crossing the Jura, took Pontarlier and other places. They invaded, at the same time, the Pays de Vaud, whose nobility had sided with Charles; and took possession of Grandson, Orbe, and

Morat, and committed great devastations in those districts.

The Duchess of Savoy, notwithstanding her promise to remain neutral, allowed her vassals, and among others her relative, James of Savoy, Baron de Vaud, to recruit troops for the service of Charles.

He, meantime, having made his peace with the King of France, and also with the Emperor, in 1745, turned all his vengeance against the league of the Cantons. He crossed the Jura with sixty thousand men, in the year 1746, and began the siege of Grandson, where the Swiss had placed a small garrison. The Swiss defended themselves bravely against the repeated attacks of the Burgundian troops. Charles, indignant at having lost ten days before this insignificant fortress, threatened to hang all the Swiss that were in the place. The commander and some of his men, seeing no prospect of being relieved, became intimidated, and listened readily to the suggestions of a Burgundian knight, who promised them, on the part of the Duke, a safe conduct, if they gave up the place.

The garrison accepted the offer, made a present

of one hundred florins to the mediator, and came out.

But the Duke caused them to be seized and stripped of their clothes; and some of them he condemned to be hanged on the trees, and the rest drowned in the lake, to the number of four hundred and fifty men. The Duke was instigated, it is said, to this act of cruelty by the Count of Romont, and several other noblemen of the country around, who had a grudge against the Swiss. Horror and rage seized the Confederates, who had assembled at Neufchâtel, at the news of this atrocious deed: they marched immediately, to the number of twenty thousand, upon Grandson. Their advanced guard, composed of the men of Schwytz and of the Bernese Oberland, issued at the break of day of the 3d of March 1746, from among the vineyards near the banks of the lake, and in sight of Grandson. Charles hurried out of his entrenched camp, with only part of his army, to attack the Swiss. The troops of Berne, Freybourg, Soleure, and Schwytz, who were in advance of the rest, knelt down, according to their custom,

to implore the favour of God upon their cause. Unlike the fabled giant of old, who renewed his powers on touching the earth, the Swiss resorted to heaven for strength in the hour of battle. Charles's soldiers seeing them engaged in prayer, imagined they were begging for mercy from their fellow men, and sent forth shouts of triumph. But they were soon undeceived. The Swiss having ended their supplications to the throne of the Most High, arose, — resolved to live or die free men; they formed themselves into a square, having the spearmen in the first rank. The cavalry of Burgundy charged them repeatedly, but without effect; and at the third charge their commander, the Lord of Chateauguion, was killed, with many other noblemen.

At the same time another body of the Confederates appeared on the hills, their arms shining in the noon-day sun. The banners of Zurich and Schaffhausen were seen, and the horns of Uri and Unterwalden sounded the charge. Duke Charles, who had fancied that the main body of the Swiss consisted of the square battalion before

him, inquired what new troops those were on the hills. "They are the men before whom Austria has fled," answered the Baron of Stein. "Woe to us then!" exclaimed Charles, "a handful of men has kept us at bay till now,—what will become of us, when the rest join them?"

He ordered his advanced guard to fall back on the main body of his army. The vanguard, mistaking this movement for a flight, ran in confusion towards their camp. The Swiss followed them close, and drove them, as was said by an eye-witness, "like a herd of cattle." They then took possession of the camp, in which they found more than a million of florins in precious metals, and other valuables. We saw at the Museum at Berne, Charles's magnificent "Prie Dieu" (a Prayer Book), which was taken on that occasion, the cover of the illuminated vellum leaves of which is composed of highly wrought gold and silver studded with jewels, and also some of his splendid tent hangings. These intimate pretty plainly, that although he was a brave soldier, he did not even in his camp dispense with luxuries.

A remarkably large diamond which he possessed, was found by a Swiss soldier, who sold it for a few florins to a priest; it was afterwards purchased by some Genoese merchants for seven thousand florins, and sold to Pope Julius II. for twenty thousand ducats; and it became the principal ornament of the Papal triple crown, and probably so continues, unless Bonaparte thought that it better suited the crown of an emperor. But to return to my narrative: Charles soon collected his army again; while the Confederates, as usual with them, seeing no enemy in the field, retraced their steps homewards.

In the month of May, the Duke of Burgundy advanced again by Lausanne towards Morat, which place was defended by Bubenberg of Berne, with a garrison of one thousand five hundred men. He was determined to avoid a repetition of the catastrophe of Grandson; and he administered an oath to his soldiers, that they would run through the body any one, without distinction of rank, who should exhibit any sign of pusillanimity or irresolution. Morat was battered, and a breach effected,

but at the assault the troops of Burgundy were repulsed. The Confederates, meantime, hastily assembled their contingents, and those of their allies, which when united, formed altogether an army of thirty thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, about one-half of the number of the Duke's forces. Many noblemen of high rank joined the Swiss; among others, the Count of Gruyère, René Duke of Lorraine, etc. etc. John Waldmann, with five thousand men from Zurich, entered Berne on the evening before the battle: the streets of the city were lighted up, and tables were spread before the houses, with refreshments for the soldiers, upon whom the citizens, both men and women, waited with the utmost alacrity; and one may imagine, that on this occasion, "there were some sudden partings, such as press the life from out young hearts, and choking sighs which ne'er might be repeated." After a short rest, the Zurichers continued their march towards Morat.

Next morning, 22d June, the anniversary of the victory of Laupen, the Swiss came in sight of

the enemy's camp. Duke Charles had drawn his army in long lines from the shores of the Lake of Morat to the hills on his right. The sky was overcast and the rain fell in torrents. The Swiss, on arriving in presence of the enemy halted, and knelt down to pray: at this moment the sun broke out from behind a cloud. John of Halweil, the commander of the advanced guard, waved his sword, crying out, "Confederates! God sends us the sun to shine on our victory!" It was now noon, and the Duke, thinking the Swiss had no intention of fighting on that day, ordered his troops back to the camp.

As soon as this movement began, the Confederates advanced upon the retiring battalions, and having taken some of the Duke's cannon, they turned them againust his own men. The fight now became general; the Duke's troops, taken between two fires, gave way, and fled in confusion. They were pursued by the cavalry as far as Avenches. The slaughter of the Burgundians was dreadful; the war cry of the Swiss was *Grandson!* and it excited their revenge. The

Duke seeing that all was lost, galloped off the field, followed only by thirty horsemen, and did not stop till he arrived at Morges, fourteen leagues distant from Morat. Fifteen thousand of his men lay dead on the field of battle, and above ten thousand found their death in the waters of the lake. The tents, baggage, and equipages of the Duke fell into the hands of the conquerors on this occasion.

Thus ended the war of Bungundy; one of the most glorious, as well as the most just, in which the Swiss were ever engaged.

The chapel, which was raised on the spot where the battle was fought, and where the scattered bones of the Burgundians were collected, was destroyed in the French invasion of 1798. A pyramid has since replaced it, by the side of the high road from Berne to Lausanne. The Swiss cherish all sorts of memorials of the deeds of their fathers.

LETTER XXXII.

Morat.

I concluded my last with an account of the decisive victory gained by the Swiss at Morat. Charles of Burgundy, after his defeat was still as restless and ambitious as ever; and in October 1476, he laid siege to the city of Nancy, the capital of the dominions of René Duke of Lorraine, who demanded in person assistance of the Sovereign Council of Berne, and he was allowed to enlist as many Swiss as he could. He collected eight thousand, under the command of John Waldmann, of Zurich; these men set out from Basle towards the end of December 1476, during a most severe winter, and they mainly contributed to the victory which René gained before Nancy on the 5th of

January 1477, in which Charles of Burgundy, being betrayed by the Count Campobasso, again lost the day, and was killed by his pursuers in a marsh, while trying to escape. He next entered Nancy not to be crowned as a conqueror, but to be entombed in one of the vaults of the cathedral; where I told you I saw his very simple monument, which I could hardly believe was his, as I had previously seen one most gorgeous, made apparently to contain his body at Bruges, his capital in Belgium, which is placed by the side of a similar splendid one, containing the remains of his amiable, gentle, and only daughter, Mary of Burgundy. She married the Archduke Maximilian, the eldest son of the Emperor, to whom she was fondly attached. She died young, in consequence of an accident she met with while riding on horseback; the son she left, became father to the Emperor Charles V.

The ciceroni of Bruges will by no means unnecessarily reveal the fact, that the body of the last Duke of Burgundy, their sovereign, was deposited at the cathedral of Nancy after his

inglorious defeat; to effect which, the Swiss would not have lent their powerful assistance, had he not treated them with harshness and scorn: he provoked the fate which befel him.

The great success that had attended the arms of the Swiss was not wholly without some ill consequences to themselves. Bands of idle, dissipated young men went about the country armed, living merrily as long as their share of the booty acquired in the war with Burgundy lasted, and afterwards proceeded to the different towns concerned, asking for more. Disorders broke out in different quarters; at length, a general Congress of all the Confederates was convoked at Stanz, in the Unterwalden, in 1481, to regulate, among other things, the fair distribution of the Burgundian plunder, and to decide on the admission of Freybourg and Soleure into the Confederation.

The deputies of the Forest Cantons broke out into violent upbraidings and threatening against the towns; the latter, and Lucerne in particular, complained bitterly of the encouragement given by the Four Cantons to the dissatisfied peasantry;

from recrimination, the deputies were on the point of coming to blows. The Confederation was threatened with dissolution.

There lived in that time, in the solitudes of Obwalden, a pious hermit, called Nicholas Lœuenbrugger, but better known by the name of Nicholas von Flue, from a rock near which his dwelling stood. He had fought, in his youth, the battles of his country; and had made himself conspicuous by his bravery and humanity. Having returned home, he took an aversion to all worldly things, and determined to consecrate the remainder of his life to prayer and meditation. He took leave of his assembled relatives, and embracing for the last time his wife, by whom he had several children, he left her the whole possession of his patrimonial estate; and assuming the coarse garb of a hermit, took up his lonely abode in a cell on a mountain, with bare boards for his bed, and there spent his life amid fasting and prayer. Once a month only was he seen, when he went to receive the sacrament at church. He had lived many years

in this manner, and the reputation of his sanctity was great in the whole Waldstätten.

The report of the fatal discord arisen among the Confederates penetrated into his cell; and feeling the heart of a citizen—or rather, I should say, patriot—again throb in his bosom, he quitted his solitude; and repairing to Stanz, suddenly appeared in the hall where the angry Confederates were assembled. His tall emaciated form; his mild and pale but still handsome countenance, beaming with love and charity towards all men, struck awe among the rude debaters. They all rose instinctively at his entrance. He spoke to them words of peace; and, with the dignity of an apostle of truth, he entreated them—in the name of that God who had so often granted victory to the generous efforts of their fathers and forefathers, when fighting in a just cause, and who had blessed their country with independence—not to risk now all the blessings they enjoyed by a vile covetousness or mad ambition, not to let the fair fame of the Confederation be stained by the report of their intestine broils.

"You Towns," added he, "renounce partial alliances among yourselves, which excite the jealousy and suspicion of your elder Confederates; and you people of Waldstätten, remember the days in which Freybourg and Soleure fought by your side, and receive them in your common bond of alliance. But Confederates all, I conjure you! do not widen too much the hedge which encloses you; do not mix in foreign quarrels; do not listen to intrigue, or accept the price of bribery and treachery against your common land."

This simple but forcible appeal of a man who seemed hardly to belong to this world, and who had no personal interest to gratify, except the love of his countrymen, made a deep impression on the assembly. In the following hour, all their differences were settled.

On the same day, 22d December 1481, Soleure and Freybourg were received into the Swiss Confederation, under the conditions that they should not engage in any war, or form any alliance, without the consent of the eight old Cantons;

and that they should submit to the arbitration of the latter, in case of disputes arising between them and another Canton.

After this, the Assembly proceeded to frame a convention upon other debateable matters; about which it also requested the advice of Nicholas von Flue. This was called *The Convention of Stanz.*

All matters being satisfactorily adjusted, Nicholas von Flue returned to bury himself in his solitary cell, and every deputy repaired to his respective canton. Rejoicings were made all over the country; and the bells of every church, from the Jura to the Alps, announced the joyful tidings of peace.

From this period, the alliance of the Swiss was sought by the different powers of Europe, when engaged in war; and large contingents of their troops were at different times mixed up in the long-continued desolating wars of the Milanese. On one occasion, Ludovico Sforza had sixteen thousand of them in his service; and Louis XII. of France had also about the same number.

The Swiss Confederation, whose authority was at all times admitted to be paramount to every other by their countrymen, finding they were to be opposed to each other in battle, sent orders to them on both sides to lay down their arms. The French envoy bribed the courier who was entrusted with the order for the Swiss in the French camp, and he delayed several days on the road. The other courier having arrived at the quarters of the Swiss in the Duke of Milan's pay, they obeyed the orders. The French commanders, in the meantime, attacked Novara; which Sforza being unable to defend, as his Swiss had forsaken him, he was taken prisoner, with all his adherents.

In the subsequent wars of Francis I. in Italy, Swiss auxiliary troops fought in his ranks in several actions, especially at the battle of Pavia, in 1525; in which the king was made prisoner, and the Swiss lost no less than seven thousand men. Heavy and repeated losses gave them at last a distaste for those disastrous Italian wars, where they could gain nothing but a barren

reputation of mercenary valour. Their fidelity to their employers at all times was so fully recognised, that the French kings habitually had at their palace a Swiss guard. These suffered themselves to be cut to pieces, in defending the Tuileries against the assaults of a ferocious and overwhelming mob in 1792, as I have already mentioned.

I do not know whether Louis Philippe reposes in such confidence on the love of his subjects that he dispenses with foreign guards; it is probable, I think, that, for the sake of acquiescing in old customs, he allows them to continue, at least as an appendage of state, if not for any other purpose. The Pope certainly adheres to this ancient practice: he has one hundred Swiss guards in his pay. I have conversed with some of them in the Vatican—they are usually men from the Waldstätten—and I think they must, even more than the Doge of Venice in the Louvre, or a lion in our Zoological Gardens, feel surprised to find themselves in such altered circumstances. I spoke to a young man dressed in blue, scarlet,

and yellow—their costume in point of colours is like that with which Nature clothes some of her tropical birds: he was pacing the marble floor; precious remains of ancient Rome were around him; I mentioned Switzerland; his eyes darted fire, but in a moment they were suffused with tears—"they were with his heart, and that was far away:" he said, stifling his emotion, "I shall go home to Schwytz in March!"

LETTER XXXIII.

Lausanne.

Our anxiety to receive letters from home awaiting us here prevented our visiting the Castle and Lake of Morat; so straining our eyes from the carriage-windows, we had a distant view of both. We reached before breakfast a small town called Payerne, where the only thing interesting to be seen is the exterior of a very ancient church and convent, now appropriated to other than their original purposes. They were erected by Bertha, the wife of Rudolph II., King of Burgundy. She governed the dominions of her son Conrad, during his minority, with great ability, and exercised much benevolence towards her subjects. The Burgundians had been called in by

the Romans, in the decline of the Empire, as mercenary troops: they made a settlement in a part of France and Switzerland, as well as in Belgium, and they founded a powerful dynasty. The first line of sovereigns being extinct, John, King of France, of the house of Valois, gave one of his sons the Duchy of Burgundy, from whom Charles the Rash (whose defeat at Morat I have just mentioned) was descended. Queen Bertha preceded him by some centuries; she was buried at Payerne. Whether in the removal of her tomb from the ancient church to a more modern one, in which it now stands, it suffered injury, or from some other cause, I cannot tell, but it is covered with a modern white marble slab, that records in beautiful language her many virtues. While the Latin inscription was undergoing translation for me, by your papa, I was reminded of Isabella of Castile, whose admirable qualities as a sovereign were equalled by her virtues in private life. Like Bertha too, she was a good horsewoman. We were shewn a most awful-looking and monstrous saddle of her Burgundian majesty, on which there

was no provision made for her sitting as ladies do at present; and yet she was not—any more than Isabella, who we are told made her royal husband Ferdinand's shirts—unused to feminine occupations, for in this identical saddle, a space is pointed out appropriated to the holding of her distaff! She spun whilst riding, as the Welsh women knit. I have often seen them thus doubly employed in the Principality; but whether Queen Bertha, like another Omphale, prevailed on any favoured Hercules to take a turn at the distaff, the aforesaid Latin inscription does not mention.

After breakfasting, and commenting sufficiently on Queen Bertha's saddle, we proceeded on our route, and it was not until we arrived within a few miles of Lausanne that I could, from ocular observation, tell that I was not travelling in a pretty, hilly, well-wooded part of England. I could perceive no difference, but that here the meadows are covered with the autumnal crocus, which plant, I think, must be a cousin-german to the mushroom species, for the constant cutting

of the grass does not impede the immediate re-appearance of the flowers.

We are arrived at Lausanne, the capital of the Canton de Vaud. Our hotel Gibbon commands a full view of the magnificent lake Leman, from which we are distant rather more than half a mile, the intervening space is covered with vineyards, trees, and handsome villas. The nearest hills on the opposite side are highly cultivated, and in their rear, an entire range of the mountains of Savoy bound the horizon: towards the head of the lake, where the Rhone flows into it, they rise like gigantic ramparts; but in front of us, there is a long continued varied outline of soft, blue, distant mountains—looking upon which, produced on my mind somewhat the same effects as listening to harmonious sounds. I am deeply impressed with the beauty of the scene; still I do not think it in point of beauty to be compared to the lake of Lucerne. I believe that lake will always remain imprinted on my mind as unrivalled.

We have been to the cathedral, which does not possess a great deal to attest its undoubted anti-

quity. I perceive also in this Reformed church the *not at home* air of the absent family, that I remarked at Berne. It contains only one fine painted glass (round) window. There are several monuments of old bishops, who would no doubt withdraw from such unholy ground as a Protestant church, if they could travel like St. Cuthbert, in a stone coffin—as we read of his having done, in Marmion. There is also the monument of Pope Felix V., who was called by Voltaire, "Le bizarre Amedée." He was the eighth Count of Savoy: he purchased the rights of the last Counts of Genevois, and obtained an investiture of the same in 1417, as well as the title of Duke of Savoy from the Emperor. He resigned all these dignities, and ended his days as a monk in the convent of Ripaille, on the opposite side of the lake. This last act of his will remind you of the Emperor Charles V., that ambitious sovereign, who withdrew from all his conquests and aggrandisements, from the government of dominions on which the sun never set, to the seclusion of the cloister. Those persons who attain the heights of human

greatness, are, no doubt, often disappointed in finding that this world and the glories of it cannot confer happiness; and it is not wonderful that they should turn in heart and soul (though they do not assume the hermit's garb) to that world where indeed the sun of the righteous never sets.

There are some very nice public terraces here, overlooking the lake, and everybody goes to see a private one adjoining our hotel, that formerly belonged to Gibbon, leading to the summer-house in which he wrote the last pages of his celebrated History. I have no respect for the man: he was a cold-hearted, vain, selfish being, who did his best to poison the pure stream of knowledge, by an infusion of the deadly nightshade of infidelity.

We walked on the delightful terrace trellised with flowers, and commanding a view of the lake which he mentions in his Letters—at the same time that he describes the cheerful intelligent society from which he derived so much enjoyment (not purchased by great expenditure of money),

and rendered compatible with health, and all other pursuits, by the early hours which were the fashion in Lausanne in his day. Conversation, "le sel de tous les plaisirs," was more valued formerly than the *spectacle,* which now, in my opinion, usurps the place of better things: but we cannot have all the advantages belonging to one state of society, whilst we are partaking of such as arise out of another; and we of the present time have certainly no reason to complain that our means of enjoyment are small or few—especially English ladies, whose stately grandmammas seldom moved beyond the precincts of the family mansion, where, superintending the condiments prepared by the housekeeper, according to long established and approved receipts, written in a neat Italian hand, in much prized books, that our shewy albums have superseded, and overlooking the exact keeping of the patterns and devices in the flower-garden, formed the business of their lives. How they would have deplored for the future the turn things have taken in this changing world, could they have foreseen their degenerate daughters abandon-

ing all such homely yet dignified pursuits; "and when pleasure grows dull in the east, just ordering their wings and being off to the west." I must use mine now, to repair to Vevay — so good-by!

LETTER XXXIV.

Vevay.

Our road from Lausanne to this place, lay through vineyards; but detestable stone walls for some distance intercepted our view of them; these, however, decreased as we proceeded, and the prospect in all respects improved as we approached Vevay. We arrived just in time to see a beautiful sun-set. The lake was of a deep blue, except where more refulgent colours fell from the illumined sky. On its mirror-like surface at a little distance was a small boat, that with its rowers looked of ebon darkness in the midst of a flood of light, into the inner regions of which it seemed entering as it pursued a path of rays westward. I remained riveted to the spot by the beauty of the surrounding objects, until darkness enveloped

all. In returning to the hotel I lost my way; the rest of our party had gone there before me; however, I was soon directed into the right road, and found them waiting for me at the tea-table.

This morning (Sunday) when the clock struck six I was sitting near the church, which is situated on a very steep hill, under the shade of a goodly line of wide-spreading chestnut trees, that grow on either side of a fine broad terrace walk, overlooking the lake and commanding a view of all the surrounding mountains.

Partial brightness was imparted to them by the rising sun; and most glorious was the scene: on the summit of one rocky mountain the light fell strongly, making it very much resemble the fortifications of Ehrinbreitstein near Coblentz. When the light became diffused, and more uniform colouring succeeded to the previous rich tints that had vanished, we left our elevated position (our observatory), and proceeded downwards until we reached the path by the side of the clear lake, then shining in reflected vividness, and as brightly blue as the canopy above us: and there we walked, listening

to its murmurs; that sweet peculiar sound belonging to gently moving water; the only murmurings, I believe, grateful to the ear besides those of doves; for others there are, not always of equally soothing and pleasing effect.

We sauntered on until we came to a little village called Tours; I suppose from two round towers; one is at the edge of the lake, and the other at a little distance, and both are connected by a high wall, in the centre of which is a door. On opening it, we perceived that a very good modern house has been built inside; we got a very civil reception from a servant who offered to shew it, his master, Monsieur Rigaud, being absent, together with his family, at Berne; he is attending the Diet, of which he is one of the deputies. We passed through several handsome rooms leading to the tower we had observed near the lake; on reaching it, we ascended a narrow staircase, not to a chamber of desolations, but to one well furnished and suitably to the period of its erection, six hundred years ago. There sat, at an old carved oak table, one who looked a living man of might

and war, dressed in a full suit of armour *cap-à-pié;* one mailed arm resting on the table, the other as if in the act of turning the pages of a vellum manuscript book, from the perusal of which, he had the air of being disturbed at our entrance. The light is admitted solely through painted glass windows, and the effect of the *tout ensemble,* for which I was unprepared, is quite startling. Under the helmet one perceives the haughty countenance of the wearer seeming to bid stern defiance to all intruders.

The face, which is well imagined and executed, is the only thing seen that did not belong to a veritable feudal lord. The gloves of mail cover the hands, which are in quite a natural position. At one side of the room stands a small altar; on it are candles ready to be lighted, the "Prie Dieu" open, all preparations made apparently for the haughty lord to humble himself before Him who says that He is no respecter of persons, though I suspect the barons of former days did not so read or understand His Word. Armour variously disposed in the apartment, and a rich embroidered

table-cover, form parts of the furniture; besides antique chairs and cabinets, that look as if they might have belonged to the ark, and the latter have been found convenient by Noah's wife for holding the family linen. The whole wears an entire air of uniformity. I exclaimed, "What a chamber this would have been for Abbotsford!"

After we had sufficiently admired it (and it was perfect in all its details), our guide invited us to ascend to a higher room of the same dimensions; and there sat another mail-clad personage, in an equally fine suit of armour. His apartment is quite as well, though not so richly, furnished as the other. He is also seated at a small table, on which are plates of massive silver, of elaborate workmanship. On that immediately before him is a large spoon; which, it occurs to me, has more signification than the very obvious one pertaining to this useful article. The Duke of Savoy and his nobles, on some occasion upon which the inhabitants of Geneva resisted their authority in 1527, declared they would beat them in pieces so small that they should be able to

eat them with a spoon, which accordingly they took for their badge, in proof of their undoubted purpose, and called themselves "the Knights of the Spoon." The Bernese sent John D'Erlach, at the head of a body of men, to assist the Genevese, who conquered those proud knights and their Duke, and razed their castles to the ground; but this knight of the spoon looks complacently unconscious of such reverses having happened to his order.

After paying due homage to the liege lords of the château, we went to the other tower. It merely consists of deep dark dungeons, into which wretched victims were thrown. There is no staircase, nor any window, in this stronghold of tyranny, on which we turned our backs, rejoicing that this, and many such, are no longer used for their original purposes, and now serve but "to point a moral, or adorn" a landscape or "a tale."

After breakfast we went to attend service in the church, near to which I had been sitting some hours before. The terrace was filled by persons

of the different classes, who were assembled awaiting the last toll of the bell.

We all entered together, and I never was present at a more interesting service. It was performed in French, and opened with the singing of a psalm, accompanied by a good organ. A chapter of the Old Testament was then read, and afterwards that impressive one of the 15th of the First Corinthians; prayers followed, of some length; and next was read, by order of the Swiss Diet, a most admirable address, enjoining the people at large throughout Switzerland, to keep the ensuing Sunday with peculiar solemnity and holiness, fasting and prayer, in testimony of the sense they entertain of the blessings conferred by Providence on them as a nation, as well as individually, which blessings were recapitulated—freedom, peace, the full enjoyment of the rights and reasonable wishes of man; education progressing to enlighten all; the arts derived from peace and industry spreading wide; crimes and their horrid train of sufferings decreasing; agriculture prospering; their fields and vineyards yielding abundance;

—*all* causes for deep thankfulness; but, the proclamation added, "il y a de bonnes choses que la main ne peut toucher, que les yeux ne peuvent voir —the soul of man and his spiritual welfare are of still higher concern, and vain are all the gifts and advantages he possesses belonging to this material world, if his heart is not right towards God, if *His* presence is not continually borne in mind, so effectually as to keep His servants in the paths of virtue and in the way of His commandments." I never heard any thing more sublime than this national appeal, of which I am only enabled to give the poorest and most meagre account possible from memory. It occupied about half an hour, and was well calculated to answer the desired purpose of awakening a people to a deep sense of the favours bestowed on them by the Almighty, and rendering them alive to their spiritual wants. In general, public addresses of a devotional character are put forth in seasons of distress, or of apprehended chastisement, and in a sort of regular routine language that does not arouse the inner man from its too lethargic

propensities. These latter having in our case been shaken off, *pro tempore* at least, we were all the better prepared for attending to one of the most eloquent and impressive sermons I ever heard delivered. The text was that awful one of "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," etc. etc.

Perhaps it is owing to early impressions having been made on my mind by the discourses of Masillon, of the admirable Bourdaloue, and others, that it strikes me the French language has the power, more forcibly than others, of contrasting the nothingness of this perishing state with the stupendous concerns of the future. The things of time and the pleasures thereof are presented, with the vividness of pictures, to our minds, as brittle fabrics of ice, dissolving when the sun of another world is about to dawn on our souls. As the preacher pronounced the words "la mort, le jugement, l'éternité," all belonging to this life seemed annihilated; and most touchingly did he describe the happiness of the soul that rests on

Christ, and on His propitiation for aid to enter by the strait gate and through the narrow way.

I have heard the justly celebrated M. Cocquerel, of the Oratoire at Paris, preach; and I think the preacher at Vevay, with more simplicity, is equally powerful. His earnest and devout manner, in the way of association, I suppose, brought to my mind the noble Huguenots, who endured for their holy faith sufferings that humanity shudders to dwell upon; and so charitable a temper did he put me in, that I thought with pity of their last persecutor, Louis XIV. When alluding to them, and all that he had inflicted, he said, with somewhat of an awakened conscience, on his death-bed, "If I have done wrong, I hope God will pardon me; for I was taught to believe I was promoting His glory and benefiting mankind." Alas! poor erring mortal! at that awful hour the reminiscences of the Grand Monarque were not enviable. Great excuses, however, may be made for him; he was surrounded by so many ready to flatter and deceive, whilst there were but few to tell him the truth. Fenelon, who would have

done so, he banished from his presence, with the same infelicitous selection—though differing in all other respects — that, it is said, our Charles I. interdicted the departure of Cromwell from England to America. The one drove from his presence the teacher whose counsels were fraught with heavenly wisdom, who would have led him into "a more excellent way," and into the paths of peace; the other detained, by the exercise of private and unreasonable authority, from seeking his fortune elsewhere, the bold Independent who mainly contributed to bring his sovereign to the scaffold.

The graves of two of the regicides who had assisted in that fearful deed lay before us, as we sat in the church at Vevay; Andrew Broughton, of Maidstone, in Kent, and Edward Ludlow, are both buried there. On the restoration of Charles II., they sought refuge in Switzerland. The old chronicler of Vevay, who pointed out their tombs, told us they had settled at Lausanne, and, together with some other Englishmen, were invited to a banquet, where an attempt was made by conspirators to assassinate them: two of their

companions were murdered, but they made their escape by water to Vevay, and there they were protected, and spent the remainder of their lives. Broughton was eighty-eight when he died, Ludlow was sixty-three. The latter passed fully half of his life in exile; a handsome black marble monument was erected to him by his wife Elizabeth Thomas.

The epitaph, after setting forth the sacrifices made by him for his country, concludes by informing us that she had been his companion in prosperity and adversity, and that the greatness of his soul and the tenderness of his affection suffered no abatement during the sad vicissitudes of his life; they were undiminished till death had overwhelmed her with grief for his loss.

A woman that is united to a man who gains honours and advancement in the world, has no merit for being a most loving and dutiful wife, whilst partaking of his distinctions; but she who follows, in exile, in disgrace, and poverty, her unfortunate husband, and cheers and solaces him with unchanging tenderness and affection through

long years of evil report and the abandonment of friends, *she* does honour to her sex, and entitles them to the beautiful encomium passed upon them by our "Ariosto of the North"—

> "O woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

LETTER XXXV.

Geneva.

THIS morning (Monday), we were before six o'clock in an open carriage, bound for the Castle of Chillon; *en route,* we saw the little village of Clarens—"sweet Clarens! the birthplace of deep love." It made me smile to observe, near the road, a finger-post to direct the stranger "au bosquet de Julie;" thus, this creature of the imagination is given in sober reality a local habitation, and the unlettered peasants doubtless believe that their soil was her veritable abode; in more poetic times, a fane would have risen "au bosquet de Julie," which is now, in this utilitarian age, converted into a potato field.

The high mountains—le Dent du Midi, Diablerie,

etc. etc.—at the termination of the east end of the lake, where the Rhone flows into it, were tinged with the rays of the yet unrisen sun. The towers of Chillon were before us, standing partly in the water; we soon entered them by means of a draw-bridge, and a very intelligent Frenchwoman came forth to be our guide. This was the principal castle possessed by the Sovereigns of Savoy in the Pays de Vaud; and, from being the strongest, was the last they held. It was built, not only for warlike purposes, but also for an occasional residence. Over the great entrance-door is an inscription in German, signifying that "whosoever goes in and out of these walls henceforth shall be free and under the protection of God:" this inscription was given its present prominent place when the Genevese, assisted by the brave Bernese, and D'Erlach at their head, threw off for ever the dominion of the house of Savoy, which had been acquiesced in until the severe exercise of power, and even of tyranny, could be endured no longer.

We were conducted to the Salle de Justice (so

called), where criminals, real or supposed, were tried. It is a large and handsome room, and close to it is the appendage of a smaller one, to which unhappy victims were transferred, and there some of the often-used apparatus for torture still remains; left, no doubt, by the conquerors, to remind their descendants of the evils from which they had been rescued, and to stimulate them to maintain their freedom.

There are some apartments shewn which the Counts, and afterwards the Dukes, of Savoy occasionally occupied. One of the former married the sister of Louis IX. of France, commonly called St. Louis; and on the ceilings and walls of some of the rooms which were inhabited by the royal pair, there are traces of the insignia of their respective families—a cross, that of Savoy, and the fleur-de-lis of France—combined with very rich decorations, especially in "la Salle de Reception," a handsome room, which is still scented with the musk used by the former owners; for some of whom it might, perhaps, be well, if their deeds rose before Heaven with as sweet

a smelling odour as there remains in their perfumed chamber.

From this apartment we descended to the dreary dungeon allotted to the Prior Bonnivard, who did not, it appears, in the duties of a churchman, lose sight of those of a good citizen. For six long years was he chained to a pillar in a subterranean building, which is very like the crypt of some of our great cathedrals, but more lofty; one side consists of the rock on which the castle stands, and the whole of this part is some feet below the level of the lake. The light is only admitted through narrow loopholes. Lord Byron's name is inscribed on the pillar to which the victim of oppression was bound, on whom he wrote the following beautiful lines—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a place
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard.—May none those marks efface;
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"

And probably, the noble poet would not have omitted to mention, had he known it, a touching

circumstance of which our guide informed us: she discovered it in her researches for the materials for writing the history of this castle, which she announced to us she shortly intends publishing.

A young man named Cotier, to whom Bonnivard had been extremely kind, took to heart his benefactor's imprisonment; and by making unceasing efforts, he contrived to be hired as a servant by the governor of the castle, the Count de Beaufort, who belonged to the same original stock from which our noble English family of Beaufort is descended. In the capacity of a servant, Cotier was entrusted so far as to be enabled to hold communication with Bonnivard; which being at length discovered, he was imprisoned in an adjoining cell. Walls of partition, now fallen down, ran from each pillar, and formed a series of narrow domiciles for the wretched. Cotier managed to cut through his iron chain; and having done so, joyfully assured Bonnivard that he would yet rescue him. The Prior tried to dissuade him from making the rash attempt, but in vain: he had full confidence in his power of swimming, and he

contrived to work his body through a loophole, which was pointed out to us; it is rather wider than the rest: he expected to fall into the water, of which he had no apprehension; but he was not aware of the great sharp rocks lying immediately beneath its surface, and on them he was dashed to pieces. Two months afterwards, the castle was taken and Bonnivard liberated; and doubtless, the joy of that event was clouded by the sad loss of his devoted follower.

Bonnivard, on his return to his old haunts, must have felt somewhat like Rip van Wynkle, who found himself in quite a different world on opening his eyes after a sleep of a century. During the six years of his last confinement—for he had been twice a prisoner—the Bishop of Roman Catholic Geneva, a temporal prince, exercising great authority in his twofold capacity, was banished; the episcopal see removed to Annecy, where it still exists; and John Calvin was holding forth in the pulpit against doctrines that his enthusiastic and admiring audience had previously maintained.

Truly this was a change so astounding, that I should not be surprised if the history the lady-warden of Chillon is writing, and which she says will include that of the Prior, should describe him to have been, on his emancipation, in the state I have heard of a hypochondriacal person whose only delusion was that he himself had died, and that he was not living in this present world: he asked a friend of mine, who told me the story, how long it was since he died, adding, "there is not the difference here I expected, for I find men just as great rogues and knaves in this world as they were in that which we have left."

What Bonnivard thought of mankind in the altered condition they were suddenly presented to him, and whether he found them knaves and rogues as before, will, I imagine, notwithstanding the lady's purposed history, remain matter of conjecture; but the change in other respects, could not have been displeasing to him, as he had avowedly favoured the doctrines of the Reformation, and thereby, in a twofold degree, incurred the wrath of the Duke of Savoy, from those doc-

trines being favourable to civil as well as religious liberty.

After sufficiently viewing the "double dungeon wall and wave hath made," we next visited the dreadful Oubliettes, and were shewn where a trap-door used to let down the unconscious victim, who stepped upon it in conformity to the orders given to approach an altar, surmounted by an image of the Virgin, and the instant he trod upon the treacherous floor, it gave way, and he sunk into never-ending darkness, as regards this world—the outer door closed, and he was heard of no more. Several remains of skeletons have been lately discovered in this dismal place.

The feudal times are very magnificent and poetic to read of, and no doubt the highest generosity and disinterestedness were often practised by individuals towards their equals; a small number were these, however, compared with the many who were in too frequent instances treated with indignity or cruelty. Irresponsible power is suited to God alone; so mixed are the elements of good and ill in our common nature, that it cannot for any long

time be safely entrusted to our fellow men. And how essentially opposed to Christianity, and therefore to human happiness, was the feudal system, which has sunk before it like the dark vapours of night before the glories of the risen sun!

In the "View of Society and Manners in Italy," by Doctor Moore, the first volume of which is lying on my table, he says in connexion with some of the horrid practices in ancient Rome, "Such, I am afraid is the nature of man, that if he has power without control, he will use it without justice; absolute power has a strong tendency to make good men bad, and never fails to make bad men worse." It was an observation of the late Mareschal Saxe, "that in all the contests between the army waggoners and their horses, the waggoners were in the wrong; which he imputed to their having absolute power over the horses. In the qualities of the head and heart, and in most other respects, he thought the men and horses on an equality."

Caprice is a vice of the temper, which increases faster than any other by indulgence; it often spoils

the best qualities of the heart, and in particular situations, degenerates into the most insufferable tyranny. The first appearance of it in young minds, ought to be opposed with firmness, and prevented from farther progress, otherwise our future attempts to arrest it may be fruitless, for

> "The evil every moment grows,
> And gains new strength and vigour as it goes."

But to resume my narrative. We left Fanny at Chillon, where she had her breakfast with Madame la Châtelaine, while we went and had ours a little farther on, at the great new "Hotel Byron," which fronts the lake, and has a view of a large expanse of water: high mountains are on one side, and on the other numberless villages, some of them built close to the water, and all having their church and spire, and generally an old chateau that speaks of bygone days; we had a prolonged view of this charming scene as we returned to Vevay, after taking Fanny up at Chillon, and from thence we came by the steam-packet to Geneva. The villages have many of them been Roman towns, and were afterwards

possessed by feudal lords, and now they enjoy the happiness of belonging to the Swiss Confederation.

The lake was of the brightest blue, such a colour as I could scarcely have imagined any "skiey influences" could impart; the nature of the soil through which the river flows that falls into the lake, is supposed to have a share in its deep turquoise hue, so that earth, as well as heaven, bears a part in contributing to the surpassingly beautiful colour of the water. Well might Voltaire exclaim, "Mon lac est le premier des lacs!" It is between fifty and sixty miles in length, and from six to eight in breadth; on one side is the range of Alps, on the other the beautiful banks varied by small indented bays, towns, vineyards, and gardens, backed by steep hills richly clothed with wood, excepting where rocks obtrude their craggy points.

We were about fifteen miles from the end of our voyage, when Mont Blanc came into view, and I thought of these lines of Byron,

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They have crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

The diadem was worn, but not the robe of clouds; all around was perfectly clear, and we saw the stupendous object to great advantage for about twenty minutes; as we passed on, it receded, and only a small part became visible, and on that we gazed until our attention was called off by the preparatory bustle of landing.

LETTER XXXVI.

Geneva.

HERE we are, arrived at Geneva, the capital of the smallest of all the cantons but Schwytz the "heart's core" of Switzerland. Voltaire, in reference to its size, said pleasantly, "quand je secoue ma perruque je poudre la Republique;" but, small as is the territory, it is, I believe, considered the intellectual capital of the country, and so many remarkable events have occurred here, that I shall resort to my travelling companion, Vieusseux's History, to enable me to select some notices, and give you a little account of it, with which I shall close my historical references.

It was only in the sixteenth century that Geneva became connected with the Swiss Confederation, of which it now constitutes an essential part.

Until that period Geneva had been chiefly governed by its sovereign bishop, who was a prince of the German empire.

The Counts of the Genevois, feudal lords of the empire, administered justice: by these two powers the burghers were peaceably governed, until the neighbouring house of Savoy, sprung from the Counts of Maurienne, aspired to extend its power over the city.

Amadeus V., Count of Savoy, had already, in 1285, formed an alliance with the citizens of Geneva, promising to defend their liberties against their bishop, who happened to be brother of the Count of Genevois. Amadeus was made *Vidomme (vice dominus)*, having jurisdiction in all civil causes, though subject to appeal. The Bishop agreed to this appointment, on condition that the Count should acknowledge himself as his vassal; but the vassal being more powerful than the lord, often forgot his allegiance, and even expelled the bishop's officers from the town. The power of the Counts of Savoy continued gradually to increase, until at length, in 1417, Amadeus VIII. purchased

from the collateral heirs of the last Count of Genevois, all their rights over the country, after which he obtained from the Emperor Sigismund the formal investiture of the same, as well as the title of Duke of Savoy. He also proposed to the Bishop of Geneva to give up to him his temporal rights as Prince of that city, and he obtained for the purpose a bull from Pope Martin V. authorising the bishop to give up his sovereignty, if so inclined. The Bishop, in compliance with his oath, asked the opinion of the assembly of the citizens, who answered that "they were determined as much as lay in their power, never to submit to any foreign dominion, but would remain under the government of the church and its prelate." Notwithstanding, the Dukes of Savoy continued to exercise much influence in the city, by contriving to have its bishops elected from individuals of their own house.

Charles III., Duke of Savoy, shewed himself especially disposed to encroach on the liberties of Geneva, and was favoured in his views by the Bishop, a weak unprincipled man. The citizens

becoming alarmed, turned their eyes towards the Swiss Cantons for protection, and formed an alliance with Berne and Freybourg. The city was divided into two parties; one for independence and the alliance with the Swiss styled themselves *Eidgenossen*, "bound by oath," in imitation of their confederates, and they gave their antagonists the name of Mamelouks.

About this time the doctrines of the Reformation began to spread rapidly in Geneva. Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor, was one of the first to preach in favour of a reformation in religion; but here a new difficulty arose. Freybourg, one of the two allied Cantons, intimated that if the Genevese abandoned their old faith, it would renounce their alliance; the magistrates therefore were cautious not to encourage the spreading of the reformed doctrines. Geneva meantime was reduced to the greatest extremities by the Savoyard nobles and the Knights of the Spoon; the citizens could not venture outside the walls; no provisions were allowed to come in, and they suffered the severest privations. At last, after repeated but

useless negotiations, Berne and Freybourg resolved, in 1530, to take the field and relieve their ally. A Bernese army of seven thousand men, under John D'Erlach, joined by two thousand from Freybourg, three thousand five hundred volunteers from other parts, and eighteen pieces of cannon, entered the Pays de Vaud, which they crossed without opposition, although they committed serious depredations on the subjects of the Duke, and arrived at Geneva on the 10th of October, having on their march taken and destroyed the castles of the Knights of the Spoon. These were Savoyard nobles in the neighbourhood of Geneva, who had taken this designation, having boasted that they would hew down the citizens, and cut them into small pieces, so as to be able to eat them with their spoons, and they wore accordingly a spoon as a badge of their confraternity. I mentioned casually, in a former letter, the Knights of the Spoon, but as they act so prominent a part in the affairs of Geneva, I do not scruple to repeat the same particulars, lest you may not bear them in mind.

The other Cantons and the Valais sent deputies to mediate a peace, and the treaty of St. Julien was the result. The Duke engaged, among other things, that, if he should be the first to attack the Genevese, he should forfeit the Pays de Vaud to Berne and Freybourg; the Prior Bonnivard, whom the Duke had kidnapped and confined in the dungeons of Chillon, was to be released; the Duke was to defray the expenses of the war, and pay an indemnity to Geneva; and, on the other hand, he was to appoint a Vidomme in the latter city, to administer justice. The Duke appointed this officer, but neglected to perform the other conditions of the treaty.

The preaching the doctrines of the Reformation by Farel, a zealous Frenchman (a native of Dauphiné), had formed two new parties in the city. The particulars of the angry strife and contentions that ensued, I will not enter upon, farther than to mention that after mutual provocations the Grand Vicar of the Bishop issued an order to burn all the Bibles in French or German. Berne resisted the mandate, and insisted on the public preaching

of the Gospel; and the Council being obliged to accede, Farel preached in the church of the Franciscan convent, and made numerous proselytes.

Freybourg (a strictly Roman Catholic canton), disapproving of these proceedings, the deputies declared, in presence of the Council of Geneva, in April 1534, that the alliance on their part was at an end, and they publicly tore the seals from off the treaty which they had brought with them.

Berne now remained the only ally of Geneva, and its influence became paramount. The Reformers, thus emboldened, kept no measures; they swept away the insignia of the Roman Catholic worship; many families emigrated; and the Bishop, who had retired to Gex, excommunicated the town.

The sovereign Council of Geneva then declared that the Bishop's authority was at an end, and his see vacant. The canons retired to Annecy, whither the see of Geneva was finally transferred. On the 10th of August 1543, the Great Council forbade the mass *till further orders*. Another edict enjoined that God should be worshipped according

to the Gospel, etc. The Roman Catholic party in the town dwindled to nothing; but the nobles of Savoy and the Bishop blockaded Geneva, and annoyed and distressed the citizens. Berne remonstrated repeatedly, and for more than a twelvemonth, but without effect. The Duke, who was engaged in war with France, pleaded his inability to restrain his turbulent Savoyard nobles, which was not credited, as he had given repeated proofs of his insincerity respecting the stipulations of the treaty of St. Julien, and as he still held Bonnivard in prison at Chillon. On the other hand, Berne was probably not sorry to have an opportunity of seizing the Pays de Vaud. But the Bernese Council did not go hastily or rashly to work: well aware that the other Cantons were jealous of them, they wished to be assured of the support of their own countrymen, and with that view sent circular letters to all the communes of the Canton, representing the intolerable vexations inflicted by the Duke and his subjects upon their allies and religious brethren of Geneva, whom they declared it to be their intention to relieve.

Being assured, in answer, of the general sympathy of the people, and of their co-operation, the Great Council of Berne formally declared war against the Duke of Savoy, in consequence of his breach of the treaty of St. Julien, and of the state of intolerable oppression in which he held the inhabitants of Geneva on account of their religion.

The Bernese army, seven thousand strong, marched, in January 1536, by Morat, a scene well calculated to fortify their courage and kindle their enthusiasm against the oppressor; and, as they proceeded, they received the submission of most of the towns in the Pays de Vaud; Yverdun was the principal exception. Four thousand of the Duke's men, who were at Morges, crossed over to Savoy, after plundering the inhabitants, and committing all sorts of dreadful atrocities, in a country which they were going to leave for ever. In eleven days the Bernese entered Geneva, where they were hailed as deliverers. The Duke, Emanuel Philibert, successor to Charles, was at the same time attacked by the French, who conquered all Savoy, and the greater part

of Piedmont, so that he was stripped at once of nearly all his dominions. He sought refuge in Spain, and commanded the Spanish army that gained the battle at St. Quentin on St. Lawrence's day, in honour of which you recollect the Escurial was built.

The Valaisans on their side, by an agreement with Berne, took for themselves all that part of the Chablais which extends along the southern shore of the Lake of Geneva, as far west as the river Drance.

The Bernese now unexpectedly demanded of the Genevese the surrender of all the rights and revenues which the Duke and the Bishop had held over and from the city. The Genevese, surprised at the demand, calmly but firmly refused to comply with it. They sent deputies to Berne to represent that they had borne and suffered much for the maintenance of their independence, and besought their allies of Berne not to stain the glory of their generous assistance by enforcing oppressive pretensions; at the same time they offered to defray the expenses of the war. The

negotiations lasted five months, and luckily for the character of Berne, not less than for the independence of Geneva, the Bernese councils desisted from their unjust demand.

In August 1536, a treaty was concluded between the *free* town of Geneva and the Canton of Berne; which was afterwards converted into a perpetual alliance. Geneva retained all the lands of the bishop, chapter, and convents, and of the priory of St. Victor, the Bernese reserving to themselves an appellate jurisdiction over these said lands of Savoy, cases in which formerly appeal lay to the Duke of Savoy. The city and its territory were declared free from all jurisdictions of the neighbouring lordships.

It is a curious fact, that as soon as the Bernese claims had been set aside, the King of France sent a message to Geneva, with a project for uniting that city to his kingdom, under apparently very favourable conditions; but his offer was civilly though firmly rejected. Thus Geneva became a really independent Republic, and the Evangelical religion was solemnly established there. The

effects of these changes were soon perceived in the revival of activity, industry, and trade. A number of foreigners from France, Italy, and Savoy, came to reside within the walls of Geneva, bringing their property with them, for the sake of enjoying peace and liberty of conscience. The Genevese reaped the fruits of a seventeen years' hard struggle, during which they displayed a perseverance and steadiness of purpose beyond all praise.

The Castle of Chillon was the last place that surrendered. In the dungeons below the level of the lake was found Bonnivard, who had been confined there six years.

It was only in 1537, the year following the liberation of Geneva by the Bernese, and after its independence and religious liberty were both secured, that the celebrated preacher, John Calvin, a native of Picardy, made his first appearance in that city. He was obliged to effect his escape from where his doctrine had attracted the attention of the clergy and court of Rome. He found his way into Switzerland by an unfrequented path

over the Col de Ferret, which leads to the Val d'Aosta, by the Great St. Bernard, into the Valais. Passing through Geneva, he saw Farel, who earnestly invited him to fix his residence in that city. Calvin, though at first unwilling, was persuaded, and was appointed the same year Professor of Theology. He was then only twenty-seven years of age.

Both he and Farel went farther in their innovations than the Swiss reformers: they abolished all festivals but Sundays; discarded all ceremonies; and maintained the doctrine of predestination in all its sternness. Such conduct made them many enemies; and as Calvin and Farel would not submit to the decision of the synod then sitting at Lausanne, for the purpose of regulating the Reformed Church, they were ordered by the magistrates to leave Geneva in 1538; and Calvin went to Strasbourg, where he established a French Evangelical Church.

Soon after, a deputation was sent from Geneva to invite him to return, as his presence was found necessary to the maintenance of order and religion.

Farel had, in the mean time, settled at Neufchâtel, where he remained until his death. Calvin, on his return to Geneva in 1541, perceiving the necessity of a moral censorship, in order to restrain the prevalent licentiousness, proposed to establish a Consistory, to act as "Censor morum:" this and other regulations suggested by Calvin, concerning church government and discipline, were approved by the general council of all the citizens, and received the form of law in November 1541. The Consistory assembled every Thursday; and Calvin, who always attended the sittings, may be said to have been its presiding spirit. This institution of the Consistory has continued to our own days, though considerably modified.

Calvin also assumed the task of collecting and revising the old laws and edicts, so as to form a body of civil law for the Republic, which was approved of in 1543 by the Council General. At the same time, he did not overlook the cultivation of the mind; and he proposed and effected the establishment of a public college, called Academy, for teaching the arts and sciences, in which he

himself lectured three times a-week on theology; and which seminary soon acquired, and has since maintained, a high character among the schools of learning in Europe: it has been a nursery of clergymen and divines to the Reformed churches of France and other countries.

Calvin, notwithstanding his delicate frame and the numerous complaints to which he was subject, was truly indefatigable. He preached two or three times a-week; gave lectures; attended the Consistory; visited the sick; kept up a voluminous correspondence, both friendly and polemical; and wrote commentaries on the Scriptures, and other tracts. The influence of Calvin's searching and austere mind remained impressed on the manners and habits of the Genevese for ages after his death, and the stamp is not yet altogether obliterated. He was intolerant, according to the spirit of his age; but he was conscientious in his intolerance.

The execution of Michel Servetus is the great stain upon the memory of Calvin. Servetus was a Spanish physician, a man of a wild fantastic

mind, who had adopted the tenets of a particular sect, opposed to the doctrine of the Trinity; he wrote a book "De Trinitatis Erroribus,"* and held forth his doctrine in various places; he had, amongst others, disputed with Calvin, then a student at Paris; and again, by a singular fatality, came to Geneva, where Calvin now reigned paramount. He was tried and sentenced to the stake, as an obstinate heretic; although it appears that Calvin voted for a milder death. He was, however, burnt alive; another proof of what has often been observed, that the persecuted, when they get power, usually, and by almost a natural consequence, become, in their turn, persecutors. Calvin no doubt might have prevented the horrid deed, and he must always be condemned for having promoted or consented to it.

The character of Calvin is, I think, very fairly given in the following few lines by Vieusseux,

* I understand, that by late researches, Servetus has been vindicated from many of the worst accusations of his enemies; amongst whom Calvin was undoubtedly the foremost and most virulent, and whose name is indelibly stained by the cruelty and injustice of his conduct.

who says that he was a man of a powerful mind; his learning was very extensive; his Latin compositions are, in point of style, above those of his contemporaries; his arguments were powerful and well drawn. He had a deep, earnest will, and a most unbending determination. In his temper, he was far from amiable: he had all the overbearing vehemence of Luther, without the cheering warmth and straightforward frankness of the German reformer; he had neither the modest simplicity and self-control of Zwingli, nor the kind conciliatory feeling of Melancthon. Yet Geneva owes much to Calvin. He consolidated both its religious and municipal institutions; he founded its Academy, which has ever since maintained its reputation; and he made Geneva a model for the Evangelical Churches of other countries.

Calvin died, in May 1564, at the age of fifty-five, worn out by study and application, and the diseases incidental to his habits of over-exertion. He was buried without pomp or epitaph, as he had himself directed, in the common burying-ground of Plain Palais; and his funeral was

attended by almost the whole population. All the property he possessed at his death was valued at two hundred and twenty crowns. He left the care of his flock to his friend and disciple, Theodore de Beza. Calvin's works were published in nine volumes folio.

In the same year that Calvin died, a peace was concluded by Berne, that restored to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, the Chablais and the country of Gex, on condition that he should allow the free exercise of the Reformed Religion in those districts. The Duke faithfully maintained the article of the treaty concerning religion; but his successor, Charles Emanuel, disregarding his father's promise, drove away, in 1598, the reformed clergy from the Chablais, and abolished the Reformation by force; he also resumed a system of annoyance and intrigue against Geneva, and encouraged several conspiracies, for the purpose of recovering possession of that city.

At length, in 1602, he made a bold attempt to take the town by surprise. Under pretence of watching the movements of the French on his

frontiers, he assembled a body of troops near its walls, and in the night of the 12th of December, scaling ladders having been prepared for the purpose, a party of two hundred of the Duke's soldiers silently mounted the walls, while the rest waited outside for a signal to force the gate. They had been promised the plunder of the city; but it was providentially spared the horrors that would have followed their success. A sentry hearing noise in the ditch, gave the alarm; the citizens ran to arms and barricaded the streets, the guard at the gate let down the portcullis, and fired a cannon, which enfiladed the ditch, and swept away the ladders. The troops outside, seeing the attack had failed, began a retreat, while those that were in the town, being assailed on every side by the citizens, were either killed or thrown into the ditches. Thirteen were made prisoners, and hanged next day as midnight assassins. Theodore de Beza, who, owing to his great age, had discontinued preaching, next day mounted the pulpit, and began singing the 124th Psalm, in gratitude to the Almighty, who had snatched his countrymen from

the jaws of destruction. The anniversary of the escalade (so called from the ladders used on the occasion) has been ever since religiously kept at Geneva. The canton of Berne strongly resented this treacherous attack upon its ally; but the neutral cantons interfered, and a new treaty was at length concluded, in July 1603, by which the Duke of Savoy engaged not to raise any fortress or assemble any troops within sixteen miles of the city. From that time Geneva was left in the undisturbed enjoyment of its independence until the year 1798, when it became, like other parts of Switzerland, the scene of atrocities to which it is painful and useless to recur. Geneva, together with the whole Pays de Vaud, and a considerable portion besides of present Switzerland, was annexed to France; and the act of mediation on the part of Bonaparte in 1803, at the time so salutary in its effects of restoring tranquillity, did not influence the condition of Geneva, which remained subject to France until the year 1814, when the Allied Powers restored thrones, territories, and works of art, to their right owners.

Under their auspices a Diet assembled at Zurich, and laid the foundation of a new federal pact, on the basis of the independence of the Nineteen Cantons; and, at the same time, sent deputies to the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, who had met at Basle in 1814. The new Cantons had a powerful advocate in the person of Monsieur De la Harpe, a native of Vaud, who had been tutor to the Emperor of Russia; and there is no doubt that the support of that sovereign saved both Vaud and Aargau at that time from falling again under the rule of Berne—which had already assumed a tone of authority towards its former subjects,—and consequently prevented a reaction over all the rest of Switzerland, and a return to the old system of sovereigns and subjects, and of exclusive aristocracies.

The results of this beneficial influence were soon felt. The ministers of Austria and Russia addressed a note to the Diet, in which they urged that assembly to accelerate the new organization of Switzerland, and to press the dissenting cantons

to send their deputies to Zurich for that object. But, even after this, Berne, Soleure, and Freybourg persisted in their refusal, unless the basis of the old Thirteen Cantons was first acknowledged. After many discussions and delays, the ministers of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, signified "that their sovereigns were ready to acknowledge the new federal constitution, on the basis of the Nineteen Cantons as then existing."

This decided the question, and Berne saw the propriety of no longer refusing to send its deputies to the Diet. Still, many claims and cavils were brought forward by several of the old Cantons, which gave rise to long altercations, protests, and counter-protests. Months after months were passed in this manner, until August 1814, when a strong note was presented by the foreign ministers, who had been joined by Mr. Stratford Canning, minister of Great Britain; in which "they expressed their deep regret that the plan of the new federal pact was not yet fixed, owing to the pretensions of certain Cantons, which had thrown discord into the Diet; they exhorted those Cantons to lay

aside for the present the consideration of all questions which were not of a general interest, and to set to work with national zeal for the common object of the federal organization of their common country: upon which condition, the ministers promised to exert themselves strenuously to obtain equitable compensation for their just claims, and especially for those of the canton of Berne. Should, however, their present recommendation not succeed in restoring unanimity to the national councils, the ministers would find themselves unable to continue their relations with the Diet." This note produced a most beneficial effect; for it silenced the unreasonable pretensions of the champions of the old order of things.

At the same time, the Allied Powers gave another proof of their favourable disposition towards Switzerland, by restoring to it the territories formerly dependent on the Bishop of Basle, which had been annexed to France. These territories, which form a natural portion of Switzerland on the line of the Jura, were annexed to the canton of Berne

as a compensation for its losses on the side of Aargau and Vaud. The Valais was likewise re-united to Switzerland, of which it became a canton. Neufchâtel, being restored to the King of Prussia, as its suzerain prince, was also, at its own request, admitted as a canton of the Swiss Confederation. Lastly, Geneva, having recovered its independence by means of the Allied arms, requested to become an integral part of Switzerland, of which it had been for ages an ally, and was readily received into the Confederation as an additional canton.

The new federal pact included, therefore, twenty-two cantons, all equally independent as sovereign states, and all forming integral parts of one confederacy. There were no longer partial allies, no longer subjects, or any other of the anomalies which disfigured and weakened the old Helvetic league. Switzerland became, what it never had been before, a compact body, resting upon its natural frontiers — the Alps, the Jura, and the Rhine.

In this respect, the decision of the Allied Powers

in 1814 was much more favourable to Switzerland than Bonaparte's Act of Mediation in 1803; which, by detaching from it the Valais, Geneva, the Bishopric of Basle, and Neufchâtel, broke into its boundaries, and kept it in a condition of weakness and of dependence upon France. Still it may be said, that Switzerland was remarkably fortunate in both instances. By the Act of Mediation, the most favourable terms were obtained that could possibly have been expected from a man who had, in all his decisions, a latent thought towards his own supremacy, or at least towards that of France, and whose friendship always implied some degree of bondage on the part of those on whom it was conferred. While, in 1814, the Allied Powers, having no object of the kind in view, acted more liberally and cordially in strengthening Switzerland as an independent state, which might form a barrier against any future encroachments from France. The decision of the Allied Powers was embodied in a solemn declaration, acknowledging and guaranteeing, on the part of the great powers of Europe—France

included—"the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland within her new frontiers." The Diet assembled at Zurich, in acceding cordially to this declaration, expressed "their warmest gratitude for the generous and friendly interference of the Allies."

On the 7th of August 1815, the federal compact of the Twenty-two Cantons was finally signed by all the deputies in the Diet assembled at Zurich. The deputies then repaired in procession to the Münster or Cathedral of Zurich, where they bound themselves by a solemn oath, and in the name of their constituents, to the faithful observance of its enactments.

"This federal pact," says Franscini, as well as other liberal writers, "cannot be said to have been imposed upon us by foreign influence. Whatever is in it, whether of good or imperfection, has been the work of the Swiss. It contains principles entirely national; some of which date from the oldest times of Swiss independence, whilst others are taken from the Act of Mediation of 1803, or are improvements upon the latter."

It will, however, be admitted that the Allied Powers were great benefactors to Switzerland, in preventing disunion, and enabling it to consolidate its interests, and abide by its own principles. Thus Geneva, formerly an ally of Switzerland, and afterwards incorporated with France, was at length restored to its independence by the Allied Sovereigns, and received into the bosom of the Swiss Confederation, now consisting of twenty-two cantons; which Confederation, you will doubtless recollect, had its origin in the oaths of the three brave men at Grütli, from the Forest Cantons, who, with each of their ten trusty followers, "raised their hands towards heaven, and calling on the Almighty to witness their engagement, swore to live and die for the rights of their oppressed countrymen, no longer to suffer injustice, and on their part to commit none."

These oaths were followed by the Convocation of the Confederates at Stanz, at some distance of time, and the regulations then made have ever since formed the basis of the Swiss Con-

federation: — and thus it stands; as from a small grain of mustard seed, it has arisen like a large tree, spreading forth its wide branches, and highly favoured by that Providence whose blessing was devoutly invoked by the peasant patriots at Grütli.

LETTER XXXVII.

Geneva.

THE Hotel des Bergues, where we are for the present comfortably settled, is an establishment on so immensely large a scale, that if it fell into Mr. Owen's hands, he might, by converting it into one of his parallelograms, have ample scope for trying the success of his plan respecting a moral world; but the proprietor, I suspect, will ignobly continue to prefer his individual interest to practising experiments for the benefit of a community. I walked out early this morning, and during my rambles I saw a statue in bronze, lately erected, of Rousseau, which has been spoken of unfavourably, but which we think extremely good. It is placed on a very small island, amidst some trees, quite apart from all habitations—

a very suitable situation. He was an anti-social being, who shunned mankind. It was said of him, "qu'il aimait les Tartares pour être dispensé d'aimer ses voisins."

The statue represents him seated, one hand holding a pen, the other an open book, and from these was suspended an enormous spider's web, as if the animal, to display its well-known venom, had chosen thus satirically to illustrate his literary labours.

Rousseau was the son of a watch-maker, and had been apprenticed to a tradesman, but he early emancipated himself from such trammels, and attained the liberty of being wretched according to his own taste. The general impression on his mind was, that mankind hated and were disposed to persecute him, whilst his own heart was overflowing with benevolence, philanthropy, and the most exalted love of virtue; but to the latter condition of mind his actions bore quite a contrary testimony, as he exhibited (generally speaking) the most flagrant contradictions between his sentiments and practices.

Mrs. Montague called Goldsmith "an inspired idiot;" she might have designated Rousseau a madman inspired by genius. During short intervals, in fitful moods, he seemed occasionally desirous of some friendly intercourse with different people, which, though fair in promise, always ended in wrath and bitterness on his side. However lamentable his condition was rendered by poverty, he never failed to misinterpret all kindnesses and favours shewn him; he turned them over in the furnace of his heated imagination, and converted them into fuel alike destructive of his own peace and of that of his benefactors, so far as it was practicable for him to annoy and distress them. The phlegmatic David Hume, and the generous Madame D'Epinay, each took pity on and wished to serve him; but much as he stood in need of their compassionate exertions, they found it impossible to be useful to him, his displeasure and indignation being excited in proportion as their benevolence towards him was called forth. He resembled in action the man of infelicitous words, who said, "I will be drowned, and no one shall help me."

Yesterday an original letter of Rousseau's was put into my hands by a relation of the person to whom it was addressed; it is so characteristic of the writer, I will copy it.

"*A Motier, le* 1 8*bre,* 1763.

"Si le froid s'adoucit que le tems soit beau, et mon état supportable, je compte partir d'aujourdhui en huit, pour tâcher dans un pélerinage de quatre ou cinq jours d'échapper aux espions et aux importuns. Si ce projet vous duit,* et que vous vouliez être mon compagnon de voyage, venez, et tâchez d'arriver au plus tard le Samedi 8, pour diner.

"Je vous connais peu, cher Beauchateau, mais je vous crois vertueux et bon, voila tout ce qu'il me faut. Par dessus cela vous êtes aimable, ma fortune est faite pour ces trois jours. Surtout venez seul, et ne parlez de rien à personne.

"A Monsieur Beauchateau, Horloger,

"Au Cendrier, à Genève."

* *Duit* is an old French word, not found in modern Dictionaries.

Rousseau did not sign his name, no doubt from dread of "les espions et les importuns;" probably as purely fanciful beings as some of the other creatures of his vivid and powerful imagination.

The bookseller who shewed me Rousseau's letter had also the kindness to let me see and take a copy of an original letter of Bonaparte's, written to his predecessor in the library where I read it.

"Je m'addresse directement à vous Monsieur pour vous prier de me faire passer les Memoires de Madame Warens et de Claude Anet, pour servir de suite aux Confessions de J. J. Rousseau.

"Je vous priérai également de m'envoyer les deux derniers volumes de l'Histoire des Revolutions de Corse, par l'Abbé Germands. Je vous serais obligé de me donner notes des ouvrages que vous avez sur l'Ile de Corse, ou que vous pourriez me procurer promptement.

"*J'entends* votre réponse pour vous envoyer l'argent à *quoi* cela montera.

Vous pourrez m'addresser votre lettre à Monsieur

de Buonaparte, officier d'artillerie, au regiment de la Fère, en garnison à Valence, en Dauphiné."

The above letter, addressed in 1786, à Monsieur Paul Barde, Libraire à Genève, besides manifest faults, which may have been accidental, is written in a poor, wretched, scarcely legible hand.

Had Bonaparte not afterwards wielded the sword better than he did the pen at this early period of his life, the words of the friend of Job would not have been as applicable to him as they now seem. — "They that come after him shall be astonished at his day, as they that went before were affrighted."

* * * * *

I am just returned from Ferney, the celebrated mansion of Voltaire, about five miles distant from this, now occupied by the owner, Count de Budé. Whether from good taste or not, he suffers the whole to wear a neglected air, which gives a satisfactory impression that all remains in *statu quo*, as left sixty years ago.

We drove through an avenue of trees, to a court-

yard planted with shrubs, enclosed by a low iron railing and gate. The house is of good size, and substantially built; a flight of large steps in the middle lead to the hall door, and at either end are two lesser flights of steps; one conducting to the former library, the other to the salon of Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece. Over each door is a window: nine windows are in the centre and larger division of the house, all of them faced with cut stone. The first entrance-hall is an ordinary apartment, with doors opening thence into good large rooms, one of which I conclude was the *salle à manger*.

What we should call the inner hall, is fitted up as a sitting-room, and contains several indifferent pictures, one of which, painted according to Voltaire's own directions, is allegorical, representing him *en robe de chambre*, holding open the "Henriade," and conducted by its hero to the Temple of Apollo, who is surrounded by the Muses as admiring spectators, not attired quite so modestly as the *Sœurs de Charité*. Adjoining the sitting-room is the bed-chamber Voltaire occu-

pied, which we were assured is just as he left it, excepting that the curtains are reduced by petty thefts to the length of a Highlander's kilt; enough remains to shew they were of blue-and-gold-coloured satin. The walls are covered with the same material, and are decorated with some better pictures than are in the salon. One, of his own keen sharp visage, reminded me of the lines written under his portrait, I think by Doctor Young:

> "You are so wicked, witty, and so thin,
> We see united Milton's Death and Sin."

Two large handsome portraits of Madame du Châtelet and Madame Denis, are on either side of the fire-place. There is also, surrounded by a wreath of flowers (said to be embroidered by herself), a likeness, in profile, of Catherine II. of Russia. I thought of what a French lady, not of the very best character, said to a friend whose countenance displayed alarm, on hearing that she had written her own memoirs. "Ne vous fachez point mon amie. Je n'ai donné mon portrait qu'en buste," and I suppose the Empress was

of opinion she should herself be best handed down to posterity "en buste." A vile daub of Frederick of Prussia, which might be taken for the representation of a drunken corporal, given by himself, forms a suitable companion for the lady, although he looks as unlike as possible one whom destiny entitled to pronounce his often-used phrase "mon métier de Roi."

The known parsimony of Frederick, of which his *soi-disant* friend gives many disgraceful anecdotes in his own memoirs, I suppose prevented the *gage d'amitié* being of a better description. There are some other pictures in the room; but the most conspicuous object is a sort of monument that at the first glance has the appearance of a large stove. It consists of a pedestal and an urn. The latter was intended to contain Voltaire's heart, and is surmounted by his bust. It was placed there by the Marquise de Villette, to whom he had shewn kindness that did him honour, when she was an unprotected orphan. After his death, she and her husband resided in the house, together with Madame Denis. He left

his property amongst them. There are two inscriptions on the monument—"Mes mânes sont consolés puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous;" the other is, "Son esprit est partout, est son cœur est ici;" both assertions perhaps equally true; for his heart either never was there, or it has been long since removed.

An adjoining closet was his *cabinet de travail.* It is not shewn, nor are any but the two I have just mentioned;—those near the entrance-hall, into which I had a passing glance, are unfurnished, and usually kept closed.

To allow the rooms the philosopher more particularly occupied to remain in *statu quo*, is a great concession to the curious public on the part of the Count de Budé, who has a very large family. He is now eighty-five, and has been four times married. He has sons and daughters of different ages, from sixty to sixteen.

The estate of Ferney, consisting of seven hundred acres, was purchased from one of his ancestors by Voltaire; the recovery of it was a natural wish, on the part of the Count, which he accomplished.

We next went into the garden, where the house presents a front exactly similar to that towards the entrance. The arrangement of the garden remains unchanged: a long narrow grass-plot in the middle; a walk and trees on either side of it; then a large round basin or pond of water; and beyond, grass and trees, less formally disposed. There is no view whatever from the house, except of green alleys, where each one "has its brother."

On the left is a berçeau — a double row of trees. The old gardener said, that, when a boy, he saw Voltaire walking there daily. There are openings cut in the foliage, like windows, which admit a very fine view of the Alps, including Mont Blanc. At the end of this terrace he had a seat and table, where he was in the habit of writing: he was fond of being in the open air; for, besides his usual walks and sitting out of doors, he every day took a drive in a grand coach, drawn by four black horses.

The philosopher of Ferney, it appears, loved the pomp and state of a great seigneur; and, it is

said, he punished with severity the least infraction of his seignorial rights. He was looked up to with much awe by the little colony he drew around; who, in a neighbouring small village, subsisted chiefly on money spent by the numerous guests at the château. One of them certainly was Gibbon; but I doubt very much — indeed, I may say, I wholly disbelieve — the authenticity of a story of his making his entrée, which was related to us as follows.

He and Voltaire, from some cause unknown, had written satires on each other at a time when they were personally unacquainted. Voltaire likewise used his pen to illustrate one of his productions, and sketched a caricature of Gibbon as a dwarf — possibly a likeness — having "un gros ventre, nez plat, et tête enorme." Some time after, Gibbon went to Geneva, and called on Monsieur Tronchin, the friend and physician of Voltaire, and said — "Voltaire se moque de moi, je veux aller le voir à Ferney, car on dit qu'il n'est pas beau." Two days after he went to Ferney. Voltaire desired Madame Denis to shew

him every kind of attention, but refused to see him. Gibbon, resolved on attaining his object, sent away his carriage, etc., and remained three days in the house, living with the ladies, who had several times hinted his visit was sufficiently protracted. At length, Voltaire, weary of self-imprisonment, sent him a billet.

"Monsieur,—
"Don Quichote prenait des auberges pour des châteaux;
Mais vous, vous prenez mon château pour une auberge."

Gibbon replied—

"En ces lieux je comptais voir le Dieu du Génie
L'entendre, lui parler et m'instruire en tout point,
Mais comme Lucullus, à qui je porte envie,
Chez vous on boit, on mange, et l'on ne vous voit point."

Gibbon then left the house. During his stay he had been very liberal to the servants, and learned from them the habits of their master.

Some time afterwards he returned to Ferney on foot. He asked the coachman to let him see a young mare that was a great favourite, and said

to him—"Eh bien, mon ami, si tu veux *la* mener dans le grand berçeau de Charmille où va se promener ton maitre, et *la* laisser courir, je te donnerai un bon pour boire." The servant complied, and Gibbon hid himself in the berçeau. Voltaire was in his library, from whence he issued in a violent passion, and demanded why the mare was suffered to be within those precincts. The coachman pretended the animal had accidentally escaped. Gibbon came forth from his hiding-place, clapped his hands with great glee, saying, "Adieu, Monsieur, je t'ai vu cette fois; tu n'es pas beau non plus." Voltaire's rage was redoubled; however, he desired Wagniere, his secretary, to run after Gibbon, and demand twelve sous for having seen la bête. "C'est juste," replied Gibbon, "en voila vingt-quatre; tu diras à ton seigneur, que j'ai payé pour deux séances. Je reviendrai demain."

When the secretary reported the answer, his master exclaimed, "Ce diable est plus méchant que moi, il me jouera quelque mauvais tour, il faut faire ma paix avec lui. Wagniere, il faut

aller l'inviter à venir diner demain avec moi." Next day, Voltaire sent a written invitation, and his carriage in great state, to bring him to Ferney. Gibbon accepted of both favours. Voltaire received him as he alighted, and presented him to the company asked to meet him. No allusion was made to what had passed. Gibbon afterwards paid him frequent visits of two or three days; and "il ne fut plus question de ce qui s'était passé dans l'Allée de Charmille."

This anecdote I have abridged and translated from a printed paper, which I got for a trifle from a very old man, who lives in a cottage close to Ferney. He assured me that he received all the particulars from Voltaire's secretary, his own relation; adding, that when a boy he had often seen the philosopher, and been a great deal in his house.

The octogenarian also shewed us several articles, some of great value, that had belonged to Voltaire; many of whose papers have come into his possession. He has a large book, in which Voltaire fixed most neatly hundreds of seals, taken from

the letters of persons who had written to him; under each seal was placed the owner's name, and mostly also a pithy character, as "un fou," "un sot," etc. He made use of these seals for reference, so that he could refuse to receive letters a second time without being ignorant whose epistles he rejected.

The old man has his room surrounded by framed prints that belonged to Voltaire; a great number of whose letters he possesses. I purchased one, written in his own hand, after his leaving Ferney for the last time: it was addressed to his major-domo, and begins thus—

"17 *Mai* 1778, *Paris*.

"J'ai reçu, mon cher ami, votre lettre du huit Mai avec une grande consolation; j'en avais besoin. Je crains bien d'avoir changé mon bonheur contre la fumée, d'ailleurs ma maladie augmente tous les jours. On me ruine pour achever une maison dans Paris, et je ne bâtis que mon tombeau. Si j'étais assez heureux pour jouir de cette maison quelques années avec une santé moins deplorable,

soyez très sur que je viendrais tous les ans passer quatre mois à Ferney; mais je suis actuellement dans les horreurs de la souffrance et de la ruine."

He never returned to Ferney; he died on the 30th of May, a few days after writing that striking, and alas! too applicable, sentence — "Je crains bien d'avoir changé mon bonheur contre la fumée." Although "it is not ours to judge, far less condemn," we may at least conclude, that had he better employed his great talents, he would not have stood in need of the poor consolations of theatrical representations and of receiving the homage of the salons, to which he clung when flesh and spirit failed.

The church built by him outside his gate is standing. It is now only used as a common barn for farming purposes. A neat church has been erected in the neighbouring village, to supply the place of that which has been very properly abandoned by Christians whose Saviour he reviled, and, not knowing whom, "how vain was all he knew."

LETTER XXXVIII.

Geneva.

We have passed this day partly in shopping and partly in seeing sights; and whilst engaged in the former occupation, I was tempted to convert my plain uninteresting pieces of gold into articles of the same material, so beautifully wrought, that I fancy myself a great gainer by the exchange; whether I am so in reality *c'est une autre chose,* but certainly chains, bracelets, and watches, are to be had here in perfection. The workmanship of the latter is considered to be unrivalled, excepting in London, where it cannot be done so cheaply. The biographer of Voltaire asserts that he protected and obtained encouragement for the first manufacturers of watches at Geneva, who were a persecuted set of persons, cast adrift upon the

world, by some cause or other that I forget. Certain it is that many places have been indebted for the establishment of manufactures to the persecution that has driven workmen from their homes. To the French Huguenots who sought an asylum in England we owe the excellence of our art in the manufacture of silk. As storms scatter seeds of vegetation, and instead of merely causing desolation are productive of fertility to the barren soil, so Providence overrules the outbreakings of mens unholy passions, and renders them the source of riches to far distant lands.

The magnificent Rhone flows through this city, embellishing it and conferring innumerable advantages on the inhabitants, by the close vicinity of its deep blue rapidly moving waters, bearing away obnoxious stuff, and affording endless variety and beauty to look upon. Several bridges cross it, connecting the different parts of the town. Houses and gardens are numberless on the banks, in all directions. We went a short distance, to one of the villas, to see where and how this beautiful river forms a very unsuitable alliance

with the dark sombre-looking Arve, like Proserpine borne away by Pluto. For more than a mile they retain their distinct appearance, but at length blend fate and colour in a common destiny, and the Rhone loses its bright pre-eminence for ever. We returned home, and went to dine in the country with the agreeable, enlightened, and amiable family of the Prevosts. We are also fortunate in having been previously acquainted with the charming family of the Patrys Aubert, and the dignified, accomplished, and highly-gifted Madame Tronchin. This latter lady was well acquainted with Monsieur and Madame Necker, and their daughter, Madame de Staël, of whom she speaks with admiration, feeling, and tenderness; and as probably you will like to have from my pen an account of the residence of that celebrated lady, I will give you some of the particulars of our visit. We were told by a lady in our hotel, just as we were setting off, that we had no chance of seeing Coppet, as the present owner, the widow of the late Baron de Staël, the Duke de Broglie, and his son, are staying there. We resolved, however,

to pursue our plan as far as we could, take our drive, and see at least the outside of the house. On arriving there, we were met by a respectable woman, who said, as we expected, that the château is not shewn at present, unless, she added, you have a letter from some friend of the Duke or of Madame de Stäel. We were not provided with one, and expressed to each other our regret that we had not asked for such from a gentleman, whose name being mentioned acted like "open sesame," for she withdrew an instant, and returned saying that she had orders to admit us. We then entered a large square inner court: one side consists of the entrance and porter's lodge; two are formed by the large and handsome château; and the fourth by a high slender iron railing, flanked by short round tower-like buildings; the centre portion of this side is a gate—surmounted, as is the hall door, with the De Stäel arms rendered in ample dimensions — opening into an extensive park. This inner court is surrounded with flowers and shrubs, all blooming. The house is large, well kept, and plain, in the exterior.

On the ground floor is a very long room, lined with glass bookcases of moderate height, on which are placed numerous bronze busts. Here Madame de Stäel was accustomed, together with others, to act in Plays of her own composition: she performed in this room for the last time in 1815, two years before her death. Inside the library is a bedroom, richly furnished; the walls are hung with very fine bright tapestry, and all else is suitable. This apartment was allotted for the use of the beautiful Madame Recamier.

The drawing-room is of a moderate size, and upstairs; the furniture is of rich brocaded red and white satin; towards the middle stands a small piano. On either side of the fire-place are full-length portraits of Monsieur and Madame Necker: the countenance of the former, I think, gives one the idea of his being amiable; but not strong or powerful minded, which I fancy was the truth; the picture of Madame, represents her as *spirituelle*, and very elegant; she is dressed in the costume of the early part of Louis the XVIth's reign. She was most tenderly attached to her husband,

and it is a fact that some time before her death she wrote a vast number of letters which she sealed and addressed to him—being persuaded she could thus soften to him, the affliction of her loss, by the continuance with her of an imaginary intercourse. I dare say that Mrs. Rowe's "Letters from the Dead," had been recently published, and suggested the idea. Instead of finding themselves consoled by such means, I believe husbands in general, on the score of their grief being kept too acutely alive, would decline a posthumous correspondence, and would prefer trying to assuage their sorrow by some of the more ordinary methods that experience warrants them in supposing, notwithstanding their deprivation, may have so far beneficial effects as to reader life supportable; but Necker was a husband "comme il n'y en a point." His wife's *billets doux,* and perhaps at the same time a cup of camomile tea, were brought to him before he rose every morning; the bitter taste of the one, and the wholesome reflections suggested by the other, doubtless had their salutary effects during the day; but we will not indulge a smile

with regard to this family of love, whose ardent affection for each other I am persuaded was never surpassed.

* * * * *

Over the chimney-piece, in the drawing-room, is a portrait of Madame de Stäel, from which all the prints I have seen of that celebrated lady are taken: the short waist, and the clinging drapery in which she is robed, are very unbecoming to her *embonpoint;* a tight close turban, is in equally bad taste. The flowing garments of the Cumean Sibyl would have suited much better. The countenance however is fine and highly intellectual—the mouth looks large and full, and as if it was kept closed with difficulty, which I doubt not was observed by many who had the good fortune to see the original. She was a noble production; and, as I think it was said of Shakspeare, that nature had broken the mould in which he was cast; so I suspect it is the same with regard to this singular woman. Yet Egerias, and Sibyls, and Pythian prophetesses, do visit this earth from time to time, and she was unquestionably a near

family connexion of theirs; and never was the inspiration of genius more calculated than hers to excite enthusiasm, for, besides possessing vast and astonishing powers of mind, she was the most generous, self-sacrificing of friends, the most enlarged in charity towards such as had erred, or could plead a want or a suffering; a daughter whose filial love was a passion, and a mother that shewed the same intensity of feeling in that relation.

One drawback alone presents itself in contemplating her character, and that, probably, would not have existed if hers had been a marriage of choice; it was made by others, *selon le règle*, of the old French school, of which it was an established law that a lady must never have a decided preference before marriage.

Any one who is acquainted with her touching and glowing sentiments on the subject of wedded love, in her eloquent *Discours sur les Passions*, will regret that it was not her lot to be united to a husband to whom she could have been attached, as her Corinne was to Oswald; but it is possible that, under any circumstances, her ideas of happiness might not

have been fully realized in the relation she extols. With a melancholy conviction of what so often happens to her sex (and was, probably, judged of by her own experience) she portrays in her heroine a capacity of loving much greater than was responded to by the doubting, faltering object of too ardent an affection.

She placed this subject in an exaggerated point of view, as far as we females are concerned, by saying that love forms the history of a woman's existence, and only an episode in that of the more sagacious portion of our species; however, some of the "discreetest, wisest, best" of the male sex are, occasionally, as well as ourselves, forced to confess they "love not wisely, but too well."

Had a happy marriage, which concentrates affections, been Madame de Staël's fate, she might have written less, her genius have gone less abroad, and not have diffused itself over the world; but she would have been honoured and respected, as well as admired.

That imperfection in some shape or other, in some greater or less degree, is the inevitable doom of us

mortals, from which we cannot escape so long as we are denizens of this lower world, is a truth that never struck me more forcibly than whilst reflecting upon any shade having fallen on the character of one possessing her transcendant qualities of head and heart.

By much the handsomest picture in the drawing-room is a portrait of the Duchess de Broglie; her large mild dark eyes reminded us of a Madonna by Carlo Dolce,—a Mater dolorosa; it was done when she was in affliction for the loss of a daughter fifteen years old.

In a room leading from the drawing-room is a billiard-table, and on the chimney-piece a marble bust of Monsieur Rocca, who must have been a very handsome man: he was a Genevese, of respectable family; he went early into the army, and served in Spain, where he was wounded; his health suffered in consequence, and he only survived, by a few months, his illustrious wife. Their son was brought up near Paris, and was lately married; he is now Madame de Staël's only surviving child. Monsieur Rocca, his uncle, who resides at Geneva, took the

best care of his fortune, which is considerable, and the Duke de Broglie did the same by his education.

We were next shewn Madame de Stäel's *cabinet de travail*,—her writing-table stands open just as when she poured forth "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." The apartment is usually occupied by the Duke; he kindly allowed us to see it, although we interrupted him: of course we stayed only a few minutes, but I had time to observe, placed upright on a desk, another picture, lovely as the former one —of the Duchess, who died about two years ago: it is a sort of large miniature (if such an expression be allowable) that shuts up in a leathern case, and is rendered portable. This single beautiful picture, also resembling a Madonna, made me feel as if I were in a chapel where prayers are offered, of which she may in part form the subject, when her husband kneels to supplicate for resignation for her loss. I thought of the concluding line of Cowper's exquisite poem on his Mother's picture, and wished it might be applicable to the Duke's feelings:

"Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left."

We found the adjoining room had been the bed-chamber of Madame de Staël; her body was brought from Paris, and laid there in state, until removed to the burial-place of the family—a small enclosure in the park—not opened to visiters.

Coppet is altogether a very handsome residence, kept in the best manner, but exhibiting no traces of its proprietors having at any time cultivated a taste for the picturesque. There is scarce any view from the house, none at all of the lake near which it is situated. The park is extensive, and has some good trees, all that can be said in its favour; it is a flat ordinary piece of unembellished ground; the *tout ensemble* gives the impression of the seat of an opulent person, and nothing more. A small village seems an appendage to the château. We met the Duke de Broglie, and his son (a fine lad, about eighteen), as we were leaving the park.

* * * * *

On returning to Geneva, we stopped to inquire for letters; and, just at the entrance of the bureau, I saw something lying on the ground. I could

not at first distinguish what it was; but I too quickly ascertained it to be a chamois, thrown on its side; the four legs were tied tightly together, only its quick, bright, moving eye was at liberty. The dead ass of sentimental notoriety was not to be compared to this sight, for calling forth genuine compassion. It was impossible to suppress emotion on seeing the poor victim flung prostrate, brought from its home far away, from haunts where only its kind can exist, and where, unmolesting all living things besides, it desires but to tread the giddy precipice, to browse, and range upon crags that admit of no other footsteps intruding into regions of eternal snow — privileges which, as none else can share, it seems cruel to infringe. It was in vain for me to expostulate with the owner. A speedy termination was, I hope, put to the poor animal's sufferings: dead, it would be far less distressing to look upon than was the living, panting, manacled chamois.

I fully anticipate that one of the minor blessings of heaven will be an exemption from witnessing the sufferings of the brute creation, whose wrongs

and injuries here meet our eyes so frequently, and when necessarily endured in silence, are thereby rendered more impressive. I sometimes regret that a horse cannot, like an ass or pig, assail the ears of its tyrant with such persuasive sounds as to induce him for his own sake to shorten as much as possible the victim's pangs.

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To-morrow is to be our last day at Geneva; and, being Sunday, we shall pass it quietly at home.

SUNDAY. — This is the fast-day we heard announced at Vevay. A national address of the same purport as the former was read, recapitulating the causes for thankfulness and gratitude being manifested by the people at large for blessings so abundantly bestowed on them.

We went at eight o'clock this morning to the cathedral, where we heard a good sermon, and also a second, at a later service in the course of the day, from two very respectable preachers; but neither of them to be compared with the reverend

gentleman at Vevay, whose discourse, I trust, will not soon pass from our minds.

I wish it were possible I could have frequent opportunities of hearing him; for, as the flying fish cannot keep long in the air without dipping its wing in the wave, so the soul, to be preserved from dryness and sterility, requires to be refreshed by the frequent communication of truths regarding heaven, which lift us above "this dim spot called earth," and render us more efficient in our duties whilst bound to it.

The Cathedral is very ancient—a grand, simple, Gothic building: it contains some interesting monuments. There is, however, none erected to Calvin. At St. Paul's, in London, we are directed to look around, and behold Sir Christopher Wren's monument. The overflowing Protestant congregation at Geneva answers the same purpose, as regards Calvin.

LETTER XXXIX.

Geneva.

We went early this morning to see the Arsenal, which is full of the armour taken in 1602, from the troops of Savoy, who by means of painted black ladders entered at the dead of night, and as they believed possessed themselves of this city; but when morning dawned, their whole body, as I have already related, were discomfited, slain, or taken prisoners. They were not suffered to use their ladders for the purpose of retreat. The anniversary of the day upon which those trophies were hung on the walls of the Arsenal, is still celebrated in the churches of Geneva; where, in common with the rest of Switzerland, religious worship and thanksgiving are usually connected with the memorable events of history. An admirable plan for keeping alive the gratitude of a nation to the

Supreme Being; but it might also be attended with inconvenience: had the anniversaries of the victories gained at Agincourt and Poictiers ever been celebrated by us, should we continue such an act when we lost or resigned those places? Besides, our victories have been so numerous, we might find their celebration too engrossing of our time, as the frequent recurrence of Saints' days is said to be in Catholic countries. It is not, however, the acquisition of territory that the Swiss commemorate, but the repulsion of the invaders of their liberty.

We were amused by seeing in the Arsenal whole ranges of suits of the richest armour, taken on occasion of the escalade from the noble prisoners of Savoy. Several are much ornamented, and seem to have been intended to be worn by knights who sought or gained the prize from the hand of beauty in the tilted field, at the Joust or Tournament. Near to them are some few of the rusty implements which the inhabitants first laid hold on when roused from their midnight sleep; and amongst these is shewn an iron saucepan which, brandished by an ancient amazon, conferred on a gallant youth, not

a prize, but a death wound. The truth of this anecdote is confidently asserted, although the annals of chivalry are silent on the subject. The polished and decorated armour that proved good for nothing to the wearers by the side of the coarse articles so effective for their purpose, reminded me of the difference between the bright and useless lamp and that of real power, but of homely appearance, on which so much depended in the "Arabian Night's Tale."

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We bade adieu with considerable regret to Geneva. At about the distance of five miles from thence we entered Savoy, and perceived immediately a striking difference in the aspect of this country; the border-land is ill cultivated, and the hedges are neglected. We observed only a few indifferent houses until we reached the small town of Bonneville, where we dined, and went afterwards to look at a pillar surmounted by a statue of the King of Sardinia. It bears an inscription setting forth the services his Majesty had rendered by making embankments to prevent the river overflowing the

country. The river is now very narrow, but a wide space it still retains as its own domain of pebbles and sand, which for miles give a comfortless appearance, like a vast apparatus made to contain a shrunken body.

We continued our route, the scenery improving; and passed through the small town of Cluses, built in a recess of the mountains; these are so close, that it is in fact a gorge, like Lauterbrunnen—resembling it also in the vociferous torrent, by the side of which the road winds, and in the luxuriant fertility abounding, unless where massive, gigantic rocks forbid the subtle influences of vegetation to make their way.

It is said that much of the fine work for the Geneva watches is done at Cluses. Lace-makers, when executing the finest portions of their craft, live in a dark room, and suffer light to enter only through a small aperture, and where it does fall it becomes stronger than if diffused; a small glimpse of the sky can alone be had at Cluses, and therefore I suppose it is particularly well adapted for the manufacture of the delicate mechanism of watches and musical-boxes.

At some miles distance from Cluses, towards sunset, Mont Blanc appeared, spread out in great breadth before us, like the extended eagle of the Roman empire, denoting wide sovereignty. When we drew near, the tints of "celestial rosy red" which the sun gives, like a glowing kiss, to its nearest snow-clad neighbour of this earth, had passed away, and Mont Blanc was lighted up by no adventitious charms: it looked grand, solemn, and sublime.

We alighted at the little inn at St. Martin, and from the balcony beheld a charming scene—the daylight was just departing. Some one of us began to repeat Lord Byron's beautiful lines, which we felt assured must have been written on such an evening—

"Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

That sovereign lady of the sky did come forth in peerless beauty, casting such radiance: I felt as if I had not known the transforming powers of the lustre it confers upon this earth, until I saw its soft rays falling upon Mont Blanc, as if *there* was found a suitable resting-place that would not contaminate their purity. I left the balcony at a late hour, and to say the truth, was convinced in my own mind that Mont Blanc has much better pretensions than his Majesty of the Celestial empire to be designated "Brother of the Moon." But it would not be wise of us to add to our difficulties in the East by attempting to establish the more rightful claim to the title, particularly as our re-unions at the tea-table, so necessary to our comfort, might be disturbed by our interference; and altogether not being over anxious on the subject, soon closed my eyes on this earth, which seemed itself a heaven, whence all evil was excluded; but shortly after I opened them, this morning, it was to look upon a more extended scene of wretchedness than I hope the world often presents. At a short distance from

our hotel, on the opposite side of the river, is the village of Sallenches. A fire occurred there, on the Easter Sunday before last, arising from the merest accident. A high gale of wind scattered flakes of burning wood from the roofs of houses; the conflagration that ensued was dreadful, and some hundreds of poor people, who had left comfortable homes, to attend church in the morning, found themselves at night without shelter. Blackened ruins met our eyes on all sides: rebuilding goes on but slowly. I understand that little or no assistance is given by the government. The inhabitants, whose misery is pictured in their countenances, drag on an existence in the rudest huts imaginable, those of the Esquimaux not excepted.

I could not but wish that a royal progress might be made in this direction. This sad scene could not fail to verify the truth of the old saying—"what the eye sees the heart feels;" and pomp, letting fall some crumbs from its table, might cheer and comfort its forlorn subjects.

In addition to barren wishes, and fancying what it would be well for others to do, some of our party

judging it to be more to the purpose, dropped our mite into a box, properly secured, and destined to aid the sufferers.

The scenery around the village of Sallenches is indescribably fine: the village is situated in a valley, of which Mont Blanc is the monarch *de facto,* and the adjacent mountains are like the feudal barons of the paramount lord, and bold and formidable they look. A noble river winds its way through the valley. The works of Nature are all in fine and grand harmony; we turned to them from the painful contemplation that "man alone droops in sadness."

In walking back to the inn we had a good view of the lofty mountain behind it; the top of which is composed of scarped, sharp-pointed rocks, that look like the crown of feathers on the head of an Indian chief turned into stone.

We ordered Chars à banc—carriages that have been compared to a sofa, set on wheels, and drawn by horses or mules: two of us being seated on each vehicle, we set off for the Baths of *Saint Gervais.* This was my dear mother's name,—she being of a

French family,—I was rather surprised to find the name given to a district in Savoy; it is the case in France, but there it might be expected. We went to the Baths, without going to the village of the same name. The road lay amidst beautiful scenery, and mountains covered with trees, and most luxuriant verdure;—the whole shut in from the world by some of the great towering ramparts which had excited our wondering admiration at St. Martin.

The cold grey rock, of which the distant Dome de Gauté and the Aiguille de Gauté are composed, is a fine contrast to the rich green that clothes the nearer mountains on both sides. A rushing river was the companion of our way; it proceeds from a large body of water that falls from a considerable height, at a little distance from the Baths. They are erected on the only level spot visible in any direction; they are very extensive, built in rows like streets, with balconies across connecting them. As I stood on one, serving as a bridge, casting my eyes on the buildings beneath, many of the outer walls of which are painted—if I had not known exactly my *locale*—and had been told I was in the

midst of excavations at Pompeii, I should have said my expectations were answered, by the specimens before me, although they are, probably, very unlike any portion of the disinterred city.

The summer visiters had all left the Baths, so we ranged over them at pleasure. As we had gone some miles out of our way on this excursion, it was necessary to retrace our steps, until we got into the direct road to Chamouny: having done so, we began to ascend a very steep mountain, the sides of which were clothed with trees, whose foliage was of the most vivid green; some of them bending under a weight of fruit. Even vines were to be seen occasionally; and the turf was of an emerald brightness. I was surprised to observe such verdure at so great a height.

Horace Walpole's love of "greenth" would have been satisfied there even to satiety.

We passed thrugh two small villages; at length we came to a large level marshy piece of ground, crossed by some little streams, which had been a lake more than fifty feet deep. In 1837, after heavy rain, there was a land slip; some portion

of the neighbouring mountain, with all its dependencies of rocks, earth, and trees, was precipitated forward, and filled up the lake. It is said, in the situation it occupied, to have been very beautiful, and to have reflected the brightness of Mont Blanc; if so, its image must have been conveyed by means of the atmosphere, as it cannot be seen on the spot in *propria persona*.

The day was charming—a bright blue sky over and around us; we continued still to ascend, and crossed a bridge over the great river Arve, its foaming whiteness making apparent that it issues forth from the snowy regions, towards which we were bending our steps. We stopped on the bridge to admire a striking object: where the river recedes at a little distance, there rises out of it a high perpendicular rock, of the dimensions and general appearance of an immense square tower, standing quite detached, in appearance resembling such as were formerly built either for purposes of residence or defence, or of both united; the ruins of some of which strongholds now form a striking feature on the banks of the Rhine. We delayed some

time to allow of Fanny's making a sketch; and then went on our way rejoicing, exhilarated by the fine air, the bright sun and sky, for all must rejoice if their "bosom's lord" is not oppressed with care or sorrow; who can look around on such various beauties, and say, "My Father made them all!"

At length, over the tops of a range of mountains covered with rich dark pines, appeared "The King of the Mountains," the highest in Europe; its garb of smooth pure snow, looked to our eyes as if none but the softest zephyrs could have ever breathed upon its surface. A light fleecy cloud hung partially over, like the thin drapery of a marble statue that serves but to enhance the excellence of the form it does not conceal.

As we drew near to Chamouny, we saw Mont Blanc assuming a different aspect; instead of appearing as we had latterly beheld it, "alone in its glory," it branched out into what is called "La chaine de Mont Blanc;" like a patriarch supported by, and having rule over, a long line of family ramifications—and a great diversity of

appearance is amongst them, as great as the human family presents—green mountains run up into the regions of frozen snow, and there lay down their heads. Trees and bright verdure creep into the fissures of the rocks, until, overpowered by eternal snow, further progress is denied; broad glaciers descend to the level earth, as if great rivers were precipitating themselves forward to create a great deluge, and had been arrested in their onward course by the Word that bade oceans roll so far and no farther. The great superb summit of Mont Blanc towering over all.

> "So pure, so free from earthly dye,
> It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
> Part of the heaven to which 't is nigh."

The vale of Chamouny, surrounded by such objects, has been appropriately called "a glorious Temple of Nature;" it is well fitted for the worship of God, and author of the Universe.

LETTER XL.

Chamouny.

This place is said to have derived its present name from the earlier one given to it of Campus Munitus, or fortified field, from the giant guardians of Nature's own placing, that so well defend it. At a later period in the eleventh century, it was called *Le Prieuré*, and was about that period annexed to the see of Geneva. A Benedictine convent was established here, of which there are now no remains: a small church behind our inn is said to have belonged to it. On returning from our evening walk, we looked into this little church; all was in the deepest obscurity, excepting the spot where a small lamp is kept burning.

It called forth a devout wish, that thus might Faith in our breasts continue unquenched through the dark mazes of life.

We returned, loth to withdraw our eyes from Mont Blanc, over whose clear summit we observed three bright stars; it was, I believe, Orion's belt that served for the sparkling diadem.

The next morning, I got up, hoping to see a beautiful sunrise, but with Portius, I might have said—

> "The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
> And heavily in clouds brings on the day."

Big—not with the fate of Rome—but with my visit to the Glacier. We waited in vain for sunshine until noon, and then finding no change for the better, we set off in *chars à bancs* (notwithstanding a small drizzling rain) to the Glacier of Bossons.

After driving a few miles, we alighted at the foot of a mountain, when our guide presented each of us with a baton—not such as excited the ambition of the great military commanders of

France, but a long stick with an iron spike at the end; we found them very useful, as the steep path we ascended was made slippery by the rain that fell last night. We mounted about a mile and a half before reaching the object of our expedition. Of this Glacier we had a different view from those of Grindelwald and Rosenlaui, which we had seen at their termination. The Glacier of Bossons differs in being an unbroken mass of frozen snow for a considerable distance above the point, where it ends on the level ground. Pyramids of ice do not rise out of their deep bed for a long way from thence; so we climbed over all obstacles to the side of the Glacier, where we had a full view of them. They are at this present time—the end of September—from eighty to ninety feet high; they had been, our guide told us, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in stature, before the summer heat and latter rains diminished them to such comparative pigmies. They are of the same tint of pure light and deeper blue that I have before described, and which, I under-

stand, is the common livery of the whole race of glaciers.

The masses of heavy leaden-coloured clouds behind the icebergs shewed their brilliancy in a striking manner. We sat on a huge embankment that runs parallel with, and consists of stones and rocks thrown out by, the glacier. Combined with these objects, we saw gloomy forests, a dark threatening sky, and heard roaring torrents. We felt it to be a solemn place; and yet, not far from thence, as we retraced our steps, I gathered pansies and other delicate pretty flowers, which, springing on our path in such an unlooked-for situation, seemed to come forth to re-assure and tell us that God is beneficent and kind, as well as awful and sublime. At such moments, the soul acknowledges its incapacity to comprehend the majesty of the grander, or the perfection of the smaller, of His works—the overpowered mind rests in mute praise.

* * * * *

On reaching our *chars*, and finding ourselves

but little tired, we went to another glacier, from whence issues the large river Arveron. Here also, our guide led us to the side of the Glacier des Bois; just in front of what had been an immense arch, which only fell in three weeks ago. Previously, we were told, it was most beautiful; like that we saw at Grindelwald, with the difference of being more than twice as large in all its proportions. I did not know until to-day that the falling-in of the arch occurs every year — like the flower of the *gum cistus*, that each night drops its leaves, which morning renews; so here, the glacier's arch, only of longer duration, is periodically cast down and rebuilt; and thus "hope springs eternal in the human breast," embodying new forms, whilst no trace remains of its past creations. The arch continues every year in high beauty for a few months, then breaks down, and dissolves. This latter process is now going on, and the Arveron rushes out in two large torrents on either side of frozen masses. At a little distance, the divided torrents meet like friends that had been separated, and flow on together,

a rapid river, into the vale of Chamouny. And now, having related our adventures of the past day, I will lay my pen and myself at rest, for some hours at least.

LETTER XLI.

Chamouny.

This morning was just the opposite of yesterday—being bright and clear, as that was sombre. We set off on mules, each with a *conducteur*, soon after breakfast, for Le Montanvert, the ascent of which mountain is frightfully steep; it was like going upstairs for miles, on rugged stones: it is several thousand feet above the vale of Chamouny. The narrow path we pursued went zig-zag, barely allowing room to turn from one angle to another.

I often wished that my bonnet more closely resembled horses' winkers, so as effectually to shut out the awful declivity, down which we should have rolled (where the tall pines were dwindled in our view to the size of petty shrubs) had man or beast

made a single false step: however, by holding my parasol on the left side, where the danger lay, at which I rarely took a peep, I was enabled to get on pretty well. Our route lay through a forest of dark pines and lighter larches intermingled. We sometimes saw a long line of both, prostrated and decaying, where winter torrents had borne them downwards.

The guide, a very intelligent man, amused us by his conversation, and beguiled me of my fears by telling of the remarkable persons he had conducted on this same expedition: amongst others were the two ex-empresses of France,—Josephine in 1810, and Marie Louise in 1814.

There being no royal road over the Montanvert to the Mer-de-Glace, I was astonished at their encountering such difficulties as I was experiencing whilst listening to the account of their exploits. "Josephine," he said, "was much the handsomer, although the older lady; 'et la plus gracieuse, quoiqu'elle fut triste.'"

Marie Louise scarcely spoke at all; and he often observed her weeping. Had she shewn more

firmness of purpose and moral courage, in defending the crown entrusted to her keeping, perhaps she would have shed fewer tears for its loss.—"To be weak, is to be miserable, doing or suffering."

I must believe the account of our guide (an elderly, respectable man) to be true, and that he did conduct over the Montanvert, as he related, those two illustrious ladies, in some points so similarly circumstanced,—each just unseated from the throne of France;—her husband the wonder of his age. It certainly was remarkable that they should visit, at so short a distance of time, the same place, with no doubt the same object —to divert their thoughts from their lost greatness, or happiness, as it might be, by turning them to the sublime works of Nature, which here "expand the spirit, not appal."

Our guide was so good a *raconteur*, that he plunged me into a moralising reverie, that withdrew me from outward objects, as effectually as any sleep that a Mesmerian doctor could have achieved. I was aroused by his telling me that we were on the mountain's top. On raising my eyes from the

ground, I saw with astonishment before me, what appeared to be the Cathedral of Rheims aloft in the skies. My thoughts glanced quick as lightning to the winged angels, who had made their way more sure than carrier-pigeons, and borne through the air the Lady of Loretto's house from one kingdom to another; but I soon perceived I was misled by an optical deception, for what so strikingly resembled in general form the sharp gothic-pointed entrance of the aforesaid cathedral, is a mass of unbroken rock, the Aiguille de Dru, which

"As a wedge, pierces its way to heaven."

Close beside it is another apparently lesser "Aiguille," but in reality it is at a considerable distance, and the loftiest of these twin-brothers, which were both, probably, produced by some great convulsion of Nature, such as geologists can tell us of, faithfully as parish registers record the births and deaths of past and present generations.

We alighted at a cottage, dignified with the name of "Pavilion:" we seated ourselves outside,

that we might, while resting, enjoy the wondrous scene.

We were surrounded by rocky mountains,—all pinnacles, of every imaginable variety of shape and gradation, excepting at one end, from whence issued, in a gradual descent, the huge Mer-de-Glace, that looks as if a sea, when it ran mountains high, had been stiffened into "noiseless billows."

Our *compagnons de voyage* pointed out the direction in the Mer-de-Glace where "le Jardin" is situated: adventurous pedestrians, starting from the Pavilion, reach it in five hours; and find that "living flowers," not only—as Coleridge says—"skirt the eternal frost," but grow, in the midst of it, perennial and luxuriant; for we were told every variety of Alpine flower—a numerous family, is to be seen expanding its light petals in the dreary waste, where shaggy bears, "all horrid," would seem to be the natural productions, as they are of the Polar snows.

When we had heard related all that our guides, who often visit it, could tell of "le Jardin dans la Glace," and they had described the flowers,

"in thousand liveries dight," which are there "born to blush unseen," we set off, scrambling down a precipitous path, to the Mer-de-Glace, which extends for a considerable space so level, though covered with icy pyramids, as to admit of being walked upon.

I proceeded, leaning upon the strong arm of my guide, and he found or made a footing for me amongst the ridges of ice, for the most part many feet higher than ourselves. With a hatchet he broke steps in some of the least precipitous, enabling me to mount the "noiseless billows;" and in doing so, I felt somewhat of the awe of the Disciple, who said, "Lord, save me; or I perish."

We had nearly crossed the Mer-de-Glace when one of our men amused us by pushing down his stick into some of the innumerable narrow chasms in the ice, which disclose pale blue water beneath. No sooner did he put his stick down its whole length than up it jumped, from being lighter than the water, and unable to take any other direction than back to the hand that sent it. I was reminded of a kind of toy I have often seen

driven forwards by a spring, the instant a cover was removed that pressed it down.

We were not in haste to quit a place which exceeded all that our imaginations had pictured of the marvellous scene; but our experienced guides warned us against delaying too long, lest the shadows of evening might overtake us on our journey homewards.

We returned by a different path—if path it could be called, where path was none but what we made for ourselves by pushing our way through shrubs of rhododendron that covered the ground; gathering from them bunches, some in bud, and others full of the berries that had succeeded the last flowers.

As we went forwards, our attention was arrested by a great piece of level stone or rock, on which were deeply cut the names of Pococke and Wyndham, 1741. It is exactly a century ago, since those enterprising travellers made known to their countrymen the vale of Chamouny and the Mer-de-Glace. Underneath the aforesaid rock is a cavern, where it is said that they and other

tourists have reposed, for "weariness can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth finds the down pillow hard."

Until of late years, that an Englishman built a hut near the spot where the Pavilion now stands, there was no sort of shelter to be had (with the exception of the cavern) from the tremendous storms that suddenly burst here, as in all Alpine regions. One of the men remarked, that it would be well for the daring spirits who ascend Mont Blanc, if such a refuge as the cavern affords could be discovered. Twenty-four persons only, besides guides, have ever accomplished that perilous expedition. Some lives have been lost in making the attempt. Sixteen of the successful adventurers were Englishmen, who are always foremost in deeds of enterprise and courage. It has been truly said, though our fields and groves do not exhibit the florid beauty which is to be found in other countries, that

"Souls are ripen'd in our northern sky."

When it is known that a daring youth, accom-

panied by guides, intends making the ascent, all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and visiters from every direction, flock in crowds to those parts of the opposite mountains whence they can have the best view of the party who intend going where it would seem that the eagle might scarce dare to soar. They are watched and gazed upon with glasses and telescopes; their ladder of ropes is anxiously descried suspended from one icy precipice to another, until the light fails; and prayers for their safety arise, mingling with those of the coming vespers.

One of our attendants, a fine young man, told us that he desired above all things to perform this feat; but that his parents would not give their consent, and on no account will he oppose them. Another of our muleteers informed us, that he had been earning a much better livelihood than he does at present at some business in Paris, when his father died, two months after he had been to England with three chamois, that a gentleman desired to have in his park. The poor man probably suffered from fatigue and from

economising too far the liberal sum given to him, and which he was anxious to bring as little diminished as possible to his family. He brought wealth to them, but died from his exertions and extreme self-denial. The son returned to live at home, as he expressed, "pour soulager sa mère." I do not pretend to say that the gentle virtues of the peasant world have fled from the plains, but certainly they appear to me of unusual growth amongst the mountaineers with whom I have been latterly much acquainted.

* * * * *

I was glad, on reaching the Pavilion midst Alpine heights, to "sit me down," not, however, "a pensive hour to spend," but to employ one in partaking heartily of the homely fare presented to us. We were asked to write our names in a large book, containing also lines more or less good, written by wayfarers like ourselves.

We were assured the volume could once boast of an original verse or two from the pen of Josephine, and that the page had been cut out

by some treacherous hand. If she were indeed a poet, she might possibly have added some valuable lines to that masterpiece — The vanity of human wishes! A few more poetic effusions from persons as remarkable in various ways, would render the manuscript of the Pavilion of not inferior value to one of the Sibyl's books.

Whether my nerves were braced with the mountain air, or they were rendered less susceptible of alarm by my having traversed the Mer-de-Glace, I cannot say; but on going down the Montanvert, I was able, undisturbed by the smallest apprehension, to dwell upon every feature of the magnificent prospect spread out around us: the beauty of which was heightened by glowing aërial tints cast upon the mountains, their warmth contrasting finely with the cold aspect of the great Glacier de Bois as it descended into the green sunny valley beneath. As we advanced, we could distinguish the ruined arch, and hear the rushing Arveron, whose source in the glacier we employed part of yesterday in examining.

I have endeavoured — very imperfectly I am aware — to convey to you some of the delightful impressions made upon my mind during the past day; and now I am more than ready to say Gute Nacht!

LETTER XLII.

Martigny.

We should have stayed longer at Chamouny but that the fear of being inconveniently late in crossing the Simplon decided our leaving it without farther delay. We set out on mules, to go by the mountain pass of the Tête Noir to Martigny, where it was settled that our carriage, left at Vevay, should meet us. For several miles after turning our backs on Chamouny, all beauty of scenery wholly disappeared, and every thing looked most bleak and desolate. Although the mountains on both sides of the road are not high, vegetation seemed at a perfect stand, excepting that amongst rugged stones there capriciously grew some delicate flowers, such as in the gay parterre

I had "from childhood's dawn still welcomed yearly."

The dreariness is much increased by the whole valley being covered with loose stones; looking as if a hail-storm, that ought to have fallen in Brobdingnag, had, by mistake, directed its course to our *juste milieu* part of the world. It was strange, in such an ungenial situation, to find some of the loveliest treasures of our gardens. I think it was Goethe who said that he looked upon every opening flower as a "newly-uttered word of God;" and those blossoms spoke to our hearts cheeringly, in the midst of otherwise unvaried gloom and barrenness.

Sterility I can imagine to partake of the sublime, when its accompaniments are on a great scale, but such was not the case there—though all was rude and rugged, nothing was grand in its dimensions; even the water was shallow, and flowed languidly—the powers of nature seemed more than half suspended; and if the phrase, "reculer pour sauter," could be applied to any thing of the sort, it was exactly in that region. At only a

short distance from the specimen of paralysed nature we had been contemplating, up rose the mountains to a stupendous height, covered with trees, and abounding with the most luxuriant vegetation. I fancy the change could hardly appear more sudden or surprising, if one shut their eyes in Siberia, and opened them in the Garden of the Hesperides, so great and unexpected was the transition.

Little chalets and patches of green meadows could with some effort be just perceived, high up as the eagle's nest. The guide told us the inhabitants ascend to the fields cultivated above their dwellings, by means of ladders from one steep to another, like sailors going up the rigging of a ship. The space between the mountains is too narrow to be called a valley, and there a brawling, full, rushing river, encountered rocks of prodigious size; enormous masses of every variety of form lay around in wild profusion, as though mountains had been rent asunder, and their fragments hurled to and fro by contending powers. Yet was there nothing terrific in the scene—all of that was

merged in beauty, by the rich foliage on which the glowing tints of autumn were spread—these banished gloom, as the rainbow's span illumines a darkened sky, and dissipates its terrors.

The boundary line was pointed out to us, dividing the territory of Savoy from that of the canton of the Valais, now united to, and forming part of Switzerland. The road we had just traversed is extremely bad, and forms a great contrast to that we entered upon newly made by the spirited Valaisans, accomplished under such difficult circumstances; such mighty obstacles being overcome, as prove the high degree of skill possessed by their engineers.

We enjoyed the benefit of it in more ways than the obvious one for some hours; by being set free from all apprehension of danger or inconvenience, we could give ourselves up with unmixed pleasure, to the contemplation of the astonishing beauty and grandeur of the pass of the Tête Noir.

We descended by a long and very steep road to Martigny: I have descanted so often on the miles of rugged stones, I have slipped, tumbled,

leaped, and run over, all at the same time, that I shall confine myself to a hint of the latter part of our progress here being effected in such wise.

* * * * *

From our windows, we can see the fine ruin of a round tower, a portion of the fortifications erected by the Romans to guard this entrance into Italy; but vain were all such defences, northern hordes pressed onwards, themselves destined subsequently to lose in their rich acquisitions on the banks of the Po and the Arno, the barbaric strength and power that made them the conquerors of the conquerors of the world, mingling with whom, they sank together in prostrate weakness.

"Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar,
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And where the deluge burst, in sweepy sway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows."

LETTER XLIII.

Martigny.

Not having yet had enough of "les belles horreurs," we set off from hence, in *chars à banc*, for the Great Saint Bernard, about twenty-eight miles distant. It was so fitful a day, that I felt like the traveller, for the honour of casting aside whose cloak the sun and wind had such a sharp contest; both those powerful agents assailed me at once, but not, however, with such force as to compel me to resign my mantle.

The road by which we gradually ascended a high mountain is very good. The full river Dranse crosses it more than once, but generally speaking, both wind their course together for several miles, through land well cultivated, after

the manner of the Swiss, every bit of grass kept finely mown; and in the present instance occasionally intermixed with patches of Indian corn.

At the village of Liddes, about half way, the mountains cease to be cultivated, and are richly clothed with wood. We observed attached to all the doors of Liddes, and to those of some scattered hamlets also, a cross composed of two bundles of straw tied together, and mingled with bunches of withered flowers. Some high wooden crosses were at the road side, decorated in the same way, their long garlands not yet fallen. We heard all these were so placed on Saint John's day, in the month of June. I recollected that in Ireland on the eve of that Saint's day, fires are lighted on the hills to propitiate his favour for the cattle—and I believe amongst the Pagans some such custom can be dated farther back than the Christian era.

At Liddes we exchanged our chars for mules; and after proceeding a few miles on a good road, we entered on one which is suffered to continue in its old and desperately bad state. We were

shewn the spot where Napoleon's horse fell under him, when he with his army, was making his celebrated passage to conquer Italy. We do not hear of his using vinegar to melt rocks (although some portion of Thieve's vinegar was probably amongst his baggage); but we suspect now it it was not vinegar the Carthaginian applied, but the same description of moral and physical power as was employed by the later hero. It is said, that when the horse broke down that carried the modern Cæsar and his fortunes, he must have been killed on the spot but for the presence of mind and skill of his guide, to whom he afterwards gave employment in Paris, and a pension for life. The field where he pitched his tents, was also pointed out by one of our attendants who had seen them when a boy. There is no memorial left to distinguish that once busy scene, which, like

> "Linden, saw another sight,
> When the drums beat at dead of night."

We next, in our progress, passed the village

of Saint Pierre, which is distinguished by the remains of old Roman fortifications of great strength, intended to guard a narrow pass. As we advanced, vegetation ceased, excepting that of stunted lichens on the rocky mountains by which we were surrounded; all of them indescribably bleak, dreary, and barren. Some high points before us were covered with snow, which would have appeared a comfortable mantle or decent winding-sheet, had it been extended to the harsh denuded objects in view. On all sides the scenery was rude, and savage beyond conception, unredeemed by any thing whatever, either grand or beautiful; it all looked like what one might fancy the refuse of chaotic matter that had so remained from the creation. There was not even the variety or interest afforded by precipices. The stony rugged way we pursued led up a continued ascent, which became very steep and difficult for man or beast, and desolation ruled with undivided empire.

We had been rather more than nine hours *en route*, the daylight fast departing added to the

deep gloom and frowning aspect of all around, when we came to a rude hut, having one or two windows composed of bars of iron; it was pointed out to us as the Chapelle des Morts, where the bodies of travellers found dead in the vicinity are deposited; we shuddered and went on, and soon reached a glacier that proceeds from the neighbouring mountains. It never melts but in a very slight degree; persons are often lost in crossing it, in consequence of the wind from above driving the snow, which becomes small as dust, with tremendous and overwhelming rapidity. We passed over, and happily escaped all danger, though our mules had great difficulty, and I often feared would have sunk in making the *trajet*. At no great distance from the glacier stands the Hospice, which we gained by a rugged ascent just as it became quite dark. Two monks bearing lights were at the door to receive us, our coming had been announced by some pedestrians who preceded our party. Never before was I so rejoiced to reach my destination at the end of a fatiguing day's journey.

We were shewn into a long, low room; at one end of which is a fireplace, which was enlivened by a good wood-fire, at the other are two small windows. A long narrow table stands in the middle, and another in one corner, and these, with chairs, and a few prints on the walls, compose the whole furniture; for a piano, given by some benevolent lady, which finds a place during the short summer, is removed to a warmer apartment occupied by the monks, where we were not allowed to enter. Preparations had been made for supper, which soon appeared; it being a *jour maigre*, no meat was produced to satisfy our keen appetites.

The two monks sat down with us: before one of them was placed a large pewter tureen of *soupe au lait;* this was followed by very well-dressed salt-fish, and potatoes; then came a most excellent dish, composed of rice and apples, in the form of small cakes. I wish I could get my *chef de cuisine* to manufacture something of the sort, and which should be called fritters à la Saint Bernard; stewed apples, dressed plain, were next put down; cheese,

and some dried fruits closed the repast, which was sufficiently good, and rendered very agreeable by the monks' conversation. They are well-looking men, of about thirty years of age: their dress, made of fine black cloth, is particularly becoming; it buttons down to the ancle, the body and sleeves only are tight; a split white band, worn by members of the Augustine order, passes across the breast, and is fastened in at one side by the girdle; a black cap, rather high, narrowing to the top, which is closed in by a full tuft of worsted, fits tight to the head; altogether it is the handsomest and most graceful clerical dress I have seen. These gentlemen very obligingly answered all our queries, which were not a few; their manners are sedate, dignified, and marked by the most polite attention to their guests.

The mountain on which the Hospice is situated, was, in ancient times, called Mons Jovis, there having been a temple dedicated to Jupiter, whose favour travellers endeavoured to propitiate during their perilous passage to and from Italy. Whether ignorant or instructed, human beings,

feeling the mysteries of nature, which surround and are in themselves, seek for supernatural aid in the hour of danger: it is a sure instinct which leads us to resort to a higher, though not always to a rightly-understood power. "The poor Indian sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;" and all, of every kind, with but few unhappy exceptions, resort to him, in extremity at least, whether calling on him as "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

After the overthrow of the Roman Empire, Mons Jovis was an especial haunt of robbers and brigands, who waylaid travellers where there were none to help them. Bertrand de Monthon, of the House of Savoy, about nine hundred years ago, founded this establishment, where, ever since, the true God has been worshipped on the ruins of the Idol temple: fortunately for the wayfaring man "he did not put his light under a bushel," for he built the Hospice on the highest habitable land in Europe. The rules laid down by the founder are strictly observed; not only are all travellers who present themselves received, and

hospitably entertained; but the finest race of dogs are kept, and trained to search for the exhausted forlorn beings who lose themselves in the snow, and sometimes perish, notwithstanding all exertions to save them. We had observed high posts along our rugged path as we approached the convent; they are placed to indicate its direction when the snow is deep, but are often blown down; and when even the experienced servants of the establishment cannot perceive the least trace of the road, the dogs can find it, and their sagacity and smell enable them to discover unfortunate beings enveloped in their snow shroud. This road, affording the most direct communication between France and Piedmont, poor people venture upon it, at all times and at all hazards. How little do the rich think of the hardships their fellow-creatures too often undergo in seeking for a bare subsistence! There is no text in Scripture which strikes me as so appalling for those to whom it is applicable, as, "Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus likewise evil," etc.

Whilst the good works of many pious persons fall into decay, as the state of society alters, the commiseration of this friend of humanity, Bernard de Menthon, is found hitherto as enduring as the laws of nature; some of the rigours arising from which have been for centuries alleviated by his philanthropy. *He* likewise erected another hospice, at the distance of forty leagues: it stands at the top of a very high mountain, though not so, by comparison with the greater establishment, and is called—after the founder—the Lesser Saint Bernard.

There also is a much-frequented road into Italy, by which it is said, and now, I suppose, generally believed, that Hannibal effected the passage of his army from Spain,—an achievement that has excited the admiration of all ages, and given rise to fables, to which I have already alluded, respecting the means he employed to subdue obstacles previously considered insurmountable.

A circle of stones, I am told, marks the spot where, according to tradition, he held a council; many of his followers, probably, murmuring at

pursuing their way through unknown dangers. Like Columbus, he may have had more difficulty in conquering minds, not fashioned as his own, than he had in subduing rocks, or than the great mariner found in tracing an untried path on the ocean to a New World. Both heroes attained their objects, and were so far happy, although neglected: the one, besides neglect, experiencing cruel ingratitude from his countrymen, and the other meeting endless vexation and disappointment at the hands of his employers.

Saint Bernard sought for, and desired no worldly recompense; his desire he accomplished, —by affording succour, under the most trying circumstances, to the weary and distressed; and doubtless, his deeds of mercy have been rewarded to himself, as they have been blessed to others.

The Lesser Saint Bernard was placed under the jurisdiction of the greater establishment, and governed by the same rules. Thus it continued until about eighty years ago, when the Duke of Savoy claimed the possession. A proceeding at law ensued, and the decree was given in favour

of the monks of the Great Saint Bernard: I conclude the suit was not conducted in Savoy. Notwithstanding — according to the fable of the lion sharing the spoil — the Duke seized upon the convent in his dominions, with all the rights and property thereunto belonging. He did not, however, altogether counteract the will of the founder; for one ecclesiastic lives in the Hospice, and exercises the hospitality claimed by travellers willing to pay for their entertainment.

At the Great Saint Bernard, twelve or fifteen monks usually reside. The novices enter at eighteen, their education having been previously conducted by the elder members of the society; it being in fact necessary, while the constitution is robust, that youths should be *acclimaté* to the dreadful rigours that must be endured by those who remain there. For a fortnight before our visit, in the end of a beautiful September, an unvarying thick fog had enveloped the mountain; though we, during the same period, had enjoyed bright sunshine, with the exception of one or two days.

Every morning it freezes on Mont Saint Bernard, and only for four months in the year do the inhabitants experience any relaxation of the severest winter. A small lake close to the Hospice, generally frozen, was not once melted during a recent summer.

The youths who are candidates for the austerities of the life led by those who are thus lifted above the world and its sunshine, pay eighteen pounds on entering the convent, which they may leave at the end of a year if they please, without any loss of caste; but such change of purpose seldom or never occurs. If they remain, they make no farther payment—they give their time and energies to the fulfilment of the noble purposes of the establishment; which is done so effectually, that there have been, within a few years, great additions made to the house. Besides the monks and servants, sixty persons of the higher class can be accommodated very comfortably; and equally so, though in a more homely manner, from four to five hundred pilgrims, who flock in vast numbers, on certain occasions during the summer, to pay

their homage at the shrine of Saint Bernard. Very near, and opposite to the dwelling, is a smaller one, having a high wall in the rear, surrounded by an immense mass of piled-up stones. This building serves in part for entertaining the pilgrims in fine weather, and in winter it breaks the avalanches, that often come in the same direction, and which would otherwise injure, if not entirely destroy the convent itself, where the monks reside.

The head-quarters of the order are at another convent, in Martigny, to which the monks of the Great Saint Bernard retire, when advancing life makes it impossible for them to continue in so dreary an abode, or longer to endure the rigours of the climate they have braved in their younger days. The period of changing their habitation is determined by the state of their health and age; some remain stationary for twenty-five or thirty years, others not so long. The two reverend gentlemen, our hosts, have lived in the convent for ten and twelve years. They told us, that once during summer, and again in winter, the

whole fraternity are allowed, each in turn, fifteen days' recreation, which they spend in going to see their respective friends or in travelling;—an excellent regulation on various accounts; and besides, when the weather admits of going out, certain hours in the week are allotted for their rambling amongst the neighbouring mountains, where, though sterility precludes botanising, perchance, they may find "books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones;" but at all events, to persons situated as they are, "the common air and sky" must be, if not "an opening Paradise," yet, doubtless, sources of high and healthful enjoyment.

After supper we drew round the fire, and chatted until half-past nine o'clock — the latest hour to which we could venture to detain our hosts, who get up at present at four o'clock in the morning, and they will rise at five during the winter, at which latter hour their service in the chapel now begins, and after a short cessation re-commences again at six; as we had an opportunity of observing, as we attended it in a gallery opening from the Dormitory.

Candles were lighting in all directions, and I was surprised to see, at that early hour, from fifty to sixty peasants, who must have walked several miles from the neighbouring villages. Saremy, the nearest, is in Sardinia, and two miles distant.

It being Sunday, they had leisure long before the dawn to set out on their expedition. A fog as thick as any which, sometimes during November, in London, converts day into night, enveloped us on all sides; we could not exclaim, that "jocund day stood tip-toe on the mountain's top," for all was cheerless and obscure. It was fortunate for the world, that the chances of life did not cast Guido on Mount Saint Bernard, or the splendid conception of his Aurora would have been lost to it—but the gay and elegant mythology, which ofttimes lent to Truth a fancy dress most captivating, never afforded for the painter's pencil a scene half so impressive as that of the kneeling peasants before the altar; for the worship to be offered there, they had sacrificed the repose, so welcome to the tillers

of the earth, and had plodded their way in the midst of gloom and darkness: perhaps, indeed, a star may have directed them aright, like the shepherds of old, to the spot where we saw them presenting the incense of praise and thanksgiving. We remained in the chapel, notwithstanding the extreme cold, until the morning service was over, at half-past seven. We then went to breakfast in the room where we had supped; very good coffee was prepared, and handed round by a man servant. I asked the presiding Monk if it was not difficult to get servants—he said, "not at all,—there are always candidates enough when one is wanted; and only the ordinary wages of the country are given, five pounds a year."

Our host made many inquiries as to the state of England and Ireland. Two French newspapers and one Sardinian are received at the convent every week; he seemed well acquainted with all that is going on in our political world, and I think I may with some reason say, "the attention of Europe is fixed on us,"—a speech

with which, Baron Grimm informs us, Vestris, the great French opera dancer of his day, dismissed his son when going from Paris to Russia. That such is the case, without possessing an undue degree of national vanity, all English people must, I imagine feel, on visiting the Continent, where every thing relating to our United Kingdom seems to afford matter of intense interest.

The monk told me they had very few visiters during the past summer, in consequence of our late general election; when that was over, the number rapidly increased. This subject led him to speak of the disturbances that had occurred in England, of the Chartists and their riotous proceedings, of the unsettled state of Ireland, etc.; of all which he has exaggerated notions, and appears to think us in a bad way in a political point of view. I endeavoured to explain to him that popular commotions frequently take place in a free country, without leading to any but temporary evils.

Perceiving that I did not make a very satis-

factory progress in my attempt to enlighten him on the subject of the British constitution, the spirit of our laws, etc.; and being conscious of my inability to do justice to those topics—moreover, not having spare time to listen to his opinions on them, which I suspected would be as little informing to me as mine had been to him,—I inquired if there was any thing besides the dogs for us to see; he obligingly got up, and opened a hitherto imperceptible door which led into a small room, and there the first object that met my view, was one of the best prints (framed) of our own Gracious Queen and her lover-husband by her side. In such a place, so unexpectedly to recognise that fair face, could not fail to warm and excite the feelings of any British heart. I turned to our host, and in reference to our immediate conversation, asked him if she did not look like some mild benignant being, sent to us by Heaven to direct the whirlwind, and allay the storm arising from tumultuous passions and conflicting interests. He replied very courteously, that it is fortunate for our

country that we have a Sovereign who lives in the hearts of her subjects; and that it is of the last importance to them at the present moment, to have on the throne one whose conduct ensures loyalty and attachment:—here I had no difference of opinion whatever from the reverend gentleman. He next proceeded to point out the likenesses of other remarkable personages, popes and temporal monarchs; amongst those of the latter is one of Bonaparte, when, at the head of his troops, he was effecting the passage of the Great Saint Bernard; his Bucephalus, like its rider (whose uplifted arm seems raised to encourage and command), looks formed to overcome all obstacles.

The high Alps are well depicted; the animal's flowing mane and the Emperor's garments driven in the same direction by an adverse wind or storm in vain opposing their onward course, accompanied by a lurid sky, render the picture a representation of great physical and moral power.

There are also in the same small room, that

contains the portraits, some glass-cases filled with a collection of ancient Roman coins, from the beginning of the Consular period downwards, and also great numbers of votive tablets; these have all been found around the Convent. Some of both kinds are still frequently discovered, as well as small finely executed figures in bronze, which no doubt once adorned the Temple of Jupiter.

We were shewn, likewise, a small natural history collection of stones, insects, etc., etc., which, probably, form a great source of amusement to the inmates of the house.

Our next move was towards the Library, *en passant:* in one of the galleries we saw a large black marble tablet, bearing a Latin inscription, recording the gratitude of the Valaisans to Bonaparte, for the benefits he conferred on them; and stating that he had twice passed by Mons Jovis, on his way to conquer Italy and Egypt: no allusion, of course, was made to a little rencontre he had at the latter place with certain Englishmen; and his consequent defeat, being

termed victory, proves that other inscriptions can be "as lying as an epitaph."

He remained, on both occasions of his passing the Great Saint Bernard, several hours at the Convent, where the tradition is, that he shewed great interest in the Institution; and he certainly granted it some substantial proofs of his favour.

Having made our comments on the tablet, we proceeded to the apartment, of moderate size, called the Library; which, we conjectured, contains about four hundred volumes; these are chiefly Theological, but not altogether: Profane History has a place on the shelves, and Natural History a still larger. Our obliging Cicerone shewed us a superbly-illuminated manuscript, done in the Hospice at some former time. By their exemption from ordinary business, Monks must have as much leisure now as they ever possessed. Yet we don't hear, in the present day, of learned or curious works being executed, similar to those which have made posterity debtors to the fraternities of old. The change, no doubt, is in a great measure owing to the Printing-press, which

supersedes the necessity for their labours, and also affords them amusement, through the medium of newspapers, for no doubt they find

> "'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
> To peep at such a world; to see the stir
> Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
> To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
> At a safe distance, where the dying sound
> Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear."

I know of nothing that promotes idleness half so much as newspapers; and I suppose they produce the same effect upon those who live out of, as on such as live in, the world.

We were shewn a "Polybius," presented by the Duke of Portland; a copy of "Brockendon's Beautiful and Interesting Views of the Passes of the Alps," given by the author; and a "New Testament," embellished with fine engravings, the gift of a lady residing at Vevay. Persons confer great kindness by adding to the Library, which must, during long and cheerless winters, constitute a great source of rational occupation and interest to men who do so much good, and suffer so many privations.

To the assistants of their deeds of mercy we next turned our attention, and went to a lower apartment to visit the dogs: they are fine noble-looking creatures, seven in number, mostly of a reddish-brown colour, and all of uncommonly large size; they came up to us in the most familiar manner, rubbing their sides against our dress; they seem fully to understand that they are entitled to take liberties, from their being the faithful, courageous friends of the human race. In general they are very successful in their vocation; but we were told of a sad circumstance that happened a few years ago, when two of them were, at a particularly dangerous time, taken by three servants, to look for travellers: they met one, with whom they were returning to the convent, when an avalanche overwhelmed them, and all perished together, except one of the dogs, whose extraordinary strength and activity enabled him to effect an escape. A mother and her child were amongst the latest victims.

Snow, generally, lies several feet deep around the Hospice; but in a severe winter it is frequently drifted to the height of forty feet.

Our compliments to the dogs being sufficiently paid, we were invited to look at some dead bodies that have been found in the immediate neighbourhood: they are, I understand, wonderfully preserved from decay, by the extreme coldness of the air, and its free passage through the place where they are kept; but we declined making our own observations; we did not think a view of them would enliven our spirits, as we should, in a few hours, travel the ground where many of the victims had perished.

The Convent, at the outside, is a long, low, plain building, with small double windows. We wished very much to see the view towards Italy: the fog being so dense, rendered it impossible.

Fortunately for travellers, the Swiss were able to establish their claim to the Great Saint Bernard against the pretensions of the Sardinian government, by bulls from Leo IX. to Benoit XIV., in consequence of its being in the diocese of Sion; although in the canton of the Valais, the possessions of the Hospice, on one side, extend but to the middle of the lake, which is within

a hundred yards. A column is fixed in the water to mark the boundary; beyond this, all the property belonging to the monks was seized upon at the same time as the Lesser Saint Bernard, by the Sardinian government, and ever since they have had to pay rent for a small portion of what was formerly their own, and which affords pasture for their cows, called La Vacherie.

After visiting the chapel, which we had only seen from a gallery, and examining a bas-relief monument, erected by order of Bonaparte, to the memory of General Desaix, who is buried there—he was killed at the Battle of Marengo—we dropped our contribution into the box, "pour les aumones," placed at a little distance from the monument. Nothing whatever was said to us on the subject, but the wealthier visiters, I imagine, never fail to leave some money, thereby aiding in the assistance given to the poor, which could not otherwise be continued, as the lands bequeathed for the purpose have been laid hold on by the strong arm of power.

It would have delayed us too long, had we

remained for the service about to re-commence in the chapel at eleven o'clock, so we quickly despatched our preparations, and took leave of our obliging hosts, expressing ourselves to be, as we felt, most grateful for the kindness we had experienced.

A thick drizzling mist, or something worse, enveloped us on setting off from Saint Bernard. We hoped the eternal clouds that settle on that mountain's head would confine themselves to it; and that on getting down, we should find sunshine awaiting us. Grievously we were disappointed; for as soon as we reached our old acquaintance, the glacier, the rain fell heavily, and so continued the whole of the day.

A lady and gentleman who left the Hospice an hour after us, have since told me it was snowing when they set off. The snow we fortunately escaped, but no party descending from Olympus to our earth was ever more encompassed than ourselves by clouds. They were rolling above, beneath, and around us, producing endless changes and variety as they hung upon

the different ranges of mountains, throwing some forwards by resting behind them in fleecy whiteness; and by half enveloping others, adding to their vast undefined proportions, lost in dim obscurity. The scenery through which our road lay, appeared very different from what it had done in the brightness of the previous day—yet we looked upon that part where dreariness ended, with renewed admiration, and certainly not with dry eyes, for there was nothing dry about us when we reached Martigny: and as our cars had not been drawn, during our descent from Mons Jovis, by doves, peacocks, or horses, but only by poor mules, we were glad, on their account as well as our own, when we got safe to the end of our journey.

LETTER XLIV.

Brieg.

The morning after our return from visiting the Great Saint Bernard, "the sun looked from the clouds and laughed the storm away;" in plain prose, it shone forth in great splendour, and we were anxious to avail ourselves of so fine a day for performing a long journey to Brieg. We were, however, detained some hours by the want of horses; a great concourse of travellers on the same route, at present causes an unusual demand for them. We could not set off sufficiently early to admit of our stopping at Sion, the chief town of the Valais, longer than to change horses.

From the carriage windows, we saw the two adjoining conical-shaped hills, on whose summits stand castles. One is an extensive ruin;—it was built in 1492, and was long the Bishop's residence, who was in former times as wealthy and powerful a Seigneur as any in Switzerland. The present bishop, shorn of his beams, resides in a plain mansion in the town; but he is still invested with the dignity of convoking and presiding over the assemblies of the canton of Valais.

On the other of the two hills stand a very ancient church and castle, which latter is used as a Roman Catholic seminary; and beneath those hills are the ruins of a third castle, which was built by the governors (named Majeurs) of the Valais; it was called Majorica after them, and was burnt in 1788. We regretted not having time for more than an external view of those feudal-looking and highly picturesque old castles.

The road from Sion passes through most beautiful scenery. From amongst vine-covered slopes and wooded hills, are seen the bold, rocky

points of the Gemmi, and of other "mountains, on whose barren breast, the lab'ring clouds do often rest." We arrived late this evening at Brieg; and here, I am told, we shall take leave of the last clean inn we are likely to inhabit for some time.

* * * * *

We began, at a very early hour yesterday morning, to ascend the Simplon, over which great mountain there was formerly a rugged foot or mule path; some slight vestiges of which are still apparent.

Bonaparte conceived the idea and purpose of having a road made to facilitate the communication between France and Italy; and had his orders carried into effect in such a manner as would immortalise his name, if all the pillars and arches on which it is inscribed were mouldered into dust. When completed, he might have said, "il n'y a plus d'Alpes," with more reason than Louis XIV. exclaimed, on the occasion of his grandson's being called to the throne of Spain, "il n'y a plus de Pyrenées,"—a spirited declaration

of the Grand Monarque; and, like all his sayings, full of point and meaning.

The road over the Simplon was justly called "the most wonderful of useful works," before rail-roads and steam-engines astonished the world; and every traveller who crosses it comfortably in a carriage, must be impressed with a sense of the power of a man, who made that easy, which was previously impassable.

Of the grand scenery that surrounded us, whilst crossing the great barrier between the two countries, I feel persuaded that any description I could attempt to give, must be as inadequate to the occasion as the terms used by the man Winkelman mentions, who, on seeing for the first time in his life the open sea, in one of its very finest aspects, observed, "c'est assez jolie!" However, feebly as I may be able to convey to you my impressions, I will notice some of the different objects that must be remembered by all travellers.

Fortunately for our expedition, the morning was fine, breezy, and fresh.

The mountain of the Simplon is wholly covered with pines,

> "That as they bow, their hoary tops relate,
> In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate."

There is a mountain of equal height, separated from the Simplon by a small river. On arriving at a considerable elevation, first the top of one snow mountain is seen, then another, and another, until the Bernese Alps are beheld, as if doing homage to their queen, the Jungfrau, which appears in the midst, pre-eminent in beauty. Whilst journeying for several miles, we paid our homage also, and at length bade them all "farewell, with sweet sorrow," for much had they afforded us of pure and elevated enjoyment.

Towards the summit of the mountain, vegetation becomes very scanty, and at length almost ceases. At intervals there are six or eight small houses, numbered, and bearing the inscription, —"Refuge:" these answered the purposes of habitations for the workmen employed in making the road; and now shelter travellers, overtaken

by storms, or oppressed with fatigue. A large simple wooden cross marks the top of the mountain; and at about a mile from thence is a good-sized, substantial, plain building, inhabited by monks of the same order as those of the Great Saint Bernard, with which establishment it was placed in connexion, by its founder Bonaparte. I have lately heard that he gave an estate in Italy, called Pavie, for the maintenance of both institutions; whether they are respectively allowed to retain the possession I was not informed. We did not visit the Hospice of the Simplon: a little inn being at no great distance, where we dined.

On resuming our journey, we found the road carried along several galleries passing through the solid rock, in which are apertures cut to admit light. The last of the galleries is near six hundred feet long. It took more than one hundred men, for eighteen months, working in turns, by gangs of eight, day and night, to accomplish this passage. The rock being granite, rendered it an achievement of great difficulty.

The engineer did not merely set about perforating the rock at either end, but he also attacked it in two places laterally. The workmen were let down from above, suspended by ropes, until they had hewn for themselves a footing; and when the desideratum of Archimedes, a place to stand, was attained, though an awful precipice was beneath, they proceeded successfully with the work, and inscribed in deep and durable characters its date — Ære Italo, 1805. On leaving this gallery we were startled by the dashing of a waterfall, proceeding from a great height, and under the roaring torrent we passed in safety.

From thence the scenery changes, for some distance, to a deep ravine, between stupendously high and steep mountains, where daylight finds but a narrow entrance. To use an expression of Gray, here most applicable, "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument."

The deep-coloured rock, black as a raven's wing, denies the smallest approach to location for the pervading influences of vegetation, which, aided by those "chartered libertines," the winds of heaven, most commonly find habitations in spite of all obstacles.

The trickling water, diffused over the dark rock, gives to it the glossy purple hue of the bird of ill omen; and it would not be easy to divest oneself of a feeling of dread and dismay, on entering the gorge of the Gondo—for so this pass, considered to be as grand and sublime as any amongst the Alps, is called—but for the animation imparted by a rapid succession of water-falls that, springing forth, burst their chain, and come bounding as it were, joyously into life and liberty; like imprisoned spirits just escaped from bondage, rushing onwards mirthfully, into new-found light and happiness. A deep, foaming river beneath, is supplied partly, if not wholly, by their vast and numberless contributions.

When our descent of the Simplon was nearly made, we were asked to pay, at the Swiss barrier,

twenty-four francs—a toll well deserved—for keeping the road in such excellent repair.

From thence, for about ten miles, the road lies in the Sardinian dominions; and great is the change observable. There is every appearance of neglect on the part of that government. In one place, the original finely-made road is so far destroyed, that carriages must make a *detour* into a rugged way, amongst loose stones and rocks; and, on returning to the road again, a melancholy sight is presented:—two buttresses, of gigantic proportions, stand detached, in a wide river. The passage that did unite them, and constitute the whole a bridge, is gone. Although of so recent date, they seem, like some of the celebrated ruins of the country in which they are situated, to have no connexion with the present world, and to belong to a by-gone state of things.

We were put across, on a flying bridge, which is moved by a simple ingenious piece of machinery, rude enough, however, in comparison with the noble ruins in view, to excite the feeling—as does

the Arab's hut, supported by the fallen temple—the conviction, that civilization has gone backwards, and that the tide has ebbed where it did flow.

It is much to be regretted, that, when a new division of territory was making, when the spoil of the great Robber was divided, the whole of the passage into Italy, by the Simplon, was not suffered to belong altogether to the canton of the Valais. It will, probably, shortly become impassable, in consequence of the divided possession between two countries, whose interests lie in different ways. As far as the Simplon is concerned, the Swiss government is conservative, and the Sardinian destructive.

And now that my journey in Switzerland is ended—my tale is told, for my promise extended no farther than to relate our proceedings in the "land of the mountain and the flood," to which I have added some slight historical notices connected with the most remarkable places we saw. Our visit to Switzerland has afforded me, in various ways, far greater pleasure than I had

anticipated; amongst others, by enabling me to become acquainted with some of the inhabitants of a country so peculiarly situated, that a form of government is adapted to it which has never been found for so long a period to work well in any other. Bonaparte told them truly, "Switzerland is like no other country; its topography, the varieties in its language and religion, and still more in its manners and social habits, give peculiar features to the land and the people. Nature itself has made the country for a federal state, and it is not wise to oppose nature."

And, although it forms no model for any other country, for none is exactly similarly circumstanced, it may be viewed, standing as it does alone, with sentiments of profound admiration. That striking query, What constitutes a state? may be triumphantly answered by the Swiss people,

"Not high raised battlements and laboured mound," etc.

Ever present to their minds are the records of their ancestors' successful resistance to tyranny

and oppression. Every spot where they fought, against a Dauphin of France, against the Dukes of Austria and Burgundy, is in a manner consecrated ground, and they feel themselves "as men who their duties know, who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain." And the true spirit of patriotism which animates them is accompanied, as appears to me, with an all-pervading spirit of religion, that imparts, in some points at least, a unity of feeling and a healthy vigorous character of mind that is admirable.

In the preface to Murray's excellent "Hand-Book for Switzerland," I find the following passage: "In some of the remoter pastoral districts of Switzerland, the Alphorn supplies, on the higher pastures, where no church is near, the place of the vesper bell. The cowherd, posted on the highest peak, as soon as the sun has set, pours forth the first four or five notes of the Psalm, 'Praise God the Lord:' the same notes are repeated from distant Alps, and all within hearing, uncovering their heads and bending their knees, repeat their evening orison; after which the cattle

are penned in their stalls, and the shepherds betake themselves to rest."

The Swiss appear to me to possess the virtues of our old Puritans, with their asperities softened, and also free from their love of display and proneness to censoriousness. They are a God-fearing, and a God-loving people. No man or men stand between them and the sunshine of *His* blessings, which seem to come to them direct from heaven, and to heaven they send the unfailing incense of their ardent, ever-renewed gratitude.

The Supreme Power is present to their minds, as in the earlier relations of man to his Maker, and their little territory is stamped with the newness and vigour of beauty of His forming hand, as when the world was first "in verdure clad."

I will conclude my notices of Switzerland with the following extract from a volume of Doctor Moore's "Travels in Italy," now before me. "Why are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where nature pours forth her gifts

in such profusion, less opulent than those of the mountains of Switzerland? Because freedom, whose influence is more benign than sunshine and zephyrs, who covers the rugged rock with soil, drains the sickly swamp, and clothes the brown heath in verdure, who dresses the labourer's face with smiles, and makes him behold his increasing family with delight and exultation; Freedom has abandoned the fertile plains of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland."

We are just arrived in those said rich plains of Lombardy; and here I shall lay aside my pen. You are surrounded by works of the best authors that will give you all the information you can desire relating to this country, to do which in any useful degree, I am not competent, either as regards ancient or modern times. There have been so many 'Idlers in Italy,' who have described the present state of things, and who are so much more accomplished than I am, that my gleanings in a field so well trodden could be of little worth. I shall therefore probably not make any attempt

to portray, even for your gratification, this 'Niobe of Nations,' whose harp hangs upon the willows.

"O Italia, Italia! O tu cui die la sorte
Dono infelice di belezza oud 'hai
Funeste dote d'infiniti guai,
Che'n fronte scritte per gran doglia porte;
Deh, fossi tu men bella, O almen piu forte."

THE END.

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